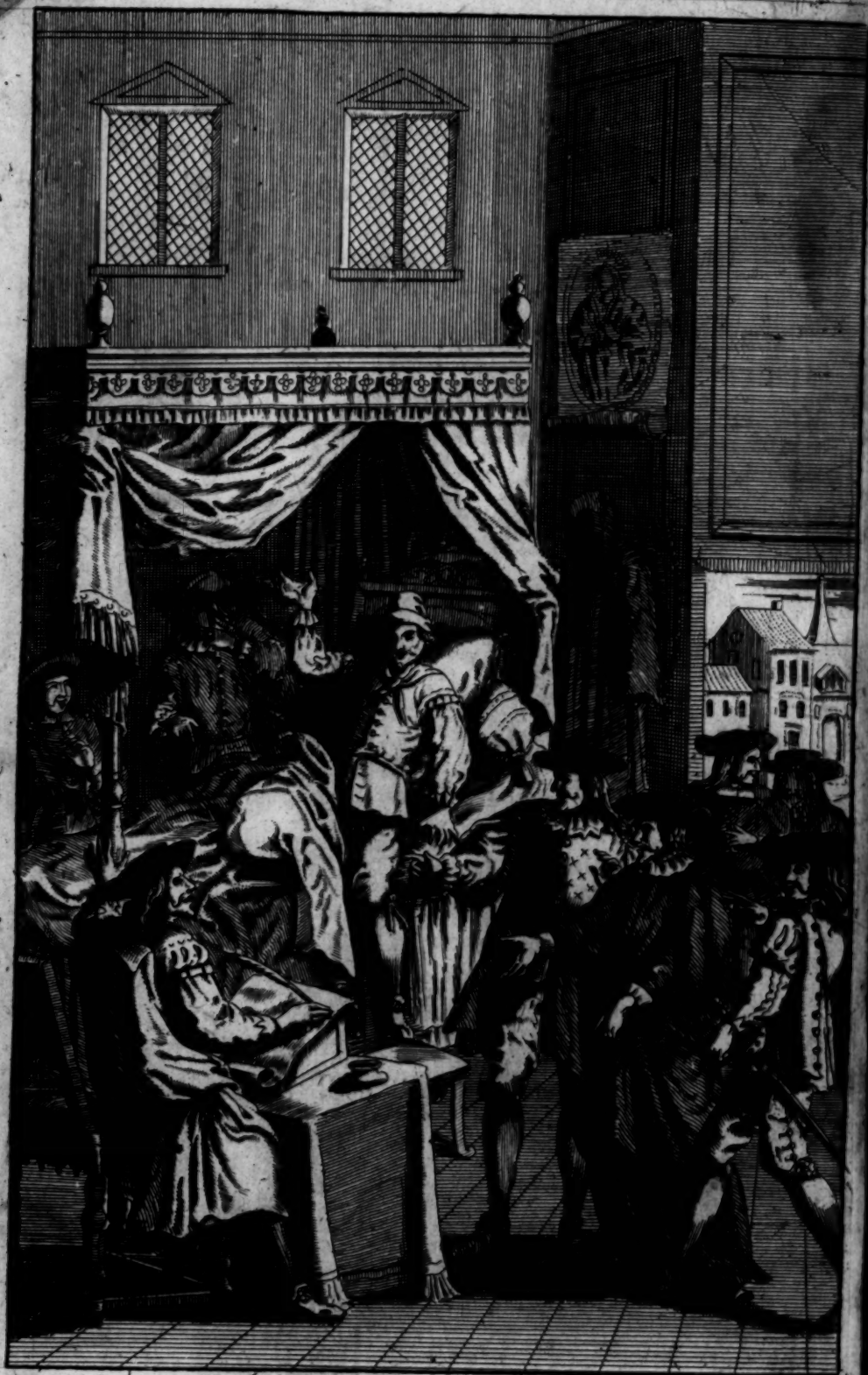
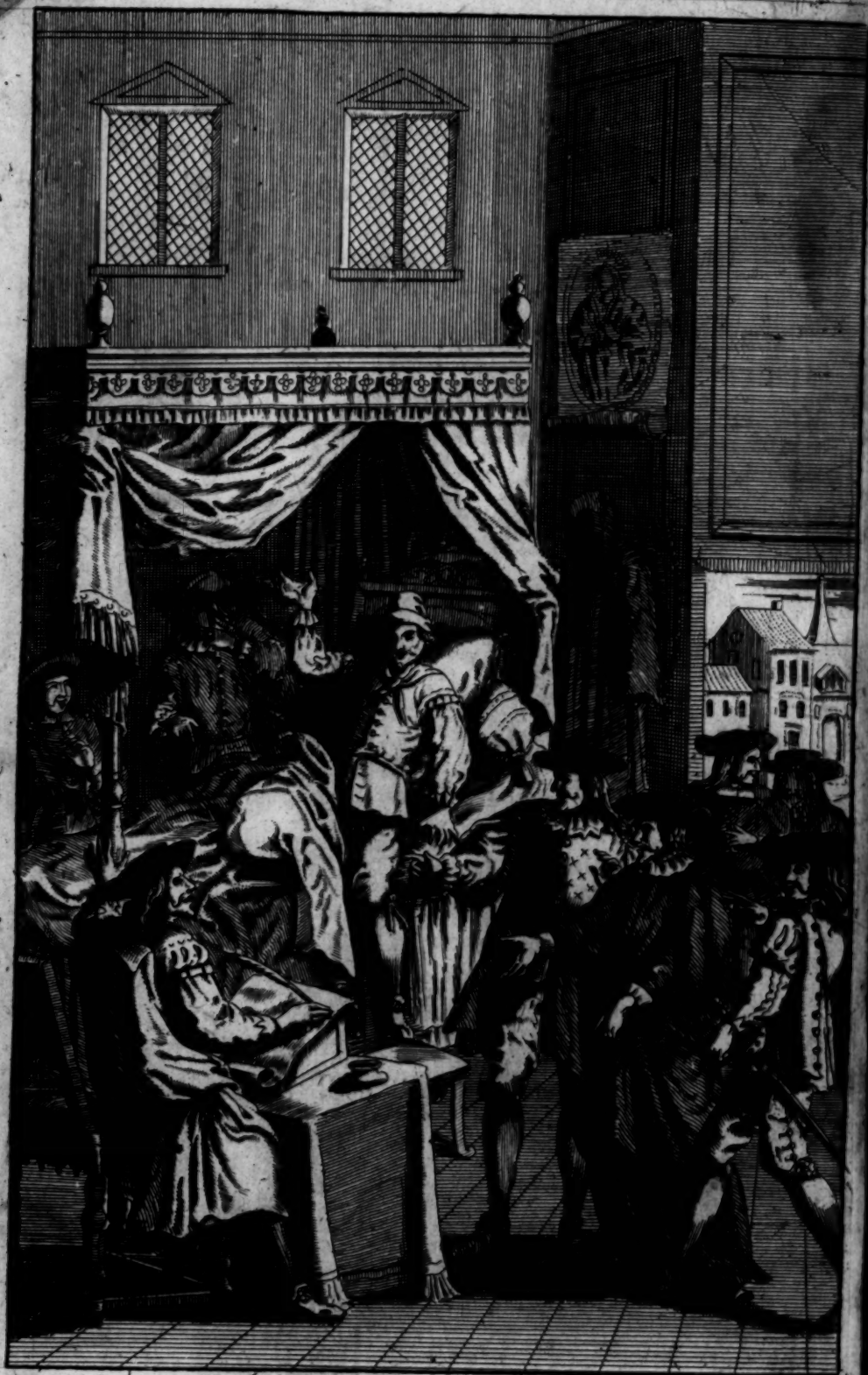




The Spanish Curate Vol. 2. p. 46



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THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,
AND
Mr. *John Fletcher*.
VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The SPANISH CURATE.
WIT without MONY.
The BEGGARS BUSH.
The HUMOROUS
LIEUTENANT.

The FAITHFUL SHEP-
HERDESS.
The MAD LOVER.
The LOYAL SUBJECT.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-
against *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXI.

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Mr. Thomas Brown

AND

Mr. John Fisher

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THE
SPANISH
CURATE.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the Year 1711.

THE
GENERAL

COMEDY



Printed in the Year 1711

THE PROLOGUE.

TO tell ye, Gentlemen, we have a Play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to Day,
The Name ye know, that's nothing to my Story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of Glory,
Of State, of Bitterness; of Wit you'll say,
For that is now held Wit, that tends that way,
Which we avoid: To tell ye too 'tis merry,
And meant to make ye pleasant, and not weary:
The Stream that guides ye, easie to attend:
To tell ye that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is War.
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is Vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it self, and pray,
Like a good Bark, it may work out to day,
And stem all Doubts; 'twas built for such a proof,
And we hope highly: if she lye aloof
For her own vantage, to give Wind at will,
Why let her work, only be you but still,
And sweet opinion'd, and we are bound to say,
You are worthy Judges, and you crown the Play.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

DON Henrique, *an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.*

Don Jamie, *younger Brother to Don Henrique.*

Bartolus, *a covetous Lawyer, Husband to Amaranta.*

Leandro, *a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyer's Wife.*

Angelo,
Milanes, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to Leandro.*
Arsenio, }

Afcanio, *Son to Don Henrique.*

Octavio, *supposed Husband to Jacintha.*

Lopez, *the Spanish Curate.*

Diego, *his Sexton.*

Assistant, *which we call a Judge.*

Algaziers, *whom we call Serjeants.*

Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

W O M E N.

Violante, *supposed Wife to Don Henrique.*

Jacintha, *formerly contracted to Don Henrique.*

Amaranta, *Wife to Bartolus.*

A Woman Moor, Servant to Amaranta.

SCENE SPAIN.

THE



THE
Spanish Curate.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.

ARSENIO.

Eandro paid all.



Mil. 'Tis his usual custom, (off
And requisite he should: He has now put
The Funeral black, (your rich Heir wears
with Joy, [ther)

When he pretends to weep for his dead Fa-
Your gathering Sires so long heap muck together;
That their kind Sons, to rid them of their care,
Wish them in Heav'n; or if they take a taste
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence; what is befalln
To his Father, in the other World, I ask not;
I am sure his Prayer is heard: Would I could use one
For mine, in the same method.

Arf. Fie upon thee.
This is prophane.

Mil. Good Doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from: On my life,
Were all Heirs in *Corduba* put to their Oaths,

They would confess with me, 'tis a sound Tenet:
I am sure *Leandro* does.

Arf. He is th' Owner
Of a fair Estate.

Mil. And fairly he deserves it,
He's a Royal Fellow; yet observes a mean
In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his Bounties: He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by Chance,
But never out of Judgment: This invites
The prime Men of the City to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet Converse.

Arf. *Don Jamie*, the Brother
To the Grandee *Don Henrique*, appears much taken
With his Behaviour.

Mil. There is something more in't:
He needs his Purse, and knows how to make use on't.
'Tis now in fashion for your *Don*, that's poor,
To vow all Leagues of Friendship with a Merchant
That can supply his wants, and howsoe'er
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder Brother
Don Henrique rich, and his Revenues long since
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy Heir,
Call'd *Madam Violante*, he yet holds
A hard hand o'er *Jamie*, allowing him
A bare Annuity only.

Arf. Yet 'tis said
He hath no Child, and by the Laws of *Spain*,
If he die without Issue, *Don Jamie*
Inherits his Estate.

Mil. Why that's the reason
Of their so many jars: Though the young Lord
Be sick of the elder Brother, and in reason
Shou'd flatter, and observe him, he's of a Nature
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.

Arf. What's the young Lad
That all of 'em make so much of?

Mil. 'Tis a sweet one,

And

And the best condition'd Youth I ever saw yet,
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him, and so modest,
That, in despite of Poverty, he wou'd starve
Rather than ask a courtesie. He's the Son
Of a poor cast-Captain, one *Octavio*;
And She, that once was call'd the fair *Jacintha*,
Is happy in being his Mother: For his sake,

Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Ascanio.

Though in their Fortunes fallen, they are esteem'd of,
And cherish'd by the best. O here they come.
I now may spare his Character, but observe him,
He'll justify my report.

Jam. My good *Ascanio*,
Repair more often to me; above Women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

Asc. My Lord, your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd Youth
To be both rude and sawcy.

Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent where you are so much desir'd:
And give me leave, dear Friend, to be your Rival
In part of his Affection; I will buy it
At any rate.

Jam. Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a Patron
That wou'd not say but do: Yet as I am,
Be mine, I'll not receive thee as a Servant,
But as my Son, and though I want my self,
No Page attending in the Court of *Spain*
Shall find a kinder Master.

Asc. I beseech you
That my Refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill Construction, 'tis not Pride
(That common Vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I shou'd sue for: Nor the fashion
Which the Country follows, in which to be a Servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight

Of Poverty, is held an Argument
 Of a base abject Mind, I wish my Years
 Were fit to do you Service in a nature
 That might become a Gentleman (give me leave
 To think my self one.) My Father serv'd the King
 As a Captain in the Field; and though his Fortune
 Return'd him home a poor Man, he was rich
 In Reputation, and Wounds fairly taken;
 Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd,
 I rather feel a strong desire that sways me
 To follow his Profession, and if Heav'n
 Hath mark'd me out to be a Man, how proud,
 In the service of my Country, shou'd I be,
 To trail a Pike under your brave command!
 There, I wou'd follow you as a Guide to Honour,
 Though all the Horrors of the War made up
 To stop my Passage.

Jam. Thou art a hopeful Boy,
 And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,
 I love thee more than ever.

Mil. Pity such Seeds
 Of promising Courage shou'd not grow and prosper.

Ang. Whatever his reputed Parents be,
 He hath a Mind that speaks him right and noble.

Lean. You make him blush: It needs not, sweet *Ascanio*,
 We may hear Praises when they are deserv'd,
 Our Modesty unwounded. By my life
 I wou'd add something to the building up
 So fair a Mind, and if till you are fit
 To bear Arms in the Field, you'll spend some Years
 In *Salamanca*, I'll supply your Studies
 With all conveniences.

Asc. Your Goodness, Signiors,
 And charitable Favours overwhelm me.
 If I were of your Blood, you cou'd not be
 More tender of me: What then can I pay,
 A poor Boy and a Stranger, but a Heart
 Bound to your Service? With what willingness
 I wou'd receive, good Sir, your noble Offer,
 Heav'n can bear witness for me: But alas,

Shou'd

Should I embrace the means to raise my Fortunes,
I must destroy the Lives of my poor Parents,
To whom I owe my being, they in me
Place all their comforts; and, as if I were
The light of their dim Eyes, are so indulgent
They cannot brook one short day's absence from me;
And, what will hardly win belief, though young,
I am their Steward and their Nurse: The bounties
Which others bestow on me serves to sustain 'em,
And to forsake them in their Age, in me
Were more than Murther.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a Broker charitable.

Mil. Here, sweet heart, I wish it were more.

Lean. When this is spent, seek for supply from me.

Fam. Thy Picty
For ever be remembred: Nay take all,
Though 'twere my Exhibition to a Ryal
For one whole year.

Asc. High Heav'ns reward your Goodness.

Hen. So Sir, is this a Slip of your own Grafting,
You are so prodigal?

Fam. A Slip, Sir?

Hen. Yes,
A Slip; or call it by the proper Name,
Your Bastard.

Fam. You are foul-mouth'd; do not provoke me,
I shall forget your Birth if you proceed,
And use you, as your Manners do deserve, uncivilly.

Hen. So brave! Pray you give me hearing,
Who am I, Sir?

Fam. My Elder Brother: One
That might have been born a Fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The World a Year before me.

Lean. Be more temperate.

Fam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn it
By this Example: Let him use his harsh
Unfavoury Reprehensions upon those

That

That are his Hinds, and not on me. The Land
 Our Father left to him alone rewards him,
 For being twelve Months elder; let that be
 Forgotten, and let his Parasites remember
 One quality of Worth or Virtue in him,
 That may authorize him to be a Censurer
 Of me, or my Manners, and I will
 Acknowledge him for a Tutor; till then, never.

Hen. From whom have you your means, Sir?

Jam. From the Will
 Of my dead Father; I am sure I spend not,
 Nor give't upon your Purse.

Hen. But will it hold out without my help?

Jam. I am sure it shall, I'll sink else,
 For sooner I will seek aid from a Whore,
 Than a courtesie from you.

Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
 Your new Exchequer, when you have cheated him,
 And worn him to the quick, I may be found
 In the List of your acquaintance.

Leon. Pray you hold,
 And give me leave, my Lord, to say thus much,
 And in mine own defence, I am no Gull
 To be wrought on by persuation; nor no Coward
 To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom
 And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
 But what my Reason warrants; you may be
 As sparing as you please, I must be bold
 To make use of my own, without your Licence.

Jam. 'Pray thee let him alone, he is not worth thy
 All that he do's, *Leandro*, is for my good; (Anger.
 I think there's not a Gentleman of *Spain*
 That has a better Steward, than I have of him.

Hen. Your Steward, Sir?

Jam. Yes, and a provident one.
 Why, he knows I am giv'n to large Expence,
 And therefore lays up for me: Could you believeelse
 That he, that sixteen years hath worn the Yoke
 Of barren Wedlock, without hope of Issue,
 His Coffers full, his Lands and Vineyards fruitful,

Cou'd

Cou'd be so sold to base and sordid Thrift,
As almost to deny himself the means
And necessities of Life? Alas, he knows
The Laws of *Spain* appoint me for his Heir,
That all must come to me, if I out-live him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of Nature,
And the assistance of good Mirth, and Sack,
How ever you prove Melancholy.

Hen. If I live, thou dearly shalt repent this.

Jam. When thou art dead, I am sure I shall not.

Mil. Now they begin to burn like oppos'd Meteors.

Arf. Give them line, and way, my Life for *Don Jamis*.

Jam. Continue still

The excellent Husband, and join Farm to Farm,
Suffer no Lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous Eye
To be anothers; forget you are a Grandee;
Take use upon use, and cut the Throats of Heirs
With coz'ning Mortgages: Rack your poor Tenants,
Till they look like so many Skeletons
For want of Food; and when that Widows Curfes,
The Ruins of antient Families, Tears of Orphans
Have hurried you to the Devil, ever remember
All was rak'd up for me, your thankful Brother,
That will dance merrily upon your Grave,
And perhaps give a double Pistolet
To some poor needy Frier, to say a Mass
To keep your Ghost from walking.

Hen. That the Law
Should force me to endure this!

Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,
If you can find a Loop-hole, though in Hell,
To look on my Behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your Iron Chests, and once again
Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter shall be free
To domineer in Taverns, Masques, and Revels,
As she was us'd before she was your Captive.
Methinks the meer conceit of it should make you
Go home sick, and distemper'd; if it do's,

I'll send you a Doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your Funeral.

Hen. You have said, Sir ;
I will not fight with Words, but Deeds to tame you,
Rest confident I will, and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been Dumb. —————

[Exit

Mil. You have giv'n him a heat,
But with your own Distemper.

Jam. Not a whit,
Now he is from mine Eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him : All Plagues go with him,
Let's talk of something else : What News is stirring ?
Nothing to pass the time ?

Mil. Faith it is said
That the next Summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the Wars.

Lean. What have we to do with them ? Let us discourse
Of what concerns our selves. 'Tis now in Fashion
To have your Gallants set down in a Tavern, (what
What the Arch-Duke's Purpose is the next Spring, and
Defence my Lords, the States, prepare ; what course
The Emperor takes against the encroaching Turk,
And whether his Moony-standards are design'd
For *Persia* or *Polonia* ; and all this
The wiser sort of State-Worms seem to know
Better than their own Affairs : This is Discourse
Fit for the Council it concerns ; we are young,
And if that I might give the Theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome Women.

Mil. And that's one, almost as general.

Arf. Yet none agree who are the fairest.

Lean. Some prefer the *French*,
For their conceited Dressings : Some the plump
Italian Bma-Robas, some the State
That ours observe ; and I have heard one swear,
A merry Friend of mine, that once in *London*
He did enjoy the Company of a Gamester,
A common Gamester too, that in one Nigh
Met him th' *Italian*, *French*, and *Spanish* ways,
And ended in the *Dutch* ; for to cool her self,

She

She kiss'd him drunk in the Morning.

Jam. We may spare
The Travel of our Tongues in foreign Nations,
When in *Corduba*, if you dare give Credit
To my Report, for I have seen her, Gallants,
There lives a Woman, of a mean Birth too,
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling Form
Disdains Comparison with any She
That puts in for a fair one, and though you borrow
From every Country of the Earth the best
Of those Perfections, which the Climate yields
To help to make her up, if put in Ballance,
This will weigh down the Scale.

Lean. You talk of Wonders.

Jam. She is indeed a wonder, and so kept,
And, as the World deserv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a Pattern,
Whose Copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequestred from the World.

Lean. Who is the Owner of such a Jem? I am fir'd.

Jam. One *Bartolus*,
A wrangling Advocate.

Arf. A Knave on Record.

Mil. I am sure he cheated me of the best part
Of my Estate.

Jam. Some Business calls me hence,
And of importance, which denies me leisure
To give you his full Character: In few words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond Expression,
And to encrease his heap, will dare the Devil,
And all the plagues of Darkness: And to these
So Jealous, as if you wou'd parallel
Old *Argus* to him, you must multiply
His Eyes an hundred times: Of these none sleep.
He that would charm the heaviest Lid must hire
A better *Mercury*, than *Jove* made use of:
Bless your selves from the Thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost: So farewell Signiors. [*Exit.*

Arf. *Leandro*? In a Dream? Wake Man, for shame.

Mil.

Mil. Trained into a Fool's Paradise, with a Tale
Of an imagin'd Form.

Lean. *Jamie* is noble,
And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend,
Nor am I so much fir'd with Lust as Envy,
That such a Churl as *Bartolus* should reap
So sweet a Harvest; half my State to any
To help me to a share.

Arf. Tush, do not hope for Impossibilities.

Lean. I must enjoy her,
And my prophetick Love tells me I shall,
Lend me but your Assistance.

Arf. Give it o'er.

Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.

Lean. I have strange Engines
Fashioning here, and *Bartolus* on the Anvil;
Disswade me not, but help me.

Mil. Take your Fortune,
If you come off well, praise your Wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our Laughter. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Octavio, and Jacintha.

Jac. You met *Don Henrique*?

Oct. Yes,

Jac. What comfort bring you?

Speak cheerfully: How did my Letter work
On his hard Temper? I am sure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the Pen of Sorrow,
That it must force Compunction.

Oct. You are cozen'd;

Can you with one Hand prop a falling Tow'r?
Or with the other stop the raging Main,
When it breaks in on the Usurped Shore?
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude that there is some way left,
To move him to Compassion.

Jac. Is there a Justice

Thunder, my *Octavio*, and he

Not

Nor sunk unto the Center ?

Os. Good *Jacinta*,
With your long practis'd Patience bear Afflictions;
And by provoking call not on Heav'n's anger ;
He did not only scorn to read your Letter,
But, most Inhuman as he is, he curs'd you,
Curs'd you most bitterly.

Jac. The bad Man's Charity.
Oh that I cou'd forget there were a Tye,
In me, upon him ! or the relief I seek,
If given, were Bounty in him, and not Debt,
Dept of a dear Accompt !

Os. Touch not that String,
'Twill but increase your Sorrow ; and tame Silence,
The Balm of the oppressed, which hitherto
Hath eas'd your griev'd Soul, and preserv'd your Fame,
Must be your Surgeon still.

Jac. If the Contagion
Of my Misfortunes had not spread it self
Upon my Son *Ascanio*, though my wants
Were centuply'd upon my self, I cou'd be patient :
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious Care, his Duty, and Obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a Son,
Discharg'd to me, and I, barr'd of all means
To return any scruple of the Debt
I owe him as a Mother, is a Torment,
Too painfull to be born.

Os. I suffer with you,
In that ; yet find in this assurance Comfort,
High Heav'n ordains, whose Purposes cannot alter,
Children that pay Obedience to their Parents,
Shall never beg their Bread.

Enter Ascanio.

Jac. Here comes our Joy,
Where has my dearest been ?

Asc. I have made, Mother,
A fortunate Voyage, and brought home rich Prize,
In a few hours : The Owners too contended,
From whom I took it. See here's Gold, good store too,
Nay, pray you take it.

Jac.

Jac. Mens Charities are so cold,
That if I knew not thou wert made of Goodness,
'Twould breed a Jealousie in me, by what means
Thou cam'st by such a Sum.

Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employ'd so well,
As to relieve your Wants. Some noble Friends,
Rais'd by Heav'n's Mercy to me, not my Merits,
Bestow'd it on me.

Os. It were a Sacrilege
To rob thee of their Bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.

Jac. Buy thee brave Cloaths with it,
And fit thee for a Fortune, and leave us
To our necessities; why do'st thou weep?

Asc. Out of my Fear I have offended you;
For had I not, I am sure you are too kind,
Not to accept the Offer of my Service,
In which I am a Gainer; I have heard
My Tutor say, of all aereal Fowl
The Stork's the Embleme of true Piety;
Because when Age hath seiz'd upon her Dam,
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his Back, provides her Food,
Repaying so her tender care of him,
E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her:
Shall I then, that have Reason and Discourse,
That tell me all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly Bird?
Or feed or cloath my self superfluously,
And know, nay say see you want? holy Saints keep me.

Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know my self the Mother to such Goodness?

Os. Come let us dry our Eyes, we'll have a Feast,
Thanks to our little Steward.

Jac. And in him,
Believe that we are rich.

Asc. I'm sure I am,
While I have Pow'r to comfort you, and serve you.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Henrique, and Violante.

Viol. Is it my Fault, *Don Henrique*, or my Fate?
What's my Offence? I came young to your Bed,
I had a fruitful Mother, and you met me
With equal Ardour in your *May* of Blood;
And why then am I barren?

Hen. 'Tis not in Man
To yield a Reason for the will of Heav'n,
Which is inscrutable.

Viol. To what use serve
Full Fortunes, and the meaner sort of Blessings,
When that, which is the Crown of all our Wishes,
The period of human Happiness,
One only Child that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly deny'd us?

Hen. 'Tis the Curse
Of great Estates to want those Pledges, which
The Poor are happy in: They in a Cottage,
With Joy, behold the Models of their Youth,
And as their Root decays, those budding Branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their Age;
But this is the beginning, not the end
Of Misery to me, that 'gainst my will,
Since Heav'n denies us Issue of our own,
Must leave the fruit of all my Care and Travel
To an unthankful Brother that insults
On my Calamity.

Viol. I will rather chuse
A Bastard from the Hospital and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.

Hen. Such an Evasion,
My *Violante*, is forbid to us;
Happy the *Roman* State, where it was lawful,
If our own Sons were vicious, to chuse one
Out of a virtuous Stock, though of poor Parents,
And make him Noble. But the Laws of *Spain*,
Intending to preserve all ancient Houses,

Prevent such free Elections; with this, my Brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me, as a Master.

Viol. I will fire
The Portion I brought with me, e'er he spend
A Ryall of it: No Quirk left? no Quiddit
That may defeat him?

Hen. Were I but confirm'd,
That you wou'd take the means I use with Patience,
As I must practise it with my Dishonour,
I cou'd lay level with the Earth his hopes,
That soar above the Clouds with Expectation,
To see me in my Grave.

Viol. Effect but this,
And our Revenge shall be to us a Son
That shall inherit for us.

Hen. Do not repent
When 'tis too late.

Viol. I fear not what may fall,
He dispossest that does Usurp on all. [Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Leandro, with a Letter writ out, Milanes, and
Arsenio.*

Mil. CAN any thing but wonder?

Lean. Wonder on,
I am as ye see, and, what will follow, Gentlemen?

Ars. Why dost thou put on this Form? what can this do?
Thou look'st most fillily.

Mil. Like a young Clerk,
A half-pin'd Puppy that would write for a Ryall.
Is this a commanding Shape to win a Beauty?
To what use, what occasion?

Lean. Peace, ye are Fools,
More silly than my Out-side seems, ye are ignorant;
They that pretend to Wonders must weave cunningly.

Ars. What manner of Access can this get? or if gotten,
What credit in her Eyes? *Lean.*

Lean. Will ye but leave me ?

Mil. Methinks a young Man and a handsom Gentleman,
But sure thou art Lunatick, methinks a brave Man
That wou'd catch cunningly the Beams of Beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his Comfort,
Shou'd like himself appear, Young, High, and Buxom,
And in the brightest form.

Lean. Ye are cozen'd, Gentlemen,
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it :
Thus as I am, I will begin my Voyage.
When you love, lanch it out in Silks and Velvets,
I'll love in Serge, and will outgo your Sattins.
To get upon my great Horse and appear
The sign of such a Man, and trot my Measures,
Or fiddle out whole frosty Nights, my Friends,
Under the Window, while my Teeth keep Tune,
I hold no handsomness. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle where I may have fair play.

Arf. But how get in?

Lean. Leave that to me, your Patience,
I have some Toys here that I dare well trust to:
I have smelt a Vicar out, they call him *Lopez*.
You are ne'er the nearer now.

Mil. We do confess it.

Lean. Weak simple Men, this Vicar to this Lawyer
Is the most inward *Damon*.

Arf. What can this do?

Mil. We know the Fellow, and he dwells there.

Lean. So.

Arf. A poor, thin Thief: He help? he? hang the Vicar,
Can reading of an —— prefer thee?

Thou art dead-sick in Love, and he'll pray for thee.

Lean. Have patience, Gentlemen, I say this Vicar,
This thing, I say, is all one with the Close *Bartolus*,
For so they call the Lawyer, or his Nature,
Which I have studied by Relation :

And make no doubt I shall hit handsomly,

Will I work cunningly, and home: Understand me.

Enter Lopez, and Diego.

Next I pray leave me, leave me to my Fortune

Difficilia pulchra, that's my Motto, Gentlemen,
I'll win this Diamond from the Rock and wear her,
Or _____

Mil. Peace, the Vicar: Send ye a full fail, Sir.

Arf. There's your Confessor, but what shall be your *Pe-*
Lean. A Fool's Head if I fail, and so forsake me. (nance?

You shall hear from me daily.

Mil. We will be ready. [Exeunt *Mil.* *Arf.*

Lop. Thin World indeed!

Lean. I'll let him breath, and mark him:
No Man would think a Stranger as I am
Should reap any great commodity from his Pigbelly.

Lop. Poor stirring for poor Vicars.

Die. And poor Sextons.

Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpose,
Those that enjoy our Lands, choak our Devotions.
Our poor thin Stipends make us arrant Dunces.

Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, Master,
That are fed only with the sound of Prayers?
We rise and ring the Bells to get good Stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the Ropes with Reverence.

Lop. When was there a Christning, *Diego*?

Die. Not this ten Weeks:

Alas, they have forgot to get Children, Master,
The Wars, the Seas, and Usury undo us,
Takes off our Minds, our Edges, blunts our Plough-shares.
They eat nothing here, but Herbs, and get nothing but
green Sauce:

There are some poor Labourers, that perhaps
Once in seven Year, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd-Butter-prints, that scarce hold
The Christning neither.

Lop. Your Gallants, they get Honour,
A strange fantastical Birth, to defraud the Vicar,
And the Camp Christens their Issues, or the Curtizans,
'Tis a lewd time.

Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not dye; there's nothing got by Burials.

Lop. *Diego*, the Air's too pure, they cannot perish.
To have a thin Stipend, and an everlasting Parish,
Lord what a Torment 'tis!

Die.

Die. Good sensible Master,
You are allow'd to pray against all Weathers,
Both foul, and fair, as you shall find Occasion,
Why not against all Airs?

Lop. That's not i'th' Canons.
I wou'd it had, 'tis out of our way forty pence. (*die here,*
Die. 'Tis strange, they are starv'd too yet they will not
They will not earth: A good stout Plague amongst'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical Fevers
That would turn up their Heels by whole-sale, Master,
And take the Doctors too, in their grave Counsels,
That there might be no natural help for Mony:
How merrily would my Bells go then?

Lop. Peace *Diego*,
The Doctors are our Friends, let's please them well;
For though they kill but slow, they are certain, *Diego*.
We must remove into a muddy Air,
A most contagious Climate.

Die. We must certain,
An Air that is the nursery of Agues,
Such Agues, Master, that will shake Mens Souls out,
Ne'er stay for Possets, nor good old Wives Plasters.

Lop. Gouts and dead Palfies.

Die. The Dead do's well at all times,
Yet Gouts will hang an arse a long time, Master:
The Pox, or *English* Surfeits if we had'em;
Those are rich Marle, they make a Church-yard fat,
And make the Sexton sing, they never miss, Sir.

Lop. Then Wills and Funeral Sermons come in Season,
And Feasts that make us frolick.

Die. Wou'd I cou'd see 'em.

Lop. And though I weep i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet, *Diego*, here I laugh.

Die. The Cause requires it.

Lop. Since People left to die, I am a Dunce, *Diego*.

Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.

Lean. A precious pair of Youths! I must make toward'em.

Lop. Who's that? look, it seems he would speak to us.
I hope a Marriage, or some Will to make, *Diego*.

Die. My Friend, your business?

Lean. 'Tis to that grave Gentleman;
Bless your good Learning, Sir.

Lop. And bless you also.

He bears a promising Face, there's some hope toward.

Lean. I have a Letter to your Worship.

Lop. Well, Sir,
From whence I pray you?

Lean. From *Nova Hispania*, Sir,
And from an ancient Friend of yours.

Lop. 'Tis well, Sir,
'Tis very well: The Devil a one I know there. (nance,
Die. Take heed of a Snap, Sir, h'as a cozening Counte-
I do not like his way.

Lop. Let him go forward.
Cantabit vacuus, they that have nothing fear nothing,
All I have to lose, *Diego*, is my Learning,
And when he has gotten that, he may put it in a Nut-shell.
Reads the Letter.

Signior Lopez, Since my Arrival from Cordova to these
Parts, I have written divers Letters unto you, but as
yet receiv'd no Answer of any (Good, and very good) And
although so great a Forgetfulness might cause a want in my
due Correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you,
must more prevail with me (Better and better: The Devil
a Man know I yet) and therefore with the present occasion
offered I am willing to crave a continuance of the Favours
which I have heretofore receiv'd from you, and do recom-
mend my Son Leandro, the Bearer, to you; with request that he
may be admitted in that University till such time as I shall
arrive at home; his Studies he will make you acquainted
withal: This Kindness shall supply the want of your slack-
ness: And so Heaven keep you. Yours

Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria, very well,
A very ancient Friend of mine, I take it,
For till this hour I never heard his Name yet.

Lean. You look, Sir, as if ye had forgot my Father,

Lop. No, no, I look, as I would remember him,

For

For that I never remembred, I cannot forget, Sir,
Alonso Triveria?

Lean. The same, Sir.

Lop. And now i'th' *Indies*?

Lean. Yes.

Lop. He may be any where,
For ought that I consider.

Lean. Think again, Sir,
You were Students both at one time in *Salamanca*,
And, as I take it, Chamber-fellows.

Lop. Ha?

Lean. Nay, sure you must remember.

Lop. Wou'd I could.

Lean. I have heard him say, you were Gossips too.

Lop. Very likely,

You did not hear him say, to whom? For we Students
May oft-times over-reach our Memories.

Dost thou remember, *Diego*, this same Signior?
Thou hast been mine these twenty Years.

Die. Remember?

Why this Fellow wou'd make ye mad: *Nova Hispania*?
And Signior *Triveria*? What are these?

He may as well name ye Friends out of *Cataya*.

Take heed I beseech your Worship: Do you hear, my
You have no Letters for me? (Friend?)

Lean. Not any Letter,

But I was charg'd to do my Father's Love
To the old honest Sexton *Diego*: Are you he, Sir?

Die. Ha! have I Friends, and know 'em not? My Name
But if either I remember you or your Father, (is *Diego*,
Or *Nova Hispania* (I was never there, Sir),
Or any Kindred that you have — for Heav'n sake, Master,
Let's cast about a little, and consider,
We may dream out our time.

Lean. It seems I am deceiv'd, Sir,
Yet, that you are *Don Lopez* all Men tell me,
The Curate here, and have been some time, Sir,
And you the Sexton *Diego*, such I am sent to,
The Letter tells as much: May be they are dead, (men,
And you of the like Names succeed: I thank ye, Gentle-

Ye have done honestly in telling truth,
 I might have been forward else. For to that *Lopez*,
 That was my Father's Friend, I had a charge,
 A charge of Mony to deliver, Gentlemen,
 Five hundred Duckets, a poor small Gratuity,
 But since you are not he——

Lop. Good Sir, let me think,
 I pray ye be patient, pray ye stay a little,
 Nay, let me remember, I beseech ye stay, Sir.

Die. An honest noble Friend, that sends so lovingly;
 An old Friend too; I shall remember sure, Sir.

Lop. Thou say'st true, *Diego*.

Die. 'Pray ye consider quickly,
 Do, do, by any means, methinks already
 A grave staid Gentleman comes to my Memory.

Lean. He's old indeed, Sir.

Die. With a goodly white Beard,
 (For now he must be so: I know he must be)
 Signior *Alonzo*, Master.

Lop. I begin to have him. (Sir.

Die. H'as been from hence about some twenty years,

Lean. Some five and twenty, Sir.

Die. You say most true, Sir,
 Just to an hour; 'tis now just five and twenty,
 A fine strait timber'd Man, and a brave Soldier,
 He married: Let me see,——

Lean. *De Castro's* Daughter.

Die. The very same.

Lean. Thou art a very Rascal. [*Aside.*

De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing:
 The Mony rubs 'em into strange remembrances,
 For as many Duckets more they wou'd remember *Adam*.

Lop. Give me your Hand, you are welcome to your
 Now I remember plainly, manifestly, (Country,
 As freshly, as if yesterday I had seen him,
 Most heartily welcome: sinful that I am,
 Most sinful Man! why shou'd I lose this Gentleman?
 This loving old Companion? We had all one Soul, Sir,
 He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome——

Lean. Farm, Sir; you say most true.

Lop.

Lop. Alonzo Tiveria!

(thus

Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous Knave
Why, he was the only Friend I had in *Spain*, Sir,
I knew your Mother too, a handsome Gentlewoman.
She was married very young: I married 'em:
I do remember now the Masks and Sports then,
The Fire-works, and the fine delights; good faith, Sir,
Now I look in your Face, whose Eyes are those, *Diego*?
Nay, if he be not just *Alonzo's Picture*——

Lean. Lord, how I blush for these two Impudents!

[*Aside.*

Die. Well Gentleman, I think your Name's *Leandro*.

Lean. It is indeed, Sir.

Gra'-mercy Letter thou hadst never known else. [*Aside.*

Die. I have dandled ye, and kist ye and plaid with ye
A hundred, and a hundred times, and danc'd ye,
And swong ye in my Bell-ropes, ye lov'd swinging.

Lop. A sweet Boy.

Lean. Sweet lying Knaves.

What wou'd these do for thousands?

[*Aside.*

Lop. A wondrous sweet Boy then it was, see now
Time that consume us, shoots him up still sweeter.
How do's the noble Gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his Country?

Lean. O, very shortly, Sir, 'till his return
He has sent me over to your charge.

Lop. And welcome,

Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your Friend, Sir.

Lean. And to my Study, Sir, which must be the Law.
To further which, he wou'd entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some Man
That's expert in that Knowledge: For his pains
I have three hundred Duckets more: For my Diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me: Which I am charg'd
To take still, as I use it, from your Custody,
I have the Mony ready, and I am weary. (welcome,

Lop. Sit down, sit down, and once more ye are most
The Law you have hit upon most happily,
Here is a Master in that Art, *Bartolus*,
A Neighbour by, to him I will prefer ye,

A learned Man, and my most loving Neighbour,
I'll do ye faithful service, Sir.

Die. He's an Ass,

And so we'll use him; he shall be a Lawyer. (*Diego,*

Lop. But if ever he recover this Mony again—before,
And get some pretty Pittance: My Pupil's hungry.

Lean. Pray ye, Sir, unlade me.

Lop. I'll refresh ye, Sir;

When ye want, you know your Exchequer.

Lean. If all this get me but access, I am happy.

Lop. Come, I am tender of ye.

Lean. I'll go with ye.

To have this Fort betray'd these Fools must fleerce me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Bar. My *Amaranta*, a retir'd sweet Life,
Private and close, and still, and houswifely,
Becomes a Wife, sets off the Grace of Woman.
At home to be believ'd both young, and handsome,
As Lillies that are cas'd in crystal Glasses,
Makes up the wonder: Shew it abroad 'tis stale,
And still the more Eyes cheapen it 'tis more slubber'd,
And what need Windows open to inviting?
Of evening Tarrasses, to take Opinions?
When the most wholsome Air, my Wife, blows inward,
When good Thoughts are the noblest Companions,
And old chaste Stories, Wife, the best Discourses;
But why do I talk thus, that know thy Nature? (*lousie,*
Ama. You know your own Disease; Distrust, and Jeal-
And those two give these Lessons, not good meaning.
What trial is there of my Honesty,
When I am mew'd at home? To what end, Husband,
Serves all the virtuous Thoughts, and chaste Behaviour,
Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent,
When by their contraries they are set off, and burnish'd.
If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,
Let me go fearless out, and win that Greatness:

These

These Seeds grow not in Shades, and conceal'd Places:
Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.

Bar. Peace, ye are too loud.

Ama. You are too covetous.

If that be rank'd a Virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other Lawyers Wives, off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My Coach, my People, and my handsome Women,
My will in honest things.

Bar. Peace, *Amaranta*. (cures 'em,

Ama. They have Content, rich Cloaths, and that se-
Binds, to their careful Husbands, their Observance,
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

Bar. Thou shalt too.

Ama. And freely may converse with proper Gentlemen,
Suffer Temptations daily to their Honour.

Enter Woman Moor.

Bar. You are now too far again: Thou shalt have any
Let me but lay up for a handsome Office, (thing,
And then my *Amaranta*—

Ama. Here's a thing now,
Ye place as Pleasure to me: All my Retinue,
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my Friend,
And what she fails in, I must do my self.
A Foil to set my Beauty off, I thank ye,
You will place the Devil next for a Companion.

Bar. No more such words, good Wife.
What would you have, Maid?

Moor. Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a Stranger, Sir,
Attend to speak with your Worship.

Bar. A Stranger? (not,

Ama. You had best to be jealous of the Man you know

Bar. 'Pray thee no more of that.

Ama. 'Pray ye go out to 'em,
That will be safest for ye, I am well here,
I only love your Peace, and serve like a Slave for it.

Bar. No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest Client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me;
Prithee go in, my Duck, I'll but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.

Ama.

Ana. I am commanded,
One day you will know my sufferance,—— [Exit.

Bar. And reward it.

So, so, fast bind, fast find; Come in my Neighbours,
My loving Neighbours pray ye come in, ye are welcome.

Enter Lopez, Leandro, and Diego.

Lop. Bless your good Reverence.

Bar. Good-day, good Master Curate,
And Neighbour *Diego*, welcome: what's your business?
And 'pray ye be short, good Friends, the time is precious,
Welcome, good Sir.

Lop. To be short then with your Mastership,
For I know your several hours are full of business,
We have brought ye this young Man, of honest Parents,
And of an honest Face.

Bar. It seems so, Neighbours,
But to what end?

Lop. To be your Pupil, Sir,
Your Servant, if you please.

Lean. I have travell'd far, Sir,
To seek a worthy Man.

Bar. Alas, good Gentleman,
I am a poor Man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a Servant of your Reckoning;
My House a little Cottage, and scarce able
To hold my self, and those poor few live under it;
Besides, you must not blame me Gentlemen,
If I were able to receive a Servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing,
For in these times——

Lop. Pray let me answer that, Sir,
Here is five hundred Duckets, to secure him,
He cannot want, Sir, to make good his credit,
Good Gold, and Coin.

Bar. And that's an honest pledge;
Yet sure, that needs not, for his Face and Carriage,
Seem to declare an in-bred Honesty.

Lean. And (for I have a ripe mind to the Law, Sir,
In which I understand you live a Master)

The least poor Corner in your House, poor Bed, Sir,
(Let

(Let me not seem intruding to your Worship)
 With some Books to instruct me, and your Counsel,
 Shall I rest most content with: Other Acquaintance
 Than your grave Presence, and the grounds of Law
 I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, Sir,
 For surely mine own Nature desires Privacy.
 Next, for your monthly pains, to shew my thanks,
 I do proportion out some twenty Duckets;
 As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now, Sir,
 To shew my love to Learning, and my Master,
 My Diet I'll defray too, without trouble.

Lop. Note but his mind to Learning. (Mony.

Bar. I do strangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his

Die. Wou'd he would live with me, and learn to dig

Lop. A wondrous modest Man, Sir. (too.

Bar. So it seems,

His dear love to his Study must be nourish'd,
 Neighbour, he's like to prove.

Lop. With your good Counsel,
 And with your diligence, as you will ply him;
 His Parents, when they know your care——

Bar. Come hither.

Die. An honefter young Man, your Worship ne'er kept,
 But he is so bashful——

Bar. O I like him better.

Say I should undertake ye, which indeed, Sir,
 Will be no little straitness to my living,
 Considering my Affairs, and my small House, Sir,
 For I see some promises that pull me to ye;
 Cou'd you content your self, at first thus meanly,
 To lie hard, in an out-part of my House, Sir?
 For I have not many Lodgings to allow ye;
 And Study shou'd be still remote from Company;
 A little Fire sometimes too, to refresh ye;
 A Student must be frugal: Sometimes Lights too,
 According to your Labour. *Lean.* Any thing, Sir,
 That's dry, and wholesome: I am no bred-wanton.

Bar. Then I receive you: But I must desire ye
 To keep within your Confines. *Lean.* Ever, Sir;
 There's the Gold, and ever be your Servant,

Take

Take it and give me Books: May I but prove, Sir,
According to my wish, and these shall multiply.

Lop. Do, study hard, pray ye take him in, and settle him,
He's only fit for you; Shew him his Cell, Sir. (yer,

Die. Take a good heart; and when ye are a cunning Law-
I'll sell my Bells, and you shall prove it lawful. (gence.

Bar. Come, Sir, with me: Neighbours I thank your dili-

Lop. I'll come sometimes, and crack a case with ye.

Bar. Welcome——

[*Exit.*

Lop. Here's Mony got with ease: here, spend that jo-
And pray for the Fool, the Founder. (vially,

Die. Many more Fools

I heartily pray may follow his Example,
Lawyers, or Lubbers, or of what condition,
And many such sweet Friends in *Nova Hispania*.

Lop. It will do well; let 'em but send their Monies,
Come from what Quarter of the Word, I care not,
I'll know 'em instantly; nay I'll be Kin to 'em;
I cannot miss a Man, that sends me Mony:
Let him Law there, long as his Duckets last, Boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.

Die. I'll turn Trade, Master, and now live by the living,
Let the dead stink, 'tis a poor stinking Trade.

Lop. If the young Fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair Wife, *Diego*?

Die. And handle her Case, Master, that's a Law point,
A point would make him start, and put on his Spectacles,
A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.

Lop. Now surely, surely, I shou'd love him, *Diego*,
And love him heartily: Nay, I shou'd love my self,
Or any thing that had but that good Fortune,
For to say truth, the Lawyer is a Dog-bolt,
An arrant Worm: And though I call him worshipful,
I wish him a canoniz'd Cuckold, *Diego*,
Now, if my Youth do dub him——

Die. He is too demure, Sir. *Lop.* If he do sling her home.

Die. There's no such matter,
The Woman was not born to so much Blessedness,
He has no heat: Study consumes his Oil, Master.

Lop.

Lop. Let's leave it to the Will of Fate, and presently
Over a cup of lusty Sack, let's Prophesie.
I am like a Man that dreamt he was an Emperor,
Come *Diego*, hope, and whilst he lasts, we'll lay it on. [Ex.]

SCENE III.

Enter Jamie, Milanes, and Arsenio.

Jam. *Angelo, Milanes*, did you see this wonder?

Mil. Yes, yes. *Jam.* And you *Arsenio*?

Ars. Yes he's gone, Sir,
Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his Voyage.
Love guide his Thoughts: He's a brave honest Fellow.
Sit close, Don Lawyer, O that arrant Knave now,
How he will stink, will smoak again, will burst!
He's the most arrant Beast.

Mil. He may be more Beast.

Jam. Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him,
The villany he has sowed into my Brother,
And from his State, the Revenue he has reach'd at:
Pay him, my good *Leandro*, take my Prayers. (Heifer.)

Ars. And all our Wishes plough with his fine white

Jam. Mark him, my dear Friend, for a famous Cuckold,
Let it out-live his Books, his Pains, and hear me,
The more he seeks to smother it with Justice,

Enter a Servant.

Let it blaze out the more: What News *Andrea*?

Andr. News I am loth to tell ye: but I am charg'd, Sir,
Your Brother lays a strict command upon ye,
No more to know his House, upon your danger;
I am sorry, Sir.

Jam. Faith never be: I am glad on't;
He keeps the House of Pride, and Foolery:
I mean to shun it; so return my answer;
'Twill shortly spew him out; Come, let's be merry,
And lay our Heads together, carefully
How we may help our Friend; and let's lodge near him,
Be still at hand: I wou'd not for my Patrimony,
But he shou'd crown his Lawyer, a learn'd Monster;
Come, let's away, I am stark mad 'till I see him. [Ex.]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Ama. Why will ye bring Men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will ye lodge a young Man, a Man able,
And yet repine?

Bar. He shall not trouble thee, Sweet,
A modest poor slight thing, did I not tell thee
He was only giv'n to the Book, and for that
How Royally he pays? finds his own Meat too.

Ama. I will not have him here: I know your courses,
And what fits you will fall into of madness.

Bar. Faith, I will not, Wife.

Ama. I will not try ye.

Bar. He comes not near thee: Shall not dare to tread
Within thy Lodgings: In an old Out-Room,
Where Logs and Coles were laid.

Ama. Now ye lay fire; fire to consume your Quiet

Bar. Didst thou know him
Thou wou'dst think as I do: He disquiet thee? (him.
'Thou may'st wear him next thy Heart, and yet not warm
His Mind, poor Man, is o'th' Law, how to live after,
And not on Lewdness: On my Conscience
He knows not how to look upon a Woman
More than by reading what Sex she is.

Ama. I do not like it, Sir.

Bar. Dost thou not see, Fool,
What Presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness?
What delicate Meats?

Ama. You had best trust him at your Table,
Do, and repent it, do.

Bar. If thou be'st willing,
By my troth, I think he might come, he's so modest,
He never speaks: There's part of that he gave me,
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately,
Ev'n as he Eats, he Studies: He'll not disquiet thee,
Do as thou pleasest, Wife.

Ama. What means this Wood-cock? [*Knock within.*

Bar. Retire, Sweet, there's one knocks: Come in, your
business.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, *Don Henrique*, would entreat ye, Sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him,
He has businels of some moment.

Bar. I'll attend him,
I must be gone: I prithee think the best, Wife,
At my return, I'll tell thee more, good morrow.
Sir, keep ye close, and study hard: An hour hence
I'll read a new Case to ye. *Exit.* [*Lean. within.*

Lean. I'll be ready.

Ama. So many hundred Duckets, to lie scurvily,
And learn the pelting Law? This sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly: I would see this Fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what study: There's the place:
I'll go o'th' other side, and take my Fortune.
I think there is a Window. *[Exit.*

Enter Leandro.

Lean. He's gone out
Now, if I cou'd but see her: She is not this way:
How nastily he keeps his House? My Chamber,
If I continue long, will choak me up,
It is so damp: I shall be mortified
For any Woman, if I stay a Month here:
I'll in, and strike my Lute, that sound may call her. *[Ex.*

Enter Amaranta.

Ama. He keeps very close: Lord, how I long to see him!
A Lute strook handsomely, a Voice too; I'll hear that:

LUTE and SONG.

I.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since thou know'st I must be gone;
Wind and Tide 'tis thought doth stay me,
But 'tis Wind that must be blown
From that Breath, whose native smell
Indian Odours far excel.

II.

O then speak thou fairest fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee,
But perfume this neighbouring Air;

*Else dull Silence sure will starve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrain'd a heart is broken.*

These Verses are no Law, they sound too sweetly,
Now I am more desirous. [Leandro peeping.

Lean. 'Tis she certain.

Ama. What's that that peeps?

Lean. O admirable Face!

Ama. Sure 'tis the Man.

Lean. I will go out a little.

Ama. He looks not like a Fool, his Face is noble:
How still he stands!

Lean. I am stricken dumb with wonder,
Sure all the Excellence of Earth dwells here. (Torches,

Ama. How pale he looks! yet, how his Eyes, like
Fling their Beams round: How manly his Face shews!
He comes on: Surely he will speak: He is made most hand-
This is no Clerk behaviour; now I have seen ye, (Tomly:
I'll take my time: Husband, ye have brought home Tinder.
[Exit.

Lean. Sure she has transform'd me,
I had forgot my Tongue clean,
I never saw a Face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And speak my Mind, my Lips were lockt up here.
This is Divine, and only serv'd with Reverence.
O most fair cover of a Hand far fairer,
Thou blessed Innocence, that guards that whiteness,
Live next my Heart. I am glad I have got a Relick,
A Relick when I pray to it, may work wonders.

[A noise within.

Hark, there's some noise: I must retire again.
This blessed Apparition makes me happy;
I'll suffer, and I'll sacrifice my Substance,
But I'll enjoy. Now softly to my Kennel.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Henrique and Bartolus.

Hen. YOU know my Cause sufficiently?

Bar. I do, Sir.

Hen. And though it will impair my Honesty,
And strike deep at my Credit, yet, my *Bartolus*,
There being no other evasion left to free me
From the vexation of my spiteful Brother,
That most insultingly reigns over me,
I must and will go forward.

Bar. Do, my Lord,
And look not after Credit, we shall cure that,
Your bended Honesty we shall set right, Sir,
We Surgeons of the Law do desperate Cures, Sir,
And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it:
Mark how I'll knock it home: Be of good chear, Sir,
You give good Fees, and those beget good Causes,
The Prerogative of your Crowns will carry the matter,
Carry it sheer; the Assistant sits to morrow,
And he's your Friend, your monied Men love naturally,
And as your Loves are clear, so are your Causes.

Hen. He shall not want for that.

Bar. No, no, he must not;
Line your Cause warmly, Sir, the Times are Aguish,
That holds a Plea in Heart; hang the penurious,
Their Causes, like their Purfes, have poor Issues.

Hen. That way, I was ever bountiful.

Bar. 'Tis true, Sir,
That makes ye fear'd, forces the Snakes to kneel to ye.
Live full of Mony, and supply the Lawyer,
And take your choice of what Man's Lands you please, Sir,
What Pleasures, or what Profits, what Revenges,
They are all your own. I must have Witnesses
Enough, and ready.

Hen. You shall not want, my *Bartolus*.

Bar. Substantial fearless Souls, that will swear suddenly,
That will swear any thing.

Hen. They shall swear Truth too.

Bar. That's no great matter : For variety
They may swear Truth, else 'tis not much look'd after :
I will serve Process, presently, and strongly,
Upon your Brother, and *Ostavio*,
Jacinta, and the Boy; provide your proofs, Sir,
And set 'em fairly off, be sure of Witnesses,
Though they cost Money, want no store of Witnesses;
I have seen a handsome Cause so foully lost, Sir,
So beastly cast away for want of Witnesses.

Hen. There shall want nothing.

Bar. Then be gone, be provident,
Send to the Judge a secret way: You have me,
And let him understand the Heart.

Hen. I shall, Sir.

Bar. And feel the Pulses strongly beat, I'll study,
And at my hour, but mark me, go, be happy,
Go and believe i'th' Law.

Hen. I hope 'twill help me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lopez, Diego, four Parishioners, and Singers.

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye,
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy Knaves I found ye,
And Fools I leave ye. I have thought these twenty Years,
Preacht Spoon-meat to ye, that a Child might swallow,
Yet ye are Block-heads still: What shou'd I say to ye?
Ye have neither Faith, nor Money left to save ye,
Am I a fit Companion for such Beggars? (Sir—

1 *Par.* If the Shepherd will suffer the Sheep to be scab'd,

Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.

Die. Wou'd they were, for my sake.

Lop. I have Nointed ye, and Tarr'd ye with my Doctrine,
And yet the Murren sticks to ye, yet ye are Mangy,
I will avoid ye.

2 *Par.* Pray ye, Sir, be not angry,
In the pride of your new Caslock, do not part with us,
We

We do acknowledge ye are a careful Curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with Sermons,
A short slice of a Reading serves us, Sir,
We do acknowledge ye a quiet Teacher,
Before you'll vex your Audience, you'll sleep with 'em,
And that's a loving thing.

3 Par. We grant ye, Sir,
The only Benefactor to our Bowling,
To all our merry Sports the first Provoker,
And at our Feasts, we know there is no Reason,
But you that edifie us most, should eat most.

Lop. I will not stay for all this, ye shall know me
A Man born to a more befitting Fortune
Than ringing all-in, to a rout of Dunces. (Eggs too,

4 Par. We will increase your Tithes, you shall have
Though they may prove most dangerous to our Issues.

1 Par. I am a Smith; yet thus far out of my Love,
You shall have the tenth Horse I prick, to pray for,
I am sure I prick five hundred in a Year, Sir.

2 Par. I am a Cook, a Man of a dry'd Conscience,
Yet thus far I relent: You shall have tith Pottage. (Diego.

3 Par. Your Stipend shall be rais'd too, good Neighbour
Die. Wou'd ye have me speak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd, not to be pacified:

No, there be other places for poor Sextons,
Places of profit, Friends, fine stirring Places,
And People that know how to use our Offices,
Know what they were made for: I speak for such Capons?
Ye shall find the Key o'th' Church

Under the Door, Neighbours,
You may go in, and drive away the Daws.

Lop. My Surplis, with one Sleeve, you shall find there,
For to that dearth of Linnen you have driven me;
And the old Cutwork Cope, that hangs by Geometry:
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender;
The remnant of the Books lye where they did, Neighbours,
Ha'f pust away with the Church-wardens Pipings,
Such smoaky Zeals they have against hard Places.
The Poor-mans Box is there too: If ye find any thing
Beside the Posie, and that half rub'd out too,

For fear it should awake too much Charity,
Give it to pious uses, that is, spend it.

Die. The Bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your Destiny.

1 Par. Pray ye be not so hasty.

Die. I'll speak a proud Word to ye,
Would ye have us stay?

2 Par. We do must heartily pray ye.

3 Par. I'll draw as mighty drink, Sir.

Lop. A strong Motive,
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.

3 Par. And I'll fend for my Daughter.

Lop. This may stir too:
The Maiden is of Age, and must be edified.

4 Par. You shall have any thing. Lose our learned Vicar?
And our most constant Friend; honest dear *Diego*?

Die. Yet all this will not do: I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
And tell ye true: If ye will have us stay,
If you will have the comforts of our Companies,
You shall be bound to do us right in these points,
You shall be bound, and this the Obligation,
Dye when 'tis fit, that we may have fit Duties,
And not seek to draw——out our undoings,
Marry try'd Women, that are free, and fruitful,
Get Children in abundance, for your Christnings,
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal Justice,

Lop. Let Weddings, Christnings, Churchings, Funerals,
And merry Gossipings go round, go round still,
Round as a Pig, that we may find the profit.

Die. And let your old Men fall sick handsomely,
And dye immediately, their Sons may shoot up:
Let Women dye o'th' Sullens too, 'tis natural,
But be sure their Daughters be of Age first,
That they may stock us still: your queazie young Wives
That perish undeliver'd, I am vext with,
And vext abundantly, it much concerns me,
There's a Child's Burial lost, look that be mended.

Lop. Let'em be brought to Bed, then dye when they please.
These things consider'd, Country-men, and sworn to.

2 Par. All these, and all our Sports again, and Gambols.

3 Par.

3 Par. We must dye, and we must live, and we'll be
Ev'ry Man shall be Rich by one another. (merry,

2 Par. We are here to Morrow and gone to Day; for my
If getting Children can befriend my Neighbours, (part
I'll labour hard but I'll fill your Font, Sir.

1 Par. I have a Mother now, and an old Father,
They are as sure your own, within these two Months----

4 Par. My Sister must be pray'd for too, she is desperate,
Desperate in Love.

Die. Keep desperate Men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard; Do you see how Melancholy?
Do you mark the Man? do you profess ye love him?
And would do any thing to stay his Fury?
And are ye unprovided to refresh him,
To make him know your Loves? fie Neighbours.

2 Par. We'll do any thing.
We have brought Musick to appease his Spirit,
And the best Song we'll give him.

Die. 'Pray ye sit down, Sir,
They know their Duties now, and they stand ready
To tender their best Mirth.

Lop. 'Tis well, proceed Neighbours,
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good manners,
Ye had Puritan Hearts a-while, spurn'd at all Pastimes,
But I see some hope now.

Die. We are set, proceed Neighbours.

S O N G.

I.

*Let the Bells ring, and let the Boys sing,
The young Lasses skip and play,
Let the Cups go round, 'till round goes the Ground,
Our Learned old Vicar will stay.*

II.

*Let the Pig turn merrily, merrily ah,
And let the fat Goose swim,
For verily, verily, verily ah,
Our Vicar this Day shall be Trim.*

III.

*The stew'd Cock shall Crow, Cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud Cock-a-loodle shall be Crow;
The Duck and the Drake, shall swim in a Lake
Of Onions and Claret below.*

IV.

*Our Wives shall be neat, to bring in our Meat;
To thee our most noble Adviser,
Our pains shall be great, and Bottles shall sweat,
And we our selves will be wiser.*

V.

*We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And Tithes shall come thicker and thicker,
We'll fall to our Plow, and get Children enough,
And thou shalt be Learned old Vicar.*

Enter Arsenio and Milanes.

Ars. What ails this Priest? how highly the thing takes it?

Mil. Lord how it looks? has he not bought some Pre-
Leandro's Mony makes the Rascal merry, (bend?
Merry at Heart; he spies us.

Lop. Be gone Neighbours,
Here are some Gentlemen: be gone good Neighbours,
Be gone, and labour to redeem my favour,
No more Words, but be gone: These two are Gentlemen,
No Company for crusty-handed Fellows.

Die. We will stay for a Year or two, and try ye.

Lop. Fill all your Hearts with Joy, we will stay with ye.
Be gone, no more; I take your pastimes graciously. [*Exe.*
Would ye with me, my Friends? [*Parishioners.*

Ars. We would look upon ye,
For methinks ye look lovely.

Lop. Ye have no Letters?
Nor any kind Remembrances?

Mil. Remembrances?

Lop. From *Nova Hispania*, or some Part remote, Sir,
You look like Travel'd Men: May be some old Friends
That happily I have forgot; some Signiors
In *China* or *Cataya*; some Companions——

Die.

Die. In the *Moguls* Court, or elsewhere.

Arf. They are mad sure.

Lop. Ye came not from *Peru*? Do they look, *Diego*,
As if they had some Mystery about 'em?

Another *Don Alonzo* now?

Die. Ay marry,
And so much Mony, Sir, from one you know not,
Let it be who it will.

Lop. They have gracious Favours.
Would ye be private?

Mil. There's no need on't, Sir,
We come to bring ye a Remembrance from a Merchant.

Lop. 'Tis very well, 'tis like I know him.

Arf. No, Sir,
I do not think ye do.

Lop. A new mistake, *Diego*,
Let's carry it decently.

Arf. We come to tell ye,
You have receiv'd great Sums from a young Factor
They call *Leandro*, that has rob'd his Master,
Rob'd him, and run away.

Die. Let's keep close, Master;
This News comes from a cold Country.

Lop. By my faith it Freezes, (Curate?)

Mil. Is not this true? do you shrink now good-man
Do I not touch ye?

Lop. We have a hundred Duckets
Yet left, we do beseech ye, Sir——

Mil. You'll hang both.

Lop. One may suffice.

Die. I will not hang alone, Master,
I had the least Part, you shall hang the highest.
Plague o' this *Triveria*, and the Letter,
The Devil sent it post, to pepper us,
From *Nova Hispania*, we shall hang at home now.

Arf. I see ye are Penitent, and I have Compassion;
Ye are secure both; do but what we charge ye,
Ye shall have more Gold too, and he shall give it,
Yet ne'er indanger ye.

Lop. Command us, Master,

Com-

Command us presently, and see how nimbly——

Die. And if we do not handsomely endeavour——

Arf. Go home, and 'till ye hear more, keep private,
'Till we appear again, no Words, Vicar,
There's something added.

Mil. For you too.

Lop. We are ready.

Mil. Go and expect us hourly: If ye falter,
Though ye had twenty Lives——

Die. We are fit to lose 'em.

Lop. 'Tis most expedient that we should hang both.

Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our Fortune.

Mil. Farewel, and be your own Friends.

Lop. We expect ye.—— [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Bar: A Table-book, two
Chairs, Paper, and a Standish set out.*

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.

Oct. We cited to the Court!

Jac. It is my wonder.

Oct. But not our fear, *Jacintha*; wealthy Men,
That have Estates to lose, whose conscious Thoughts
Are full of inward Guilt, may shake with horror
To have their Actions sifted, or appear
Before the Judge. But we, that know our selves
As innocent, as poor, that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urg'd against us.

Jac. I am confident
There is no Man so covetous, that desires
To ravish our wants from us, and less hope
There can be so much Justice left on Earth,
Though sued, and call'd upon, to ease us of
The burthen of our wrongs.

Oct. What thinks *Ascanio*?
Shou'd we be call'd in question, or accus'd
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us

From

From tyrannous Oppression ?

Asc. I cou'd pray
To him that ever has an open Ear,
To hear the Innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my Troth, I think I cou'd out-plead
An Advocate, and sweat as much as he
Do's for a double Fee, e'er you should suffer
In an honest Cause.

Enter Jamie and Bartolus.

Os. Happy Simplicity!

Jac. My dearest and my best one, *Don Jamie.*

Os. And the Advocate, that caus'd us to be summon'd.

Asc. My Lord is mov'd, I see it in his looks,
And that Man, in the Gown, in my Opinion
Looks like a proguing Knave.

Jac. Peace, give them leave,

Jam. Serve me with Process?

Bar. My Lord, you are not lawless.

Jam. Nor thou honest;
One, that not long since was the buckram Scribe,
That would run on Mens errands for an Asper,
And from such baseness, having rais'd a Stock
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar.
So poor in Practice too, that you wou'd plead
A needy Clyent's Cause, for a starv'd Hen,
Or half a little Loin of Veal, though fly-blown,
And these, the greatest Fees you could arrive at
For just Proceedings; but since you turn'd Rascal —

Bar. Good words, my Lord.

Jam. And grew my Brother's Bawd,
In all his vitious Courses, soothing him
In his dishonest Practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent Knave ; in the Devils name,
What am I cited for ?

Bar. You shall know anon,
And then too late repent this bitter Language,
Or I'll miss of my Ends.

Jam. Were't not in Court,
I would beat that fat of thine, rais'd by the food
Snatch'd from poor Clyents Mouths, into a Jelly:

I would, my Man of Law, but I am patient,
And would obey the Judge.

Bar. 'Tis your best course :

Would every Enemy I have wou'd beat me,
I would wish no better Action.

Off. 'Save your Lordship.

Asc. My humble Service,

Jam. My good Boy, how dost thou?
Why art thou call'd into the Court?

Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, and Witnesses.

Asc. I know not,

But 'tis my Lord the Assistant's Pleasure
I shou'd attend here.

Jam. He will soon resolve us.

Off. Make way there for the Judge.

Jam. How? my kind Brother?

Nay then 'tis rank : There is some Villany towards.

Assist. This Sessions purchas'd at your Suit, *Don Hen-*
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine (*rique*,
Of what you can prefer.

Hen. I do beseech

The honourable Court, I may be heard
In my Advocate.

Assist. 'Tis granted,

Bar. Humh, humh.

Jam. That Preface,

If left out in a Lawyer, spoils the Cause,
Though ne'er so good, and honest.

Bar. If I stood here,

To plead in the Defence of an ill Man,
Most equal Judge, or to accuse the Innocent
To both which I profess my self a Stranger,
It wou'd be requisite I shou'd deck my Language
With Tropes and Figures, and all Flourishes
That grace a Rhetorician, 'tis confess'd
Adulterate Metals need the Gold-smiths Art,
To set 'em off ; what in it self is perfect
Contemns a borrowed Gloss : This Lord, my Client,
Whose honest Cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge Justice, finding in his Conscience

A tender scruple of a Fault long since
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolv'd of't by his Confessor,
If that in open Court he publish not
What was so long conceal'd.

Jam. To what tends this?

Bar. In his young years (it is no Miracle
That Youth, and head of Blood, should mix together)
He look'd upon this Woman, on whose Face
The ruins yet remain, of excellent Form,
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.

Jac. You good Angels.
What an impudence is this?

Bar. And us'd all means
Of Service, Courtship, Presents, that might win her
To be at his Devotion: But in vain;
Her Maiden Fort, impregnable, held out,
Until he promis'd Marriage; and before
These Witnesses a solemn Contract pass'd
To take her as his Wife.

Assst. Give them their Oath.

Jam. They are incompetent Witnesses, his own Crea-
And will swear any thing for half a Ryal. (tures,

Off. Silence.

Assst. Proceed.

Bar. Upon this strong assurance
He did enjoy his wishes to the full,
Which satisfied, and then with Eyes of Judgment,
Hood-wink'd with Lust before, considering duly
The inequality of the Match, he being
Nobly Descended, and Allied, but she
Without a Name, or Family, secretly
He purchas'd a Divorce, to disanul
His former Contract, marrying openly
The Lady *Violante*.

Jac. As you sit here
The Deputy of the great King, who is
The Substitute of that impartial Judge,
With whom, or Wealth, or Titles prevail nothing,
Grant to a much wrong'd Widow, or a Wife

Your

Your Patience, with liberty to speak
 In her own Cause, and let me, Face to Face
 To this bad Man, deliver what he is:
 And if my Wrongs, with his Ingratitude ballanc'd,
 Move not Compassion, let me die unpitied.
 His Tears, his Oaths, his Perjuries, I pass o'er;
 To think of them is a Disease; but Death
 Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
 For Innocence cannot justify what's false,
 But all the Advocate hath allodg'd concerning
 His Falshood, and my Shame, in my Consent,
 To be most true. But now I turn to thee,
 To thee *Don Henrique*, and if impious Acts
 Have left thee Blood enough to make a blush,
 I'll paint it on thy Cheeks. Was not the wrong
 Sufficient to defeat me of mine Honour,
 To leave me full of Sorrow, as of Want,
 The witness of my Lust left in my Womb,
 To testify thy Falshood, and my Shame?
 But now so many Years I had conceal'd
 Thy most inhuman Wickedness, and won
 This Gentleman, to hide it from the World,
 To Father what was thine (for yet by Heav'n,
 Though in the City he pass'd for my Husband,
 He never knew me as his Wife.)

Assist. 'Tis strange:

Give him an Oath.

Ord. I gladly swear, and truly.

Jac. After all this, I say, when I had born
 These wrongs, with Saint-like Patience, saw another
 Freely enjoy, what was in Justice mine,
 Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,
 I never wou'd divulge it, to disturb
 Thy Peace at home; yet thou most barbarous,
 To be so careless of me, and my Fame,
 For all respect of thine in the first step
 To thy base Lust, was lost, in open Court
 To publish my Disgrace? and on Record,
 To write me up an easie-yielding Wanton?
 I think can find no Precedent: In my Extreame,

One comfort yet is left, that though the Law
Divorce me from thy Bed, and made free way
To the unjust Embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this my Son,
(Look up *Ascanio* since it is come out)
Is thy legitimate Heir.

Jam. Confederacy!

A trick, my Lord, to cheat me; e'er you give
Your Sentence, grant me hearing.

Assst. New Chimera's?

Jam. I am, my Lord, since he is without Issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted Heir,
And this forg'd by the Advocate, to defeat me
Of what the Laws of *Spain* confer upon me,
A meer Imposture, and Conspiracy
Against my future Fortunes.

Assst. You are too bold.

Speak to the Cause, *Don Henrique*.

Hen. I confess,

Though the acknowledgment must wound mine Honour,
That all the Court hath heard touching this Cause,
Or with me, or against me, is most true:
The latter part my Brother urg'd, excepted:
For what I now do, is not out of Spleen
As he pretends, but from remorse of Conscience,
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor Woman: And I beseech your Lordship
To think I have not so far lost my Reason,
To bring into my Family, to succeed me,
The Stranger——Issue of another's Bed;
By proof, this is my Son, I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,
By a definitive Sentence of the Court,
He may be so Recorded, and full Pow'r
To me, to take him Home.

Jac. A second Rape

To the poor remnant of Content that's left me,
If this be granted: And all my former Wrongs
Were but beginnings to my Miseries,
But this the height of all: Rather than part

With

With my *Ascanio*, I'll deny my Oath,
 Profess my self a Strumpet, and endure
 What Punishment soe'er the Court decrees
 Against a Wretch that hath forsworn her self,
 Or plaid the impudent Whore.

Assist. This tastes of Passion,
 And that must not divert the course of Justice;
Don Henrique, take your Son, with this condition
 You give him Maintenance, as becomes his Birth,
 And 'twill stand with your Honour to do something
 For this wrong'd Woman: I will compel nothing,
 But leave it to your Will. Break up the Court:
 It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,
 And cannot be revok'd.— [Exit.

Hen. There's your Reward.

Bar. More Causes, and such Fees. Now to my Wife,
 I have too long been absent. Health to your Lordship. [Exit.

Asc. You all look strangely, and I fear believe
 This unexpected Fortune makes me proud,
 Indeed it do's not: I shall ever pay you
 The duty of a Son, and honour you
 Next to my Father: Good my Lord, for yet
 I dare not call you Uncle, be not sad,
 I never shall forget those noble Favours
 You did me being a Stranger, and if ever
 I live to be the Master of a Fortune,
 You shall command it.

Jam. Since it was determin'd
 I shou'd cozen'd, I am glad the profit
 Shall fall on thee; I am too tough to melt,
 But something I will do.

Hen. 'Pray you take leave
 Of your Steward, gentle Brother, the good Husband
 That takes up all for you.

Jam. Very well, mock on,
 It is your turn: I may have mine.— [Exit.

Ord. But do not
 Forget us, dear *Ascanio*.

Asc. Do not fear it,

I ev'ry day will see you: Ev'ry hour
Remember you in my Pray'rs.

Oth. My Grief's too great
To be exprefs'd in Words—— [Exit.

Hen. Take that and leave us, [Gives Money to Jacintha.
Leave us without reply; nay come back Sirrah,
And study to forget such things as these
As are not worth the Knowledge. [Asc. offers to follow.

Asc. O good Sir,
These are bad Principles——

Hen. Such as you must learn
Now you are mine, for Wealth and Poverty
Can hold no Friendship: And what is my Will
You must observe and do, though good or ill. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Where is my Wife? 'Fore Heaven, I have done
Done mighty things to day, my *Amaranta*, (wonders,
My Heart rejoyces at my wealthy Gleanings,
A rich litigious Lord I love to follow,
A Lord that builds his Happiness on Brawlings,
O 'tis a blessed thing to have rich Clients.
Why, Wife I say, how fares my studious Pupil?
Hard at it still? Ye are too violent,
All things must have their Rests, they will not last else,
Come out and breathe. [Leandro within.

Lean. I do beseech you pardon me,
I am deeply in a sweet point Sir.

Bar. I'll instruct ye:

Enter Amaranta.

I say take Breath, seek Health first, then your Study.
O my sweet Soul, I have brought thee golden Birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done strange wonders:
There's more a hatching too.

Ama. Have ye done, good Husband?
Then 'tis a good day spent.

Bar. Good enough Chicken,
I have spread the Netso'th' Law, to catch rich Booties,
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And they come fluttering in. How do's my Pupil?
My modest thing, hast thou yet spoken to him?

Ama. As I past by his Chamber I might see him,
But he is so bookish.

Bar. And so bashful too,
I'faith he is, before he will speak, he will starve there.

Ama. I pity him a little.

Bar. So do I too.

Ama. And if he please to take the air o'th' Gardens,
Or walk i'th' inward Rooms, so he molest not— (thee.

Bar. He shall not trouble thee, he dare not speak to

Enter Moor, with Chess-board.

Bring out the Chess-board,—come let's have a game
I'll try your Mastery, you say you are cunning. (Wife,

Ama. As learned as ye are, Sir, I shall beat ye.

Enter Leandro.

Bar. Here he steals out, put him not out of Countenance,
Prethee look another way, he will be gone else.

Walk and refresh your self, I'll be with you presently.

Lean. I'll take the Air a little. [*Play at Chess.*

Bar. 'Twill be healthful. (Man.

Ama. Will ye be there? Then here? I'll spare ye that

Lean. Wou'd I were so near too, and a Mate fitting.

Ama. What think ye, Sir, to this? Have at your Knight
now. (vice.

Bar. 'Twas subtilly play'd: Your Queen lies at my Scr-
Prethee look off, he is ready to pop in again,
Look off I say, dost thou not see how he blushes?

Ama. I do not blast him.

Lean. But ye do, and burn too;
What killing Looks she steals?

Bar. I have you now close,
Now for a Mate.

Lean. You are a blessed Man that may so have her.

Oh that I might play with her—— [*Knock within*

Bar. Who's there? I come, you cannot scape me now
Wife. I come, I come. [*Knock.*

Lean. Most blessed Hand that calls him.

Bar. Play quickly, Wife.

Ama. 'Pray ye give leave to think, Sir.

Enter

The Spanish Curate.

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Enter Moor.

Moor. An honest Neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir,
Would fain speak with your Worship about Business.

Lean. The Devil blow him off.

Bar. Play.

Ama. I will study :

For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me---[*Knock.*

Bar. He knocks again, I cannot stay. *Leandro,*
'Pray thee come near.

Lean. I am well, Sir, here.

Bar. Come hither:

Be not afraid, but come.

Ama. Here's none will bite, Sir.

Lean. God forbid, Lady.

Ama. 'Pray come nearer.

Lean. Yes forsooth.

Bar. 'Prethee observe these Men: just as they stand
And see this Lady do not alter 'em, (here,
And be not partial, Pupil.

Lean. No indeed, Sir. (sently,

Bar. Let her not move a Pawn, I'll come back pre-
Nay you shall know I am a Conqueror.

Have an eye, Pupil—— [Exit.

Ama. Can ye play at Chess, Sir?

Lean. A little, Lady.

Ama. But you cannot tell me

How to avoid this Mate, and win the Game too;

H'as noble Eyes: Ye dare not friend me so far?

Lean. I dare do any thing that's in Man's pow'r, Lady,
To be a Friend to such a noble Beauty.

Ama. This is no Lawyers Language: I pray ye tell me,
Whither may I remove, ye see I am set round,
To avoid my Husband?

Lean. I shall tell ye happily,
But happily you will not be instructed.

Ama. Yes and thank ye too, shall I move this Man?

Lean. Those are unseemly: Move one can serve ye,
Can honour ye, can love ye.

Ama. 'Pray ye tell quickly,
He will return, and then.

Lean. I'll tell ye instantly,
Move me, and I will move any way to serve ye,
Move your Heart this way, Lady.

Ama. How?

Lean. 'Pray ye hear me.
Behold the sport of Love, when he is imperious,
Behold the slave of Love.

Ama. Move my Queen this way?
Sure, he's some worthy Man: Then if he hedge me,
Or here to open him.

Lean. Do but behold me,
If there be Pity in you, do but view me,
But view the Misery I have undertaken
For you, the Poverty.

Ama. He will come presently.
Now play your best Sir, though I lose this Rook here,
Yet I get Liberty.

Lean. I'll seize your fair Hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred Kisses.
The God of Love warm your Desires but equal,
That shall play my Game now.

Ama. What do you mean, Sir?
Why do you stop me?

Lean. That ye may intend me.
The time has blest us both: Love bids us use it.
I am a Gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your Love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole Heart to ye, thus I give it,
And to those burning Altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine Lips, where perpetual Spring grows —

Ama. Take that, ye are too saucy.

Lean. How, proud Lady?
Strike my Deserts?

Ama. I was to blame.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What Wife, there?
Heav'n keep my House from Thieves.

Lean. I am wretched:
Open'd, discover'd, lost to my Wishes.
I shall be hooted at.

Bar.

Bar. What Noise was this, Wife?
Why dost thou smile?

Lean. This proud thing will betray me.

Bar. Why these lie here? What angry, Dear?

Ama. No, Sir,

Only a chance, your Pupil said he plaid well,
And so indeed he do's: He undertook for ye,
Because I would not sit so long time idle,
I made my Liberty, avoided your Mate,
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me,
Indeed he put me strangely to it. When presently
Hearing you come, and having broke his Ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my Queen fair,
I rose o'th' sudden smilingly to shew ye,
My Apron caught the Chess-board, and the Men,
And there the Noise was.

Bar. Thou art grown a Master,
For all this I shall beat ye.

Lean. Or I, Lawyer,
For now I love her more, 'twas a neat Answer,
And by it hangs a mighty Hope, I thank her,
She gave my Pate a sound Knock that it rings yet,
But you shall have a founder if I live, Lawyer;
My Heart akes yet, I would not be in that fear—

Bar. I am glad ye are a Gamester, Sir, sometimes
For Recreation we two shall fight hard at it.

Ama. He will prove too hard for me.

Lean. I hope he shall do, (good Lady.
But your Chess-board is too hard for my Head, line that,

Bar. I have been attoning two most wrangling Neigh-
They had no Mony, therefore I made even. (bours,
Come, let's go in and eat, truly I am hungry.

Lean. I have eaten already, I must intreat your pardon.

Bar. Do as ye please, we shall expect ye at Supper.
He has got a little Heart, now it seems handsomely.

Ama. You'll get no little Head, if I do not look to ye.

Lean. If ever I do catch thee again thou Vanity—

Ama. I was to blame to be so rash, I am sorry—

[Exeunt.

ACT

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Don Henrique, Violante, and Ascanio.

Hen. H E A R but my Reasons.

Vio. O my Patience, hear 'em!
Can cunning Falshood colour an excuse
With any seeming shape of borrow'd Truth,
Extenuate this woful wrong, not error?

Hen. You gave consent that, to defeat my Brother,
I should take any course.

Vio. But not to make
The Cure more loathsom than the foul Disease:
Was't not enough you took me to your Bed,
Tir'd with loose Dalliance, and with empty Veins,
All those Abilities spent before and wasted,
That cou'd confer the Name of Mother on me?
But that (to perfect my account of Sorrow
For my long Barrenness) you must heighten it
By shewing to my Face, that you were Fruitful
Hug'd in the base Embraces of another?
If Solitude, that dwelt beneath my Roof,
And want of Children was a torment to me,
What end of my Vexation to behold
A Bastard to upbraid me with my wants?
And hear the name of Father paid to ye,
Yet know my self no Mother,
What can I say?

Hen. Shall I confess my Fault, and ask your Pardon?
Will that content ye?

Vio. If it cou'd make void,
What is confirm'd in Court: No, no, *Don Henrique*,
You shall know that I find my self abus'd,
And add to that, I have a Woman's Anger,
And while I look upon this Basilisk,
Whose envious Eyes have blasted all my Comforts,
Rest confident I'll study my dark Ends,

And

And not your Pleasures.

Asc. Noble Lady, hear me,
Not as my Father's Son, but as your Servant,
Vouchsafe to hear me, for such in my Duty
I ever will appear: And far be it from
My poor Ambition, ever to look on you,
But with that Reverence, which a Slave stands bound
To pay a worthy Mistress. I have heard
That Dames of highest place, nay Queens themselves,
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are
Of meanest Birth: And I shall be most happy,
To be employ'd when you please to command me,
Even in the courtest Office, as your Page,
I can wait on your Trencher, fill your Wine,
Carry your Pantofles, and be sometimes blest'd
In all Humility to touch your Feet:
Or if that you esteem that too much Grace,
I can run by your Coach, observe your Looks,
And hope to gain a Fortune by my Service,
With your good favour, which now, as a Son,
I dare not challenge.

Vio. As a Son?

Asc. Forgive me,
I will forget the Name, let it be Death
For me to call you Mother.

Vio. Still upbraided?

Hen. No way left to appease you?

Vio. None: Now hear me:

Hear what I vow before the face of Heav'n,
And if I break it, all plagues in this Life,
And those that after Death are fear'd, fall on me.
While that this Bastard stays under my Roof,
Look for no Peace at home, for I renounce
All Offices of a Wife.

Hen. What am I fain to?

Vio. I will not eat, nor sleep with you, and those hours,
Which I shou'd spend in Prayers for your Health,
Shall be employ'd in Curses.

Hen. Terrible.

Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
 As lingring Feavers, and I'll watch the Nights,
 To ring aloud your Shame, and break your Sleeps.
 Or if you do but slumber, I'll appear
 In the shape of all my Wrongs, and like a Fury
 Fright you to Madness; and if all this fail
 To work out my Revenge, I have Friends and Kinsmen,
 That will not sit down tame with the Disgrace
 That's offer'd to our noble Family
 In what I suffer.

Hen. How am I divided
 Between the Duties I owe as a Husband,
 And Piety of a Parent?

Asc. I am taught, Sir,
 By the instinct of Nature, that Obedience
 Which bids me to prefer your Peace of Mind,
 Before those Pleasures that are dearest to me;
 Be wholly hers my Lord, I quit all parts,
 That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
 And no distaste e'er find you, and before
 The Characters of Age are printed on you,
 May you see many Images of your selves;
 Though I, like some false Glass, that's never look'd in,
 Am cast aside, and broken. From this hour,
 Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,
 I never will set my forbidden Feet
 Over your Threshold; only give me leave,
 Though cast off to the World, to mention you
 In my Devotions, 'tis all I sue for,
 And so take my last leave.

Hen. Though I am
 Devoted to a Wife, nay almost sold
 A Slave to serve her Pleasures, yet I cannot
 So part with all Humanity, but I must
 Shew something of a Father; thou shalt not go
 Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: take that
 To guard thee from Necessities; may thy Goodness
 Meet many Favours, and thine Innocence
 Deserve to be the Heir of greater Fortunes,
 Than thou wer't Born to. Scorn me not, *Violante*,

This

This Banishment is a kind of civil Death,
And now, as it were at his Funeral,
To shed a Tear or too, is not unmanly,
And so farewell for ever. One word more,
Though I must never see thee, my *Ascanio*,
When this is spent, for so the Judge decreed,
Send to me for supply. Are you pleas'd now?

Vio. Yes; I have cause to see you Howl and Blubber
At the parting of my Torment, and your Shame.
'Tis well: proceed: supply his wants: do do:
Let the great Dower I brought, serve to maintain
Your Bastard's Riots: Send my Clothes and Jewels
To your old acquaintance, your dear Dame his Mother.
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

Hen. Is all I do misconstru'd?

Vio. I will take
A Course to right my self, a speeding one:
By the bless'd Saints, I will; if I prove cruel,
The shame to see thy foolish Pity, taught me
To lose my natural Softness; keep off from me,
Thy Flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
As I would do a Leper.

Hen. Let not Fury
Transport you so: You know I am your Creature,
All Love, but to your self, with him, hath left me.
I'll joyn with you in any thing.

Vio. In vain,
I'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.

Hen. I will not cross you.

Vio. Do not, they shall find
That to a Woman of her hopes beguil'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aspicks, mild.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Milanes, and Arsenio.

Lop. Sits the Game there? I have you by mine order;
I love *Leandro* for't.

Mil. But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.

Lop. He shall want nothing,

I know my Advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his Pray'rs, if he use any,
I am honyed with the Project: I wou'd have him horn'd
For a most precious Beast.

Arf. But you lose time.

Lop. I am gone, instruct you *Diego*, you will find him
A sharp and subtle Knave, give him but Hints
And he will amplifie. See all things ready,
I'll fetch him with a Vengeance—— [Exit.

Arf. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.

Mil. Tush, he is flesh'd,
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.

Arf. All things are ready.

Mil. Then we shall have a merry Scene, ne'er fear it.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Amaranta, with a Note, and Moor.

Ama. Is thy Master gone out?

Moor. Ev'n now, the Curate fetch'd him,
About a serious business as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his Cloak, and brush'd his Hat straight,
Set his Band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.

Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, he went out, *Egla*,
As luckily, as one would say, go Husband;
He was call'd by Providence: Fling this short Paper
Into *Leandro's* Cell, and waken him,
He is monstrous vex'd, and musty, at my Chess-play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it:
Take your own Recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.

Moor. If I do, I'll hang for't. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Octavio, and Jacintha.

Oz. If that you lov'd *Ascanio* for himself,
And not your private Ends, you rather shou'd

Bless

Bless the fair Opportunity, that restores him
To his Birth-right, and the Honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good Fortune.

Jac. Grieve, *Octavio*?

I would resign my Essence, that he were
As happy as my Love cou'd fashion him,
Though every Blessing that shou'd fall on him,
Might prove a Curse to me: My sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.

I am acquainted with *Don Henrique's* Nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery Temper
Of *Madam Violante*: Can you think
That she, that almost is at War with Heav'n
For being barren, will with equal Eyes
Behold a Son of mine?

Oct. His Father's Care,
That for the want of Issue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own Fame,
Will look unto his Safety.

Jac. Step-mothers
Have many Eyes, to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to Goodness.

Enter Jamie and Ascanio.

Oct. Here comes *Don Jamie*,
And with him our *Ascanio*.

Jam. Good Youth leave me,
I know thou art forbid my Company,
And only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy Father's anger.

Asc. Sir, if that to serve you
Cou'd lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot,
I still wou'd follow you. Alas I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help my self,
I was, for some particular end, took home,
But am cast off again.

Jam. Is't possible?

Asc. The Lady, whom my Father calls his Wife,
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forc'd him
To turn me out of Doors.

Jac. By my best hopes

I thank her Cruelty, for it comes near
A saving Charity.

Asc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you, 'pray you share:
My Father's wondrous kind, and promises
That I thou'd be supplied: But sure the Lady
Is a malicious Woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a Stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.

Ser. From my Lady,
Your private Ear, and this——

Jam. New Miracles?

Ser. She says, if you dare make your self a Fortune,
She will propose the Means; my Lord *Don Henrique*
Is now from home, and she alone expects you;
If you dare trust her, so, if not, despair of
A second Offer. [Exit.

Jam. Though there were an Ambush
Laid for my Life, I'll on and sound this Secret.
Retire thee, my *Ascanio*, with thy Mother:
But stir not forth, some great Design's on Foot,
Fall what can fall, if e'er the Sun be set
I see you not, give me for dead.

Asc. We will expect you,
And those bless'd Angels, that love Goodness, guard you.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter Lopez and Bartolus.

Bar. Is't possible he shou'd be rich?

Lop. Most possible,
He hath been long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, Sir.

Bar. Accounted a poor Sexton,
Honest poor *Diego*.

Lop. I assure ye, a close Fellow,
Both close, and scraping, and that fills the Bags, Sir.

Bar.

Bar. A notable good Fellow too?

Lop. Sometimes, Sir.

When he hop'd to drink a Man into a Surfeit,
That he might gain by his Grave.

Bar. So many thousands?

Lop. Heav'n knows what.

Bar. 'Tis strange,

'Tis very strange; but we see by endeavour;
And honest labour——

Lop. Milo, by continuance

Grew from a silly Calf, with your Worships Reverence,
To carry a Bull; from a penny, to a pound, Sir,
And from a pound to many: 'Tis the Progress.

Bar. Ye say true, but he lov'd to feed well also,
And that methinks——

Lop. From another Man's Trencher, Sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge:
There he would play the Tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the Graves he made; at home he liv'd
Like a Camelion, suckt th' Air of Misery,

[Table set out, Standish, Paper, and Stools.

And grew fat by the Brewis of an Egg-shell,
Would smell a Cooks-shop, and go home and Surfeit,
And be a Month in fasting out that Fever.

Bar. These are good Symptoms: Do's he lye so sick, say ye?

Lop. Oh, very sick.

Bar. And chosen me Executor?

Lop. Only your Worship.

Bar. No hope of his Amendment?

Lop. None, that we find.

Bar. He hath no Kinsmen neither?

Lop. 'Truth, very few.

Bar. His mind will be the quieter.

What Doctors has he?

Lop. There's none, Sir, he believes in.

Bar. They are but needless things, in such Extremities.
Who draws the good Man's Will?

Lop. Marry that do I, Sir,
And to my Grief.

Bar. Grief will do little now, Sir,

Draw

Draw it to your comfort, Friend, and as I counsel ye,
An honest Man, but such Men live not always:
Who are about him?

Lop. Many, now he is passing, (men
That wou'd pretend to his love, yes, and some Gentle-
That would fain counsel him, and be of his Kindred;
Rich Men can want no Heirs, Sir.

Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.
But we shall take a care.

*Enter, with Diego in a Bed, Milanes, Arsenio,
and Parishioners.*

Lop. Will ye come near, Sir?
'Pray ye bring him out; now ye may see in what State:
Give him fresh Air.

Bar. I am sorry, Neighbour *Deigo*,
To find ye in so weak a state.

Die. Ye are welcome,
But I am fleeting, Sir.

Bar. Methinks he looks well,
His Colour fresh, and strong, his Eyes are chearful.

Lop. A glimmering before Death, 'tis nothing else, Sir,
Do you see how he fumbles with the Sheet? do ye
note that? (for ye,

Die. My Learned Sir, 'pray ye fit: I am bold to send
To take a care of what I leave.

Lop. Do ye hear that?

Arf. Play the Knave finely.

Die. So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully.

Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him,
You see he's weak, and has a wandring Fancy.

Die. My honest Neighbours, weep not, I must leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye Company,
We must drop still, there is no remedy.

'Pray ye Master Curate, will ye write my Testament,
And write it largely it may be remembred,
And be Witness to my Legacies, good Gentlemen;
Your Worship I do make my full Executor,
You are a Man of Wit and Understanding.

Give me a Cup of Wine to raise my Spirits,

For

For I speak low: I wou'd, before these Neighbours,
Have ye to swear, Sir, that you will see it executed,
And what I give let equally be rendred
For my Soul's health.

Bar. I vow it truly, Neighbours,
Let not that trouble ye, before all these,
Once more I give my Oath.

Die. Then set me higher,
And pray ye come near me all.

Lop. We are ready for ye.

Mil. Now spur the As, and get our Friend time.

Die. First then,
After I have given my Body to the Worms,
For they must be serv'd first, they are seldom cozen'd.

Lop. Remember your Parish, Neighbour.

Die. You speak truly,
I do remember it, a lewd vile Parish,
And pray it may be mended: To the Poor of it,
Which is to all the Parish, I give nothing,
For nothing, unto nothing is most natural,
Yet leave as much space, as will build an Hospital,
Their Children may pray for me.

Bar. What do you give to it?

Die. Set down two thousand Duckets.

Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remembred.

Die. To your Worship,
Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,
I give two thousand more, it may be three, Sir,
A poor Gratuity for your pains-taking.

Bar. These are large Sums.

Lop. Nothing to him that has em.

Die. To my old Master Vicar, I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, Sir,
But there be more to serve.

Bar. This Fellow coins sure. (Books,

Die. Give me more drink: Pray ye buy Books, buy
You have a learned Head, stuff it with Libraries,
And understand'em, when ye have done, 'tis Justice.
Run not the Parish mad with Controversies,

Not

Nor preach Abstinence to longing Women,
 'Twill burge the bottoms of their Consciences :
 I would give the Church new Organs, but I prophesie
 The Church-wardens wou'd quickly pipe'em out o'th' Pa-
 Two hundred Duckets more to mend the Cancel, (rish,
 And to paint true Orthography, as many,
 They write *Sunt* with a C, which is abominable,
 'Pray you set that down, to poor Maidens Marriages.

Lop. Ay that's well thought of, what's your will in that
 A meritorious thing. (point?

Bar. No end of this will?

Die. I give *per annum* two hundred Ells of Lockram,
 That there be no strait dealings in their Linnens,
 But the Sails cut according to their Burthens.
 To all Bell-ringers I bequeath new Ropes,
 And let them use 'em at their own discretions.

Arf. You may remember us.

Die. I do, good Gentlemen,
 And I bequeath you both good Careful Surgeons,
 A Legacy you have need of, more than Mony,
 I know you want good Diets, and good Lotions,
 And in your pleasures, good take heed.

Lop. He raves now,
 But 'twill be quickly off.

Die. I do bequeath ye
 Commodities of Pins, Brown-papers, Pack-threads,
 Rost Pork, and Puddings, Ginger-bread, and Jews-trumps,
 Of penny Pipes, and mouldy Pepper, take 'em,
 Take 'em even where you please and be cozen'd with 'em,
 I shoud bequeath ye Executions also,
 But those I'll leave to th' Law.

Lop. Now he grows Temperate.

Bar. You will give no more?

Die. I am loth to give more from ye,
 Because I know you will have a care to execute.
 Only, to pious uses, Sir, a little.

Bar. If he be worth all these, I am made for ever.

Die. I give to fatal Dames, that spin Mens Threads out,
 And poor distressed Damfels, that are Militant
 As Members of our own Afflictions,

A hundred Crowns to buy warm Tubs to work in;
I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church-yard,
A spacious Church-yard, to lay Thieves and Knaves in,
Rich Men and honest Men take all the room up.

Lop. Are ye not weary?

Die. Never of well doing.

Bar. These are mad Legacies.

Die. They were got as madly;
My Sheep, and Oxen, and my Moveables,
My Plate, and Jewels, and five hundred Acres;
I have no Heirs.

Bar. This cannot be, 'tis monstrous.

Die. Three Ships at Sea too.

Bar. You have made me full Executor?

Die. Full, full, and total, wou'd I have more to give ye;
But these may serve an honest Mind.

Bar. Ye say true,
A very honest Mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich, but where shall I raise these Monies,
About your House? I see no such great Promises;
Where shall I find these Sums?

Die. Even where you please, Sir,
You are wise and provident, and know business,
Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good, I am reasonable.

Bar. Think good? will that raise thousands? (fort.
What do you make me?

Die. You have sworn to see it done, that's all my com-

Bar. Where I please? this is pack'd sure to disgrace me.

Die. Ye are just, and honest, and I know you will do it,
Ev'n where you please, for you know where the wealth is.

Bar. I am abus'd, betray'd, I am laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baff'd, and boarded, it seems.

Arf. No, no, ye are fool'd.

Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly,
Such cunning Masters must be fool'd sometimes, Sir,
And have their Worships Noses wip'd, 'tis healthful,
We are but quit: You fool us of our Monies

In every Cause, in every Quiddit wipe us. (Gentlemen.

Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha, some more drink, for my Heart,
This merry Lawyer — ha, ha, ha, ha, this Scholar —

I think this fit will cure me: This Executor——
I shall laugh out my Lungs.

Bar. This is Derision above Suff'rance, Villany
Plotted and set against me.

Die. Faith 'tis Knavery,
In troth I must confess, thou art fool'd indeed, Lawyer.

Mil. Did you think, had this Man been rich——

Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.

Mil. He wou'd have chosen such a Wolf, a Canker,
A Maggot-pate, to be his whole Executor?

Lop. A Lawyer, that entangles all Mens Honesties,
And lives like a Spider in a Cobweb lurking,
And catching at all Flies, that pass his Pit-falls?
Puts Powder to all States, to make 'em caper?
Wou'd he trust you? Do you deserve?

Die. I find, Gentlemen,
This Cataplasm of a well cozen'd Lawyer
Laid to my Stomach, lenifies my Feaver,
Methinks I cou'd eat now, and walk a little.

Bar. I am asham'd to feel how flat I am cheated,
How grossly, and maliciously made a May-game,
A damn'd trick; my Wife, my Wife, some Rascal:
My Credit and my Wife, some lustful Villain,
Some Bawd, some Rogue.

Arf. Some crafty Fool has found ye:
This 'tis, Sir, to teach ye to be too busie,
To ovet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring Oare in all Mens Actions.

Lop. We did this, but to vex your fine Officioufness.

Bar. Good yield ye, and good thank ye: I am fool'd,
The Lawyer is an As, I do confess it, (Gentlemen;
A weak, dull, shallow As: Good Even to your Worships,
Vicar, remember, Vicar, Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich Rascal.

Die. I do remember, Sir,
'Pray ye stay a little, I have ev'n two Legacies
To make your Mouth up, Sir.

Bar. Remember Varlets,
Quake and remember, Rogues;
I have brine for your Buttocks.

[Exit.
Lop.]

Lop. Oh how he frets, and fumes now like a Dunghil!
Die. His Gall contains fine stuff now to make Poysons,
 Rare damned Stuff.

Arf. Let's after him, and still vex him,
 And take my Friend off: By this time he has prosper'd,
 He cannot lose this dear time: 'Tis impossible.

Mil. Well *Diego*, thou hast done.

Lop. Hast done it daintily.

Mil. And shalt be as well paid, Boy——

Arf. Go, let's crucifie him. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Amaranta, and Leandro.

Lean. I have told ye all my Story, and how desperately.

Ama. I do believe: Let's walk on, time is precious,
 Not to be spent in Words, here no more wooing,
 The open Air's an Enemy to Lovers,
 Do as I tell ye.

Lean. I'll do any thing,
 I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve ye.

Ama. Take your Joy moderately, as it is ministred,
 And as the Cause invites: That Man's a Fool
 That at the sight o'th' Bond, dances and leaps,
 Then is the true Joy, when the Mony comes.

Lean. You cannot now deny me.

Ama. Nay, you know not,
 Women have Crotchets, and strange Fits.

Lean. You shall not

Ama. Hold ye to that and swear it confidently,
 Then I shall make a scruple to deny ye:
 'Pray ye let's step in, and see a Friend of mine,
 The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an hour,
 We may be miss'd else: A private fine House 'tis, Sir,
 And we may find many good welcomes.

Lean. Do Lady,
 Do happy Lady.

Ama. All your Mind's of doing,
 You must be modester.

Lean. I will be any thing.

[Exeunt.
 SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Open the Doors, and give me room to chase in;
 Mine own Room, and my Liberty: Why Maid there,
 Open I say, and do not anger me,
 I am subject to much fury: When, ye Dish-clout?
 When do you come? asleep, ye lazy Hell-hound?
 Nothing intended, but your ease, and eating?
 No Body here? why Wife, why Wife? why Jewel?
 No Tongue to answer me! pre'thee, good Pupil,
 Dispense a little with thy careful Study,
 And step to th'door, and let me in; nor he neither?
 Ha! not at's Study? nor asleep? nor no Body?
 I'll make ye hear: The House of Ignorance,
 No Sound inhabits here: I have a Key yet
 That commands all: I fear I am Metamorphiz'd. [*Exit.*

*Enter Lopez, Arsenio, Milanes, and Diego.**Lop.* He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.*Mil.* He shall be hang'd first, we'll be sticklers there, Boys.

Die. The hundred thousand Dreams now, that possess
 Of jealousy, and of revenge, and frailty, (him
 Of drawing Bills against us, and Petitions.

Lop. And casting what his Credit shall recover.

Mil. Let him cast 'till his Maw come up, we care not.
 You shall be still secur'd, [*A great noise within.*

Die. We'll pay him home then;
 Hark what a noise he keeps within!

Lop. Certain*H*'as set his Chimneys o'fire, or the Devil roars there.*Die.* The Codixes o'th' Law are broke loose, Gentlemen.*Arf.* He's fighting sure.*Die.* I'll tell ye that immediately—— [*Exit.**Mil.* Or doing some strange Outrage on himself.*Arf.* Hang him, he dares not be so valiant.*Enter Diego.*

Die. There's no Body at home, and he chafes like a Lyon,
 And stinks withal. [*Noise still.*

Lop. No Body?*Die.*

Die. Not a Creature,
Nothing within, but he and his Law-tempest,
The Ladles, Dishes, Kettels, how they flie all!
And how the Glasses through the Rooms!

Enter Bartolus.

Arf. My Friend sure
Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.

Lop. See where the Sea comes? how it foams, and brust-
The great Leviathan o'th' Law, how it tumbles? (les?

Bar. Made ev'ry way an Afs? abus'd on all sides?
And from all Quarters People come to laugh at me?
Rise like a Comet, to be wonder'd at?
A horrid Comet, for Boys Tongues, and Ballads?
I will run from my Wits.

Enter Amaranta, and Leandro.

Arf. Do, do, good Lawyer,
And from thy Mony too, then thou wilt be quiet.

Mil. Here she comes home: Now mark the Salutations;
How like an Afs my Friend goes?

Arf. She has pull'd his Ears down.

Bar. Now, what sweet Voyage? to what Garden, Lady?
Or to what Cousin's House?

Ama. Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to Church, but thus I am scandal'd,
Use no Devotion for my Soul, but Gentlemen——

Bar. To Church?

Ama. Yes, and ye keep Sweet Youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up Youths, to be a credit to me,
There's your delight again, pray take him to ye,
He never comes near me more to debase me. (wrong'd ye?

Bar. How's this? how's this? good Wife, how, has he

Ama. I was fain to drive him like a Sheep before me,
I blush to think how People fleer'd, and scorn'd me.
Others have handsome Men, that know Behaviour,
Place, and Observance: This silly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten; let every Rascal juggle me,
And still I push'd him on as he had been coming.

Bar. Ha! did ye push him on! is he so stupid?

Ama. When others were attentive to the Priest,
Good devout Gentleman, then fell he fast,

Fast, found asleep : Then first began the Bag-pipes,
The several stops on's Nose made a rare Musick,
A rare and loud, and those plaid many an Anthem.
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.

Arf. As cunning, as she is sweet; I like this Carriage.

Bar. What did he then?

Ama. Why then he talked in his Sleep too,
Nay, I'll divulge your moral Virtues, Sheeps-face,
And talk'd aloud, that every Ear was fixt to him:
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this Time?
Talk of your bawling Law, of Appellations,
Of Declarations, and Excommunications;
Warrants, and Executions; and such Devils
That drove all the Gentlemen out o'th' Church, by hurries,
With execrable Oaths, they wou'd never come there again.
Thus am I serv'd and Man'd.

Lean. I pray ye forgive me,
I must confess I am not fit to wait upon ye :
Alas, I was brought up——

Ama. To be an Afs,
A Lawyers Afs, to carry Books, and Buckrams.

Bar. But what did you at Church ?

Lop. At Church, did you ask her?
Do you hear Gentlemen, do yo mark that question ?
Because you are half an Heretick your self, Sir,
Wou'd ye breed her too ? this shall to the Inquisition,
A pious Gentlewoman reprov'd for praying ?
I'll see this filed, and you shall hear further, Sir.

Arf. Ye have an ill Heart.

Lop. It shall be found out, Gentlemen,
There be those Youths will search it.

Die. You are warm, Signior,
But a Faggot will warm ye better : We are Witnesses.

Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.

Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe h'as rather no Religion. (Church, Sir?

Lop. That must be known too, because she goes to
O monstrum informe ingens!

Die. Let him go on, Sir,
His Wealth will build a Nunnery, a fair one,

And

And this good Lady, when he is hang'd and rotten,
May there be Abbess.

Bar. You are cozen'd, honest Gentlemen,
I do not forbid the Use but the Form, mark me.

Lop. Form? what do you make of Form?

Bar. They will undo me,
Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me;
I must make fair way, and hereafter, Wife,
You are welcome home, and henceforth take your pleasure,
Go when ye shall think fit, I will not hinder ye,
My Eyes are open now, and I see my Error,
My Shame, as great as that, but I must hide it.
The whole conveyance now I smell, but *Basta*,
Another time must serve; you see us Friends, now
Heartily Friends, and no more chiding, Gentlemen,
I have been too foolish, I confess, no more Words,
No more, sweet Wife.

Ama. You know my easie Nature.

Bar. Go get ye in: You see she has been angry;
Forbear her Sight a while, and Time will pacify;
And learn to be more bold.

Lean. I would I could,
I will do all I am able.

[Exit.

Bar. Do *Leandro*,
We will not part, but Friends of all hands.

Lop. Well said,
Now ye are reasonable, we can look on ye.

Bar. Ye have jerkt me: But for all that I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To morrow to a Breakfast, I make but seldom,
But now we will be merry.

Arf. Now ye are friendly,
Your Doggedness and Niggardize flung from ye.
And now we will come to ye.

Bar. Give me your Hands, all:
You shall be welcome heartily.

Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.

Bar. The harder, the more welcome,
And till the Morning farewell; I have business. [Exit.

Mil.

Mil. Farewel good bountiful *Bartolus*; 'tis a brave Wench,
A sudden witty Thief, and worth all service:

Go, we'll all go, and crucifie the Lawyer.

Die. I'll clap four tire of Teeth into my Mouth more,
But I will grind his substance.

Arf. Well *Leandro*,
Thou hast had a strange Voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'st now in safe Harbour.

Mil. Let's go drink, Friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry May-games.

Lep. A match, a match, 'twill whet our Stomachs better.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Violante, and Servant.

Ser. **M** Adam, he's come. [*Chair and Stools out.*]

Viol. 'Tis well, how did he look (startled?)
When he knew from whom you were sent? was he not
Or confident? or fearful?

Ser. As appear'd
Like one that knew his Fortune at the worst,
And car'd not what cou'd follow.

Viol. 'Tis the better,
Reach me a Chair: So bring him in, be careful
That none disturb us: I will try his Temper,
And if I find him apt for my Employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not I shall
Find other Engines.

Enter Jamie, and Servant.

Ser. There's my Lady.

Viol. Leave us.

Jam. You sent for me?

Viol. I did, and do's the favour,
Your present State consider'd and my Power,
Deserve no greater Ceremony?

Jam. Ceremony?
I use to pay that where I owe a Duty,

Not

Not to my Brother's Wife: I cannot fawn,
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd,
And so farewell.

Viol. He bears up still; I like it.

Pray you a word.

Jam. Yes, I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a Friend,
But not stand as a Suitor: Now your pleasure?

Viol. You are very bold.

Jam. 'Tis fit, since you are proud;
I was not made to feed that foolish humour,
With flattery and observance.

Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little Form join'd with Respect to her,
That can add to your Wants; or free you from 'em,
Nay raise you to a Fate, beyond your hopes,
Might well become your Wisdom.

Jam. It would rather
Write me a Fool, shou'd I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many Years I have found and prov'd
My greatest Enemy: I am still the same,
My Wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new cerus'd Face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your Back, what I think of you;
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so that I ever read of.

In Stature you are a Giantess; and your Tailor
Takes measure of you with a *Jacob's* Staff,
Or he can never reach you, this by the way
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,
To treat of your Complexion were decorum:
You are so far from fair, I doubt your Mother
Was too familiar with the *Moor* that serv'd her,
Your Limbs and Features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly
To your Soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.

Viol. I laugh at this, proceed.

Jam. This Soul I speak of,
Or rather Salt to keep this heap of flesh

From being a walking stench, like a large Inn,
 Stands open for the entertainment of
 All impious Practices: But there's no Corner
 An honest thought can take up: And as it were not
 Sufficient in your self to comprehend
 All wicked Plots, you have taught the Fool, my Brother,
 By your Contagion almost to put off
 The Nature of the Man, and turn'd him Devil,
 Because he should be like you, and I hope
 Will march to Hell together: I have spoken,
 And if the Limning you in your true Colours
 Can make the Painter gracious, I stand ready
 For my Reward, or if my Words distaste you,
 I weigh it not, for though your Grooms were ready
 To cut my Throat for't, be assur'd I cannot
 Use other Language.

Viol. You think you have said now,
 Like a brave Fellow: In this Woman's War
 You ever have been train'd: Spoke big, but suffer'd
 Like a tame Ass; and when most spur'd and gall'd
 Were never Master of the Spleen or Spirit,
 That could raise up the anger of a Man,
 And force it into action.

Jam. Yes, vile Creature,
 Wer't thou a Subject worthy of my Sword,
 Or that thy Death, this moment, could call home
 My banish'd hopes, thou now wer't dead; dead, Woman;
 But being as thou art, it is sufficient
 I scorn thee, and condemn thee.

Viol. This shews nobly,
 I must confess it: I am taken with it,
 For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and shew'd a base
 And low dejected Mind, I had despis'd you.
 This Bravery, in your adverse Fortune, conquers
 And does command me, and upon the sudden
 I feel a kind of Pity, growing in me,
 For your Misfortunes; Pity some say's the Parent
 Of future Love, and I repent my part
 So far in what you have suffer'd, that I cou'd,
 But you are cold, do something to repair

What

What your base Brother (such, *Jamie*, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.

Jam. Ha?

Viol. Be not amaz'd,
Our Injuries are equal in his Bastard;
You are familiar with what I groan for,
And though the Name of Husband holds a tie
Beyond a Brother, I, a poor weak Woman,
Am sensible, and tender of a wrong,
And to revenge it wou'd break through all lets,
That durst oppose me.

Jam. Is it possible?

Viol. By this kiss: start not: thus much, as a Stranger
You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,
I should select you as a bosom Friend,
I would print 'em thus, and thus.

Jam. Keep off.

Viol. Come near,
Near into the Cabinet of my Counsels:
Simplicity and Patience dwell with Fools,
And let them bear those burthens, which wise Men
Boldly shake off; be mine and join with me,
And when that I have rais'd you to a Fortune,
Do not deny your self the happy means,
You'll look on me with more judicious Eyes,
And swear I am most fair.

Jam. What wou'd this Woman?

The purpose of these words? speak not in riddles;
And when I understand what you wou'd counsel,
My answer shall be sudden.

Viol. Thus then *Jamie*,
The objects of our fury are the same,
For young *Ascanio*, whom you Snake-like hug'd,
Frozen with wants to Death, in your warm Bosom,
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.

Jam. Now 'tis plain,
I apprehend you: And were he remov'd——

Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted Heir.

Jam.

Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd; I was Ice before,
But now ye have fir'd me.——

Viol. I'll add Fuel to it,
And by a nearer cut, do you but steer
As I direct you, we'll bring our Bark into
The Port of Happiness.

Jam. How?

Viol. By *Henrique's* Death:
But you'll say he's your Brother; in great Fortunes,
Which are Epitomes of States and Kingdoms,
The Politick brook no Rivals.

Jam. Excellent!
For sure I think out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Dispensing but a little with my Conscience,
Come into full Possession, would not argue
One that desir'd to thrive.

Viol. Now you speak like
A Man that knows the World.

Jam. I needs must learn
That have so good a Tutress. And what think you,
Don Henrique and *Ascanio* cut off,
That none may live, that shall desire to trace us
In our black Paths, if that *Octavio*
His foster Father, and the sad *Jacinta*,
Faith pity her, and free her from her Sorrows,
Should fall Companions with 'em? When we are red
With Murther, let us often bath in Blood,
The colour will be Scarlet.

Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.

Jam. Suppose this done:
If undiscovered, we may get for Mony,
As that you know buys any thing in *Roma*,
A Dispensation.

Viol. And be married?

Jam. True.
Or if it be known, truss up our Gold and Jewels,
And fly to some free State, and there with scorn——

Viol. Laugh at the Laws of *Spain*.
'Twere admirable.

Jam.

Jam. We shall beget rare Children. I am rapt with
The meer Imagination.——

Viol. Shall it be done?

Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious: Furnish me with means
To hire the Instruments, and to your self
Say it is done already: I will shew you,
E'er the Sun set, how much you have wrought upon me,
Your Province is only to use some means,
To send my Brother to the Grove that's neighbour
To the west Port of th' City; leave the rest
To my own practice; I have talk'd too long,
But now will do: This Kiss, with my Confession,
To work a fell Revenge: A Man's a fool,
If not instructed in a Woman's School. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Bartolus, Algazeirs, and a Paratour.
The Table set out and Stools.

Bar. You are well enough disguis'd, furnish the Table,
Make no shew what ye are, till I discover:
Not a Soul knows ye here: Be quick and diligent.
These Youths I have invited to a Breakfast,
But what the Sawce will be, I am of opinion
I shall take off the edges of their Appetites,
And grease their Gums for eating heartily
This Month or two; they have plaid their prizes with me,
And with their several flurts they have lighted dange-
But sure I shall be quit. I hear 'em coming. (routly,
Go off and wait the bringing in your service,
And do it handsomely: You know where to have it.

Enter Milanes, Arsenio, Lopez, and Diego.
Welcome i' Faith.

Arf. That's well said, honest Lawyer.

Lop. Said like a Neighbour.

Bar. Welcome all: All over,
And let's be merry.

Mil. To that end we came, Sir,
An hour of Freedom's worth an Age of Juglings.

Die. I am come too, Sir, to specific my Stomach

A poor Retainer to your Worship's Bounty.

Bar. And thou shalt have it fill'd, my merry *Diego*,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous *Diego*,
Even fill'd till it groan again.

Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder then——

Bar. I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
Though I were angry yester-day with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bob'd me.

Lop. No, no, by no means.

Bar. No, when I considered
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry: Very merry, Gentlemen,
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't,
The Mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.

Lop. Good Mirth does work so: Honest Mirth,
Now, should we have meant in earnest——

Bar. You say true, Neighbour.

Lop. It might have bred such a distast and fowness,
Such fond imaginations in your Brains, Sir,
For things thrust home in earnest.——

Bar. Very certain,
But I know ye all for merry Wags, and e'er long
You shall know me too in another fashion,
Though you're pamper'd, ye shall bear part o'th' burthen.

Enter Amaranta, and Leandro.

Come Wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my Jewel:
And Pupil, you shall come too; ne'er hang backward,
Come, come, the Woman's pleas'd, her Anger's over,
Come, be not bashful.

Ama. What does he prepare here?
Sure there's no Meat i'th' House, at least not dress'd,
Does he mean to mock 'em? Or some new bred crotchet
Come o'er his Brains; I do not like his Kindness:
But Silence best becomes me: If he mean foul play,
Sure they are enough to right themselves, and let 'em,
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to Powder, (Neighbour,

Bar. Bring in the Meat there, ha? Sit down dear
A little Meat needs little Compliment,
Sit down, I say.

Ama.

Ama. What do you mean by this, Sir?

Bar. Convey away their Weapons handsomly.

Ama. You know there's none i'th' House to answer ye,
But the poor Girl; you know there's no Meat neither.

Bar. Peace and be quiet; I shall make you smook else:
There's Men and Meat enough, set it down formally.

Enter Algazeirs, with Dishes.

Ama. I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.

Bar. I have no dainties for ye, Gentlemen,
Nor loads of Meat, to make the Room smell of 'em.
Only a Dish to ev'ry Man I have dedicated,
And if I have pleas'd his Appetite.

Lop. O, a Capon,
A Bird of Grace, and be thy Will, I honour it.

Die. For me some forty Pound of lovely Beef,
Plac'd in a Mediterranean Sea of Brewis.

Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.
Wait diligently, Knaves.

Mil. What rare bit's this?
An Execution! bless me!

Bar. Nay, take it to ye,
There's no avoiding it, 'tis somewhat tough, Sir,
But a good Stomach will endure it easily,
The sum is but a thousand Duckets, Sir.

Arf. A Capias from my Surgeon, and my Silk-man!

Bar. Your careful Makers, but they've mar'd your Diet.
Stir not, your Swords are gone: There's no avoiding me,
And these are Algazeirs, do you hear that passing Bell?

Lop. A strong Citation, bless me!

Bar. Out with your Beads, Curate,
The Devil's in your Dish: Bell, Book, and Candle.

Lop. A Warrant to appear before the Judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' Wall.

Bar. Ye need not,
Your fear I hope will make ye find your Breeches.

All. We are betray'd.

Bar. Invited, do not wrong me,
Fall to, good Guests, you have diligent Men about ye,
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye,
These will not see ye start; Have I now found ye?

Have

Have I requited ye? You fool'd the Lawyer;
 And thought it Meritorious to abuse him,
 A thick ram-headed Knave; you rid, you spur'd him;
 And glorified your Wits, the more ye wronged him;
 Within this hour ye shall have all your Creditors,
 A second Dish of new Debts, come upon ye,
 And new invitements to the Whip, *Don Diego*,
 And Excommunications for the learned Curate,
 A Masque of all your Furies shall dance to ye.

Arf. You dare not use us thus?

Bar. You shall be bob'd, Gentlemen :
 Stir, and as I have a Life, ye go to Prison,
 To Prison, without pity instantly.
 Before ye speak another word to Prison.
 I have a better Guard without, that waits ;
 Do you see this Man, *Don Curate*? 'tis a Paratour
 That comes to tell ye a delightful Story
 Of an old Whore ye have, and then to teach ye
 What is the Penalty; Laugh at me now, Sir,
 What Legacy wou'd ye bequeath me now,
 (And pay it on the Nail?) to fly my Fury?

Lop. O gentle Sir.

Bar. Do'st thou hope I will be gentle,
 Thou foolish unconfederate Curate?

Lop. Let me go, Sir.

Bar. I'll see thee hang first.

Lop. And as I am a true Vicar,
 Hark in your Ear, hark softly——

Bar. No, no Bribery.

I'll have my swinge upon thee; Sirrah? Rascal?
 You Lenten Chaps, you that lay sick, and mockt me,
 Mockt me abominably, abus'd me lewdly,
 I'll make thee sick at Heart, before I leave thee,
 And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,
 Not worth a blessing, nor a Bell to knell for thee,
 A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'st, (with
 Steal'st from the Merchant, and the Ring he was buried
 Steal'st from his Grave; do you smell me now?

Die. Have mercy on me!

Bar.

Bar. No Psalm of Mercy shall hold me from hanging thee. (men,

How do you like your Breakfast? 'tis but short, Gentle-
But sweet and healthful; Your Punishment, and yours,
For some near Reasons that concern my Credit, (Sir,
I will take to my self.

Ama. Do Sir, and spare not:

I have been too good a Wife, and too obedient,
But since ye dare provoke me to be foolish——

Lean. She has, yes, and too worthy of your Usage;
Before the World I justify her Goodness,
And turn that Man, that dares but taint her Virtues,
To my Sword's point; that lying Man, that base Man,
Turn him, but Face to Face, that I may know him.

Bar. What have I here?

Lean. A Gentleman, a free Man,
One that made trial of this Lady's Constancy,
And found it strong as Fate; leave off your fooling,
For if you follow this Course, you will be Chronicled
For a Devil, whilst a Saint she is mention'd.
You know my name indeed; I am now no Lawyer.

Enter Jamie and Assistant.

Die. Some comfort now, I hope, or else wou'd I were
And yet the Judge, he makes me sweat. (hang'd up.

Bar. What News now?

Jam. I will justify, upon my Life and Credit,
What have heard you, for Truth, and will make Proof of.

Assist. I will be ready at the appointed hour there,
And so I leave ye.

Bar. Stay I beseech your Worship,
And do but hear me.

Jam. Good Sir, intend this business,
And let this bawling Fool, no more words, Lawyer,
And no more angers, for I guess your Reasons:
This Gentleman I'll justify in all Places,
And that fair Lady's worth; let who dare cross it.
The Plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your Wife, she's fair and virtuous.

Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your Honour,
We shall be justified the way of all Flesh else.

Jam. No more Talk, nor no more Dissention, Lawyer,
I know your Anger, 'tis a vain and slight one,
For if you do, I'll lay your whole Life open,
A Life that all the World shall—I'll bring Witness,
And rip before a Judge the ulcerous Villanies,
You know I know ye, and I can bring witness.

Bar. Nay good Sir, noble Sir.

Jam. Be at peace then presently,
Immediately take honest and fair Truce (Gentleman;
With your good Wife, and shake hands with that Gen-
H's honour'd ye too much, and do it chearfully.

Lop. Take us along, for Heav'n fake too.

Bar. I am Friends,
There is no Remedy, I must put up all,
And like my Neighbours rub it out by th' Shoulders,
And perfect Friends; *Leandro*, now I thank ye,
And there's my Hand, I have no more grudge to ye,
But I am too mean henceforward for your Company.

Lean. I shall not trouble ye.

Arf. We will be Friends too.

Mil. Nay Lawyer, you shall not fright us farther,
For all your Devils we will bolt.

Bar. I grant ye,
The Gentleman's your Bail, and thank his coming,
Did not he know me too well, you shou'd smart for't;
Go all in peace, but when ye fool next, Gentlemen,
Come not to me to Breakfast.

Die. I'll be bak'd first.

Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye are bold and merry,
The Lawyer's Banquet, and the Sawce he gave ye,

Jam. Come, go along; I have Employment for ye,
Employment for your lewd Brains too, to cool ye,
For all, for every one.

All. We are all your Servants.

Die. All, all for any thing, from this day forward
I'll hate all Breakfasts, and depend on Dinners.

Jam. I am glad you come off fair.

Lean. The fair has blest me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.

Oct. This is the place, but why we are appointed
By *Don Jamie* to stay here, is a depth
I cannot sound.

Asc. Believe't he is too noble
To purpose any thing but for our good.
Had I assurance of a thousand Lives,
And with them perpetuity of Pleasure,
And should lose all, if he prov'd only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.

Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are.
And Death concludes all Misery.

Oct. Undiscover'd,
We must attend him.

Enter Henrique, and Jamie.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him *Don Henrique*?

Jac. Now I fear;
Be silent.

Hen. Why dost thou follow me?

Jam. To save your Life,
A Plot is laid for't, all my wrongs forgot,
I have a Brother's Love.

Hen. But thy false self,
I fear no Enemy.

Jam. You have no Friend,
But what breaths in me: If you move a step
Beyond this Ground you tread on, you are lost.

Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then: I am sent hither
To meet her, that prefers my Life and Safety
Before her own.

Jam. That you should be abus'd thus
With weak Credulity! She for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble Father,
Or that one Mother bare us, for whose Love
You brake a Contract to which Heav'n was Witness,

To fatisfie whose Pride and wilful Humour
 You have expos'd a sweet and hopeful Son
 To all the miseries that Want can bring him,
 And such a Son, though you are most obdurate,
 To give whom entertainment Savages
 Would quit their Caves themselves, to keep him from
 Bleak cold and hunger! This dissembling Woman,
 This Idol, whom you worship, all your Love
 And Service trod under her Feet, designs you
 To fill a Grave, or dead to lye a Prey
 For Wolves and Vulturs.

Hen. 'Tis false; I defie thee,
 And stand upon my Guard.

Enter Leandro, Milanese, Arsenio, Bartolus, Lopez, Diego, Octavio, Jacintha, Ascanio, and Servants.

Jam. Alas 'tis weak:
 Come on, since you will teach me to be cruel,
 By having no Faith in me, take your Fortune;
 Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.

Os. My Lord.

Asc. In what have we offended?

Jam. I am deaf,
 And following my will, I do not stand
 Accomptable to Reason: See her Ring,
 The first pledge of your Love and Service to her,
 Deliver'd as a Warrant for your Death:
 These Bags of Gold you gave up to her trust,
 The use of which you did deny your self,
 Bestow'd on me, and with a prodigal Hand,
 Whom she pick'd forth to be the Architect
 Of her most bloody Building; and to see
 These Instruments, to bring Materials
 To raise it up, she bad me spare no cost,
 And as a surplussage, offer'd her self
 To be at my Devotion.

Hen. O accurs'd!

Jam. But be incredulous still; think this my Plot;
 Fashion Excuses to your self, and swear
 That she is Innocent, that she doats on ye;
 Believe this, as a fearful Dream, and that

You

You lie not at my Mercy, which in this
I will shew only: She her self shall give
The dreadful Sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other World.

Enter Violante.

Appears my *Violante*? Speak, my dearest,
Do's not the Object please you?

Viol. More than if
All Treasure that's above the Earth, with that
That lies conceal'd in both the *Indian Mines*,
Were laid down at my Feet: O bold *Jamie*,
Thou only canst deserve me.

Jam. I am forward,
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not
On your Commands.

Enter Assistant, and Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.

Jam. That was deferr'd, that you
Might triumph in their Misery, and have the power
To say they are not.

Viol. 'Twas well thought upon:
This Kiss, and all the pleasures of my Bed
This Night, shall thank thee.

Hen. Monster!

Viol. You Sir, that
Would have me Mother Bastards, being unable
To honour me with one Child of mine own,
That underneath my Roof kept your cast-Strumper,
And out of my Revenues wou'd maintain
Her riotous Issue; now you find what 'tis
To tempt a Woman: With as little feeling
As I turn off a Slave, that is unfit
To do me service; or a Horse, or Dog,
That have out-liv'd their use, I shake thee off,
To make thy Peace with Heav'n.

Hen. I do deserve this,
And never truly felt before, what Sorrow
Attends on wilful Dotage.

Viol. For you, Mistress,

That had the pleasure of his Youth before me,
 And triumph'd in the Fruit that you had by him,
 But that I think, to have the Bastard strangled
 Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
 The way he leads thee, is sufficient Torture,
 I would cut off thy Nose, put out thine Eyes,
 And set my Foot on those bewitching Lips,
 That had the start of mine: But as thou art,
 Go to the Grave unpitied.

Assist. Who would believe
 Such rage could be in Woman?

Viol. For this Fellow,
 He is not worth my Knowledge.

Jam. Let him live then,
 Since you esteem him innocent.

Viol. No, *Jamie*,
 He shall make up the Mess: Now strike together,
 And let them fall so.

Assist. Unheard of Cruelty!
 I can endure no longer: Seize on her.

Viol. Am I betray'd?
 Is this thy Faith, *Jamie*?

Jam. Cou'd your desires
 Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
 Or, though that you had sold your self to Hell,
 I should make up the bargain? Live, dear Brother,
 Live long, and happy: I forgive you freely;
 To have done you this service, is to me
 A fair Inheritance; and howe'er harsh Language,
 Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my Lips,
 In my Heart I ever lov'd you: all my labours
 Were but to shew, how much your Love was cozen'd,
 When it beheld it self in this false Glass,
 That did abuse you; and I am so far
 From envying young *Ascanio* his good Fortune,
 That if your State were mine, I wou'd adopt him.
 These are the Murtherers my noble Friends,
 Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,
 I won, to come disguis'd thus.

Hen. I am too full

Of Grief and Shame to speak: But what I'll do,
Shall to the World proclaim my Penitence,
And howsoever I have liv'd, I'll die
A much chang'd Man.

Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this Woman,
Our Joys were perfect.

Hen. That's my only Comfort,
That it is in my pow'r: I ne'er was Married
To this bad Woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When Grief would kill *Jacintha*.

Assst. All is come out,
And finds a fair success: Take her, *Don Henrique*,
And once again embrace your Son.

Hen. Most gladly.

Assst. Your Brother hath deserv'd all.

Hen. And shall share
The Moiety of my State.

Assst. I have heard, Advocate,
What an ill Instrument you have been to him,
From this time strengthen him with honest Counsels,
As you'll deserve my Pardon.

Bar. I'll change my Copy:
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.

Assst. Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too, let me hear no more,
And what's past, is forgotten. For this Woman,
Though her Intent were bloody, yet our Law
Calls it not Death; yet that her Punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The Dowry she brought with her, shall be employ'd
To build a Nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her Life.

Viol. Since I have mis'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.

Assst. The strict Discipline
Of the Church, will teach you better Thoughts. And
You that are Batchelors, if you ever marry, (Signios,

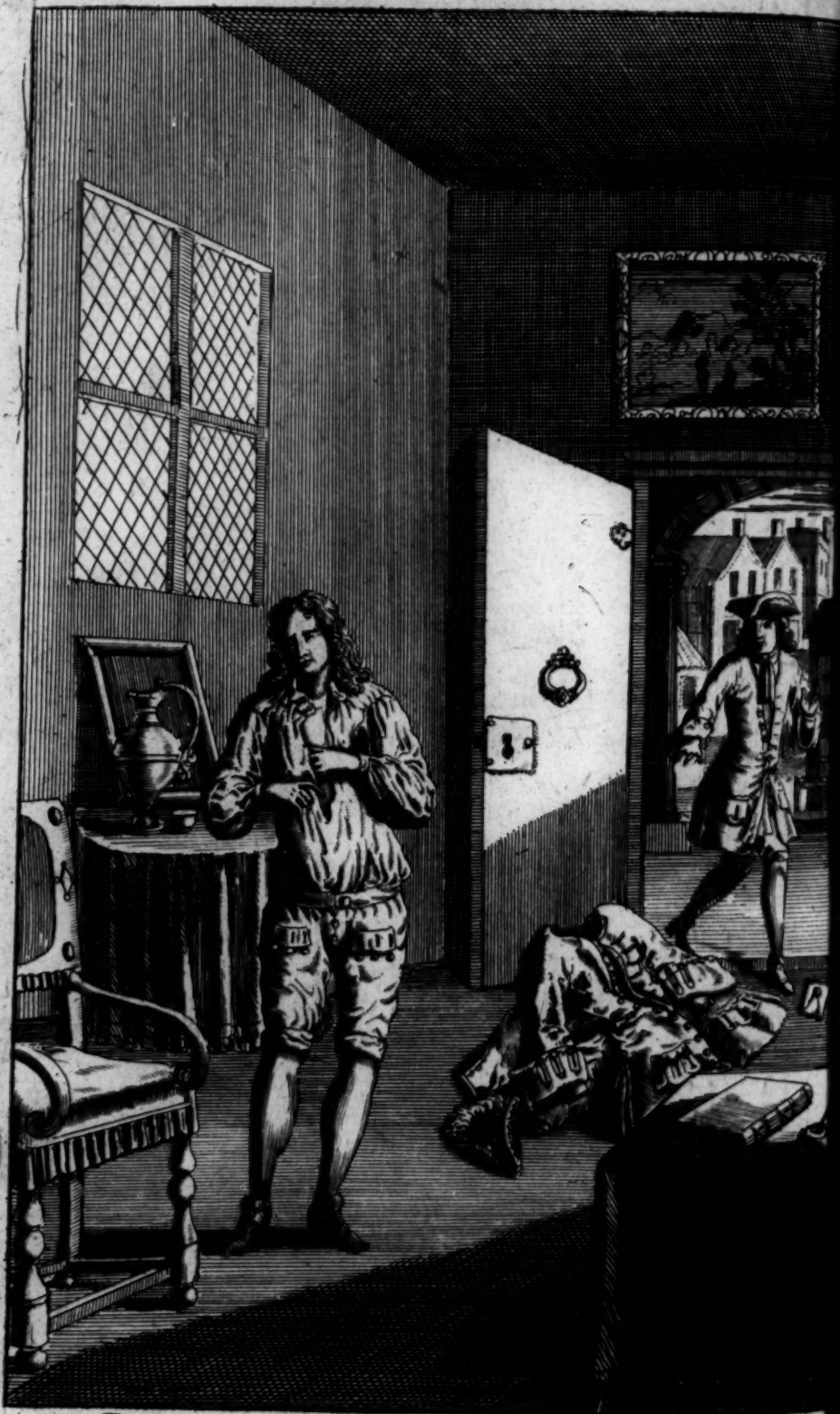
In *Barrolus* you may behold the Issue
 Of Covetousness and Jealousie. And of Dotage,
 And Falshood in *Don Henrique*. Keep a Mean then;
 For be assur'd, that weak Man meets all Ill,
 That gives himself up to a Woman's Will. [Exeunt.]

The EPILOGUE.

THE Play is done, yet our Suit never ends,
 Still when you part, you would still part our Friends,
 Our noblest Friends; if ought have faln amiss,
 O let it be sufficient, that it is,
 And you have pardon'd it. In Buildings great
 All the whole Body cannot be so neat,
 But something may be mended; Those are fair,
 And worthy Love, that may destroy, but spare.



mi.



Wit without Money

Boilard del.

vol. 2. p.

WIT
WITHOUT
MONEY,
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the Year 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Valentine, *a Gallant that will not be perswaded to keep his Estate.*

Francisco, *his younger Brother.*

Master Lovegood, *their Uncle.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Master Lovegood.*

Fountain,

Bellamore, } *Companions of Valentine, and Sutors*
Hairbrain, } *to the Widow.*

Lance, *a Falkner, and an ancient Servant to Valentine's Father.*

Shorthose, *the Clown, and Servant to the Widow.*

Roger, Ralph, and Humphry, *three Servants to the Widow.*

Three Servants.

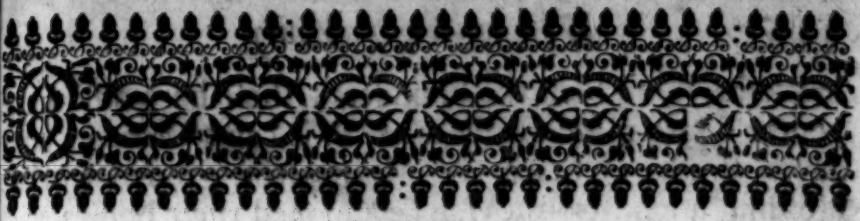
Musicians.

W O M E N.

Lady Hartwel, *a Widow.*

Isabella, *her Sister.*

Luce, *a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widow.*



Wit without Mony.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

MERCHANT.



HEN saw you *Valentine*?

Unc. Not since the Horse-race, he's taken up with those that woo the Widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such People? he bore a worthy Mind.

Unc. Alas, he's sunk, his Means are gone, he wants, and which is worse, Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Unc. Runs Lunatick, if you but talk of States, he cannot be brought, now he has spent his own, to think there's Inheritance or Means, but all a common Riches, all Men bound to be his Bailiffs.

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Unc. No Gentleman that has Estate to use it in keeping House, or Followers, for those ways he cries against, for Eating Sins, dull Surfeits, cramming of Serving-men, mustering of Beggars, maintaining Hospitals for Kites, and Curs, grounding their fat Faiths upon old Country Proverbs,

Proverbs, God bless the Founders; these he would have ventur'd into more manly uses, Wit, and Carriage, and never thinks of State, or Means, the ground-works: Holding it monstrous, Men should feed their Bodies, and starve their Understandings.

Mer. That's most certain.

Unc. Yes, if he could stay there.

Mer. Why let him marry, and that way rise again.

Unc. It's most impossible, he will not look with any handsomeness upon a Woman.

Mer. Is he so strange to Women?

Unc. I know not what it is, a foolish glory He has got, I know not where, to balk those Benefits, And yet he will converse and flatter 'em, Make 'em, or fair, or foul, rugged, or smooth, As his impression serves, for he affirms, They are only lumps, and undigested pieces, Lickt over to a Form by our Affections, And then they show. The Lovers let 'em pass.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much Promise; they are wondrous merry.

Unc. O their hopes are high, Sir.

Fount. Is *Valentine* come to Town?

Bel. Last night, I heard.

Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions, for this Widow is as stately, and as crafty, and stands I warrant you——

Hair. Let her stand sure, she falls before us else. Come let's go seek *Valentine*.

Mer. This Widow seems a Gallant.

Unc. A goodly Woman, and to her Handsomness she bears her State reserv'd, and great Fortune has made her Mistress of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

Mer. I would *Valentine* had her.

Unc. There's no hope of that, Sir.

Mer. O' that condition, he had his Mortgage in again.

Unc. I would he had.

Mer. Seek means, and see what I'll do, However, let the Mony be paid in,

I never sought a Gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the Bread of other Mens vexations:
You told me of another Brother.

Unc. Yes Sir, more miserable than he, for he has eat
him, and drunk him up, a handsome Gentleman, and fine
Scholar.

Enter three Tenants.

Mer. What are these?

Unc. The Tenants, they'll do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepar'd, be earnest, honest Friends, and
loud upon him, he is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our Minds, an't
please you.

Mer. Do, and do it home, and in what my care may
help, or my Perswasions, when we meet next.

Unc. Do but perswade him fairly; and for your Mony,
mine, and these Mens Thanks too, and what we can be
able.

Mer. You're most honest, you shall find me no less, and
so I leave you, prosper your business, my Friends. [*Ex. Mer.*]

Unc. Pray Heav'n it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
and tell him that I'll not spare him, his Father kept good
Meat, good Drink, good Fellows, good Hawks, good
Hounds, and bid his Neighbours welcome; kept him
too, and supplied his Prodigality, yet kept his State still;
must we turn Tenants now, after we have lived under
the Race of Gentry, and maintained good Yeomantry,
to some of the City, to a great Shoulder of Mutton and
a Custard, and have our State turned into Cabbage Gar-
dens, must it be so?

Unc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his Game.

Unc. Intreat him lovingly, and make him feel.

Lance. I'll pinch him to the Bones else.

[*Val. within.*] And tell the Gentleman, I'll be with
him presently, say I want Mony too, I must not fail,
Boy.

Lance. You'll want Cloaths, I hope.

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon, I'll read to him.

Unc. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Unc. We come to see you, Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange People? Why, all the World shall never make me rich more, nor Master of these Troubles.

Ten. We beseech you for our poor Childrens sake.

Val. Who bid you get 'em? Have you not threshing work enough, but Children must be bang'd out o'th Sheaf too? Other Men with all their Delicates, and healthful Diets, can get but wind Eggs: You with a Clove of Garlick, a piece of Cheese would break a Saw, and sower Milk, can mount like Stallions; and I must maintain these Tumblers.

Lance. You ought to maintain us, we have maintain'd you, and when you slept provided for you; who bought the Silk you wear? I think our Labours; reckon, you'll find it so: Who found your Horses perpetual pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns, and who extol'd you in the Half-crown Boxes, where you might sit and muster all the Beauties? we had no hand in these; no, we are all Puppies?

Your Tenants base vexations.

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you Land, Sir, and honest Men to serve your purposes, honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em, betray your self, and your poor Tribe to misery; Mortgage all us, like old Cloaks; where will you hunt next? You had a thousand Acres, fair and open: The Kings-bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding, the Counter is full of Thorns and Brakes, take heed, Sir, and Bogs, you'll quickly find what Broth they're made of.

Val. You're short and pithy.

Lance. They say you're a fine Gentleman, and of excellent Judgment, they report you have a Wit; keep your self
out

out o'th' Rain, and take your Cloak with you, which by interpretation is your State, Sir, or I shall think your Fame belied you, you have Mony, and may have Means.

Val. I prithee leave prating, does my good lye within thy Brain to further, or my undoing in thy Pity? Go, go, get you home, there whistle to your Horses, and let them edifie; away, sow Hemp to hang your selves withal: what am I to you, or you to me; am I your Landlord, Puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you, to vex me with these Bacon Broth and Puddings, they are the walking shapés of all my Sorrows.

3 Ten. Your Father's Worship would have us'd us better.

Val. My Father's Worship was a Fool.

Lance. Hey, hey boys, old *Valentine* i'faith, the old Boy still.

Unc. Fie, Cousin.

Val. I mean besotted to his State, he had never left me the misery of so much Means else, which till I sold, was a meer meagrim to me: If you will talk, turn out these Tenants, they are as killing to my Nature, Uncle, as Water to a Feaver.

Lance. We will go, but it is like Rams, to come again the stronger, and you shall keep your State.

Val. Thou lyeest, I will not.

Lance. Sweet Sir, thou lyeest, thou shalt, and so good morrow. [*Exeunt Tenants.*]

Val. This was my Man, and of a noble breeding: Now to your business, Uncle.

Unc. To your State then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't, name it no more, 'tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard me: I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it, I mean, of thinking of more Lands, or Livings, than sickly Men are travelling o' *Sundays*, for being quell'd with Carriers; out upon't, *caveat emptor*, let the Tool out-sweat it, that thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is Madness to be a wilful Beggar.

Val.

Val. I am mad then, and so I mean to be, will that content you? How bravely now I live, how jocund, how near the first Inheritance, without fears, how free from title-troubles!

Unc. And from Means too.

Val. Means? Why all good Men's my Means; my Wit's my Plow, the Town's my Stock, Tavern's my Standing-house, and all the World knows there's no want; all Gentlemen that love Society, love me; all Purfes that Wit and Pleasure opens, are my Tenants; every Man's Cloaths fit me, the next fair Lodging is but my next Remove, and when I please to be more eminent, and take the Air, a Piece is levied, and a Coach prepared, and I go I care not whither, what need state here?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your Jerkin, and wear fairer, should I take ought of you, 'tis true, I beg'd now, or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness, and which is worst of all, I lost my way in't; your Mind's enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly, your very Thoughts are Hinds that work on nothing but daily sweat and trouble: Were my way so full of Dirt as this, 'tis true I'd shift it; are my Acquaintance Grasiers? But, Sir, know, no Man that I am allied to, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his own use, or my necessity pull first; nor is this forc'd, but the meer quality and poisure of Goodness, and do you think I venture nothing equal?

Unc. You pose me, Cousin.

Val. What's my Knowledge, Uncle, is't not worth Mony? What's my Understanding, Travel, Reading, Wit, all these digested, my daily making Men, some to speak, that too much flegm had frozen up; some that spoke too much, to hold their Peace, and put their Tongues to Penfions; some to wear their Cloaths, and some to keep 'em, these are nothing Uncle; besides these ways, to teach the way of Nature, a manly love, Community to all that are deservers, not examining how much, or what's done for them, 'tis wicked, and such a one like you, chews his Thoughts double, making 'em only Food for his Repentance.

Enter

Enter two Servants.

1 Ser. This Cloak and Hat, Sir, and my Master's Love.

Val. Commend's to thy Master, and take that, and leave 'em at my Lodging.

1 Ser. I shall do it, Sir.

Val. I do not think of these things.

2 Ser. Please you Sir, I have Gold here for you.

Val. Give it me, drink that and commend me to thy Master; look you, Uncle, do I beg these?

Unc. No sure, 'tis your worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough, but pray satisfie me, are not these ways as honest as persecuting the starved Inheritance, with musty Corn, the very Rats were fain to run away from, or selling rotten Wood by the Pound, like Spices, which Gentlemen do after burn by th' Ounces? Do not I know your way of feeding Beasts with Grains, and windy stuff, to blow up Butchers? your racking Pastures, that have eaten up as many singing Shepherds, and their Issues, as *Andeluzia* breeds? These are authentick, I tell you, Sir, I wou'd not change ways with you, unless it were to sell your State that hour, and if it were possible to spend it then too, for all your Beans in *Rumwill*; now you know me.

Unc. I wou'd you knew your self, but since you are grown such a strange Enemy to all that fits you, give me leave to make your Brother's Fortune.

Val. How?

Unc. From your Mortgage, which yet you may recover, I'll find the means.

Val. Pray save your labour, Sir, my Brother and my self will run one Fortune, and I think what I hold a meer vexation, cannot be safe for him; I love him better, he has Wit at will, the World has Means, he shall live without this trick of State, we are Heirs both, and all the World before us.

Unc. My last Offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What is't, and then I'll answer.

Unc. What think you of a Wife yet to restore you, and tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. And you can find one, that can please my Fancy, you shall not find me stubborn.

Unc. Speak your Woman.

Val. One without Eyes, that is, Self-commendations, for when they find they are handsome, they are unwholsome; one without Ears, not giving time to Flatterers, for she that hears her self commended, wavers, and points Men out a way to make 'em wicked; one without Substance of her self; that Woman without the pleasure of her Life, that's wanton; though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her Glass the Eyes of honest Men, not her own Admiration, all her ends Obedience, all her hours new Blessings, if there may be such a Woman.

Unc. Yes there may be.

Val. And without State too.

Unc. You are dispos'd to trifle; well, fare you well, Sir, when you want me next, you'll seek me out a better sence.

Val. Farewel, Uncle, and as you love your Estate, let me not hear on't. [Exit.]

Unc. It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him still, And when his Friends fall off, then bend his Will. [Exit.]

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now, your Sister has ingroft all the brave Lovers.

Ifab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her, prithee speak softly, we are open to Mens Ears.

Luce. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass, hear all, and make our selves merry with their Language, and yet stand undiscover'd; be not melancholy, you are as fair as she.

Ifab. Who I? I thank you, I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing flubber'd, my Sister is a goodly portly Lady, a Woman of a Presence, she spreads Sattins, as the King's Ships do Canvas every where, she may spare me her Misen, and her Bonnets, strike her main Petticoat, and yet out-sail me, I am a Carvel to her.

Luce. But a tight one.

Ifab. She is excellent, well built too.

Luce. And yet she's old.

Ifab. She never saw above one Voyage, *Luce*, and credit me,

me, after another her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant: She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses, comes very near Essays, a pretty Poet, begins to piddle with Philosophy, a subtil Chymick Wench, and can extract the Spirit of Mens Estates, she has the Light before her, and cannot miss her choice; for me, 'tis reason I wait my mean Fortune.

Luce. You are so bashful.

Isab. It is not at first word up and ride, thou art cozen'd, that wou'd shew mad i'faith? Besides, we lose the main part of our politick Government, if we become provokers; then we are fair, and fit for Mens Embraces, when like Towns, they lie before us Ages, yet not carried, hold out their strongest Batteries, then compound too without the loss of Honour, and march off with our fair Wedding, Colours flying. Who are these?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isab. Prithee peace then, a well built Gentleman.

Luce. But poorly thatcht.

Lance. Has he devour'd you too?

Fran. H'as gulp'd me down, *Lance.*

Lance. Left you no Means to study?

Fran. Not a Farthing: Di'patcht my poor Annuity, I thank him, here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten Shillings.

Lance. You are fit for great Mens services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'll take me thus? Mens miseries are now accounted stains in their Natures. I have travelled, and I have studied long, observed all Kingdoms, know all the Promises of Art and Manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies; art thou so rich as to get me a Lodging, *Lance?*

Lance. I'll sell the Titles of my House else, my Horse, my Hawk, nays'death I'll pawn my Wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*, that I should see your Father's House fall thus!

Isab. An honest Fellow.

Lance. Your Father's House, that fed me, that bred up all my Name!

Isab. A grateful Fellow.

Lance. And fall by——

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry, *Lance*, but I must not hear with whom, he is my Brother, and though you hold him slight, my most dear Brother: A Gentleman, excepting some few rubs, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted as deep with noble and brave Parts, the issues of a noble and manly Spirit, as any he alive. I must not hear you; though I am miserable, and he made me so, yet still he is my Brother, still I love him, and to that tie of Blood link my Affections.

Isab. A noble Nature! dost thou know him, *Luce*?

Luce. No, Mistress.

Isab. Thou shou'dst ever know such good Men; what a fair Body and Mind are married! Did he not say he wanted?

Luce. What's that to you?

Isab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity.

Luce. How she changes! ten thousand more than he, as handsome Men too.

Isab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman among ten thousand thousand! Is there no knowing him? why shou'd he want? Fellows of no merit, slight and puffed Souls, that walk like Shadows, by leaving no print of what they are, or poise, let them complain.

Luce. Her Colour changes strangely.

Isab. This Man was made, to mark his wants to waken us; alas poor Gentleman, but will that keep him from cold and hunger? believe me he is well-bred, and cannot be but of a noble Lineage, mark him, mark him well.

Luce. 'Is a handsom Man.

Isab. The sweetness of his sufferance sets him off, O *Luce*, but whither go I?

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Isab. I wou'd he had what I can spare.

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance.

Lance. Come Sir, I'll see you lodg'd, you have tied my Tongue fast, I'll steal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.

Isab. That's a good Fellow too, an honest Fellow, why, this would move a Stone, I must needs know; but that some other time. *[Exit Lance, and Francisco.]*

Luce. Is the wind there? That makes for me.

Isab. Come, I forgot a business. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Widow, and Luce.

Wid. **M**Y Sister, and a Woman of so base a pity! what was the Fellow?

Luce. Why, an ordinary Man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Luce. Poor enough, and no Man knows from whence neither.

Wid. What cou'd she see?

Luce. Only his Misery, for else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

Wid. Did she change much?

Luce. Extreemly, when he spoke, and then her Pity, like an Orator, I fear her love fram'd such a commendation, and follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so hot, or such a want of Lovers, that she must doat upon Afflictions? Why does she not go romage all the Prisons, and there bestow her Youth, bewray her Wantonness, and flie her Honour, common both to Beggary. Did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not, but ever since she hath been mainly troubled.

Wid. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

Wid. And look'd he like a Gentleman?

Luce. Like such a Gentleman, that wou'd pawn ten Oaths for twelve Pence.

Wid. My Sister, and sink basely! this must not be; does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes Madam, and has employ'd a Squire called *Shortnose*.

Wid. O that's a precious Knave: Keep all this private, but still be near her Lodging: *Luce*, what you can gather by any means, let me understand: I'll stop her heat, and turn her Charity another way, to bless her self first; be still close to her Counsels; a Beggar and a Stranger! There's a bless'dness! I'll none of that; I have a Toy yet, Sister, shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it; and for your pains take you the last Gown I wore; this makes me mad, but I shall force a Remedy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain, and Valentine.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee; this Widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, and stands so much upon her Excellencies.

Bel. She hath put us off, this Month now, for an Answer.

Hair. No Man must visit her, nor look upon her, no, not say, Good morrow, or good even, till that's past.

Val. She has found what Dough you are made of, and so kneads you: Are you good at nothing, but these after-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these Widows——

Hair. If we had 'em.

Val. Why the Devil has not craft enough to woo 'em; there be three kinds of Fools, mark this Note, Gentlemen, mark it, and understand it.

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val. An Innocent, a Knave Fool, a Fool Politick: The last of which are Lovers, Widow Lovers.

Bel. Will you allow no Fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you Reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those Fools, I did allow those Reasons, but as my Scholars and Companions damn'd 'em: Do you know what it is to woo a Widow? Answer me solely now, and understandingly.

Hair. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her Wealth.

Val. Why there you are Fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politick Fools, I lookt for such an Answer; once more hear me, it is, to wed a Widow, to be doubted

main-

mainly, whether the state you have be yours or no, or those old Boots you ride in. Mark me, Widows are long extents in Law upon News, livings upon their Bodies Winding-sheets, they that enjoy 'em, lie but with dead Mens Monuments, and beget only their own ill Epitaphs: Is not this plain now?

Bel. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain Truth; but if you'll needs do things of danger, do but lose your selves, not any part concerns your Understandings, for then you are Meacocks, Fools, and Miserable, march off amain, within an Inch of a Fircug, turn me o'th' toe like a Weather-cock, kill every day a Serjeant for a twelve Month, rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls, and these will make a shew.

Hair. And these are trifles.

Val. Consider'd to a Widow, empty nothings; for here you venture but your Persons, there the varnish of your Persons, your Discretions; why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all, especially as now 'tis made; methinks a Man, an understanding Man, is more wise to me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets; what do we get by Women, but our Senses, which is the rankest part about us, satisfied, and when that's done, what are we? Crest-fall'n Cowards. What benefit can Children be, but Charges and Disobedience? What's the love they render at one and twenty years? I pray die, Father: When they are young, they are like Bells rung backwards, nothing but noise and giddiness; and come to years once, there drops a Son by th' Sword in his Mistress's quarrel, a great joy to his Parents: A Daughter ripe too, grows high and lusty in her blood, must have a heating, runs away with a supple ham'd Servingman: His twenty Nobles spent, takes to a Trade, and learns to spin Mens Hair off; there's another, and most are of this Nature, will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this same Widow?

Fount. If I may, and methinks, howev'r you are pleas'd to dispute these Dangers, such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were not hurtful.

Val. Not half so killing as for you; for me, she cannot with all the Art she has, make me more miserable, or much more fortunate; I have no state left, a benefit that none of you can brag of, and there's the Antidote against a Widow; nothing to lose, but that my Soul inherits, which she can neither law nor claw away; to that, but little Flesh, it were too much else; and that unwholsom too, it were too rich else; and to all this Contempt of what she do's I can laugh at her Tears, neglect her Angers, hear her without a Faith, so pity her as if she were a Traytor, moan her Person, but deadly hate her Pride; if you cou'd do these, and had but this Discretion, and like Fortune, it were but an equal venture.

Fount. This is Malice.

Val. When she lies with your Land, and not with you, grows great with Joyntures, and is brought to bed with all the state you have, you'll find this certain; but is it come to pass you must Marry, is there no buff will hold you?

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil, take a Maid, a Maid not worth a Penny; make her yours, knead her, and mould her yours, a Maid worth nothing, there's a virtuous Spell in that word Nothing; a Maid makes Conscience of half a Crown a week for Pins and Puppets, a Maid will be content with one Coach and two Horses, not falling out because they are not matches; with one Man satisfied, with one Rein guided, with one Faith, one Content, one Bed, aged she makes the Wife, preserves the Fame and Issue; a Widow is a Christmas Box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You are my Friends, and all my loving Friends, I spend your Mony, yet I deserve it too, you are my Friends still, I ride your Horses, when I want I sell 'em; I eat your Meat, help to wear your Linnen, sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal, for which I'll do you this Commodity, be rul'd, and let me try her, I will discover her, the truth is, I will never leave to trouble her, till I see through her, then if I find her worthy.

Hair.

Hair. This was our meaning, *Valentine*.

Val. 'Tis done then, I must want nothing.

Hair. Nothing but the Woman.

Val. No Jealousie; for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him; and the Flesh foolisher. Come let's to Dinner, and when I am well whetted with Wine, have at her.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure?

Luce. No surer than I heard.

Isab. That is was that flouting Fellow's Brother?

Luce. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Isab. He did search out the truth?

Luce. It seems he did.

Isab. Prethee *Luce* call him hither, if he be no worse, I never repent my pity. Now Sirrah, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman i'th' black?

Enter Shorthose.

Short. I'th' torn black?

Isab. Yes, the same Sir.

Short. What wou'd your Worship with him?

Isab. Why, my Worship wou'd know his Name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing, he is a Man, and yet he is no Man.

Isab. You must needs play the Fool.

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Isab. How is he a Man, and no Man?

Short. He's a Beggar, only the sign of a Man, the Bush pull'd down, which shows the House stands empty.

Isab. What's his Calling?

Short. They call him Beggar.

Isab. What's his Kindred?

Short. Beggars.

Isab. His Worth?

Short. A learned Beggar, a poor Scholar.

Isab. How does he live?

Short. Like Worms, he eats old Books.

Isab. Is *Valentine* his Brother?

Short. His begging Brother.

Isab. What may his Name be?

Short.

Short. Orson.

Ifab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Ifab. Once more tell me his Name directly.

Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him Christned, but I can tell what foolish People call him.

Ifab. What?

Short. Francisco.

Ifab. Where lies this Learning, Sir?

Short. In Pauls Church-yaard forsooth.

Ifab. I mean the Gentleman, Fool.

Short. O that Fool, he lies in loose Sheets every where, that's no where.

Luce. You have glean'd since you came to London: In the Country, *Shortbosc*, you were an arrant Fool; a dull cold Coxcomb; here every Tavern teaches you, the pint Pot has so belabour'd you with Wit, your brave Acquaintance that gives you Ale, so fortified your Mazard, that now there's no talking to you.

Ifab. 'Is much improv'd, a Fellow, a fine Discourser.

Short. I hope so, I have not waited at the tail of Wit so long to be an Ass.

Luce. But say now, *Shortbosc*, my Lady shou'd remove into the Country.

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to Heav'n, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchoves, nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady such-a-ones chief Chamber-maid.

Ifab. No bouncing Healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shortbosc*, nor down o'th' knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luce. No Fiddles, nor no lusty noise of Drawer, carry this pottle to my Father *Shortbosc*.

Ifab. No Plays, nor gally Foists, no strange Embassadors to run and wonder at, till thou bee'st Oyl, and then come home again, and lye by th' Legend.

Luce. Say she shou'd go.

Short. If I say, I'll be hang'd, or if I thought she wou'd go.

Luce. What?

Short.

Short. I would go with her.

Luce. But *Shortbosc*, where thy Heart is?

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this Hand Mistress 'tis a Noise, a loud one too, and from her own Mouth, presently to be gone too, but why, or to what end?

Short. May not a Man die first? She'll give him so much time.

Isab. Gone o' th' sudden? Thou dost but jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.

Luce. She has put them off a Month, thy dare not see her, believe me Mistress, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true, Wench? Gone on so short a warning! What trick is this? She never told me of it, it must not be; Sirrah, attend me presently, you know I have been a careful Friend unto you, attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful, cry not, we shall not go.

Short. Her Coach may crack.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine, Francisco, and Lance.

Val. Which way to live! How darest thou come to Town, to ask such an idle question?

Fran. Methinks 'tis necessary, unless you cou'd restore that Annuity you have tiple'd up in Taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been, and how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talkest thus out of *France*? Thou wert a pretty Fellow, and of a handsom Knowledge; who has spoiled thee?

Lance. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport, and by Copy, will spoil all comes near him: Buy but a Glas, if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who?

Val. Well said, old Copihold.

Lance. My Heart's good Freehold, Sir, and so you'll find it; this Gentleman's your Brother, your hopeful Brother, for there is no hope of you, use him thereafter.

Val. E'en as well as I use my self; what wou'dst thou have *Frank*?

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?

Lance. Hark what he says to you, O try your Wits, they say you are excellent at it, for your Land has lain long Bed-rid, and unsensible.

Fran.

Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs; you see my State, and to what wretchedness your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this Benefit, if timely done, and like a noble Brother, both you and I may feel, and to our Comforts.

Val. A hundred pound! dost thou know what thou hast said, Boy?

Fran. I said a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more than any Man can justifie, believe it. Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee there's no such Sum in Nature, forty shillings there may be now i'th' Mint, and that's a Treasure; I have seen five pound, but let me tell it, and 'tis as wonderful as Calves with five Legs; here's five shillings, *Frank*, the harvest of five Weeks, and a good Crop too, take it, and pay thy first Fruits, I'll come down and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis Patience must meet with you Sir, not Love.

Lance. Deal roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles.

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wise Fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow Hawk; two of the reverent.

Lance. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be, with the next Moon; what wou'd you have him do?

Val. How?

Lance. To get Mony first, that's to live, you have shew'd him how to want.

Val. 'Slife how do I live? why, what dull Fool wou'd ask that Question? three hundred three pilds more, ay and live bravely: The better half o'th' Town live most gloriously, and ask them what States they have, or what Annuities, or when they pray for seasonable Harvests: thou hast a handsome Wit, stir into the World, *Frank*, stir, stir for shame, thou art a pretty Scholar: Ask how to live? write, write, write any thing, the World's a fine believing World, write News.

Lance. Dragons in *Sussex*, Sir, or fiery Battels seen in the Air at *Aspurge*.

Val. There's the way *Frank*, and in the tail of these, fright me the Kingdom with a sharp Prognostication, that shall scowr them, Dearth upon Dearth, like leaven

Taf.

Taffaties, Predictions of Sea-breaches, Wars, and want of Herrings on our Coast, with bloody Noses.

Lance. Whirl-winds, that shall take off the top of *Grantham* Steple, and clap it on *Pauls*, and after these, a Lenvoy to the City for their Sins.

Val. *Probatum est*, thou canst not want a Pension, go switch me up a Covey of young Sholars, there's twenty Nobles, and two loads of Coals, are not these ready ways? Cosmography thou art deeply read in, draw me a Map from the Mermaid, I mean a Mid-night Map to scape the Watches, and such long senseless Examinations, and Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen: I cannot stay long.

Lance. You have read learnedly, and wou'd you have him follow these Megera's? did you begin with Ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you, I see my Wants are grown ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may think, when these wanton Fits are over, who bred me, and who ruin'd me; look to your self, Sir, a Providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate, hast thou been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthose with a Bag.

Short. Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a View of you, I may put my Spoon into the wrong Pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you are not he, you are a thought too handsome,

Lance. Who wou'dst thou speak withal, why dost thou peep so?

Short. I am looking Birds nests, I can find none in your Bush-beard, I wou'd speak with you, black Gentleman.

Fran. With me, my Friend?

Short. Yes sure, and the best Friend, Sir, it seems, you spake withal this Twelve-Month, Gentleman, there's Mony for you.

Val. How?

Short.

Short. There's none for you, Sir, be not so brief, not a penny; law how he itches at it; stand off, you stir my Choler.

Lance. Take it, 'tis Mony.

Short. You are too quick too, first be sure you have it, you seem to be a Faulkoner, but a foolish one.

Lance. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You are cozen'd too, 'tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, Sir?

Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, Sir, I doubly thank you.

Short. Well, Sir, then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat dress'd, and your Laundress to wash your Boots white.

Fran. Pray stay, Sir, may you not be mistaken?

Short. I think I am, give me the Mony again, come quick, quick, quick.

Fran. I wou'd be loth render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your Ear, is not your Name *Francisco*?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, it may Thunder a hundred times, before such Stones fall: Do you not need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast, 'tis not fly-blown, you may pay for the Poundage, you forget your self, I have not seen a Gentleman so backward, a wanting Gentleman,

Fran. Your Mercy, Sir.

Short. Friend, you have Mercy, a whole Bag full of Mercy, be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I wou'd fain, if it please you, but know—

Short. It does not please me, tell over your Mony, and be not mad, Boy.

Val. You have no more such Bags?

Short. More such there are, Sir, but few I fear for you, I have cast your Water, you have Wit, you need no Mony. [Exit.]

Lance. Be not amaz'd, Sir, 'tis good Gold, good old Gold, this is Restorative, and in good time, it comes to do you good, keep it and use it, let honest Fingers feel it, yours be too quick, Sir. Fran.

Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave it me, but from whom.

Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine it, this can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a Stranger, of whom can I deserve this?

Lance. Sir, of any Man that has but Eyes, and manly Understanding to find Mens wants, good Men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Frank*, there are more ways than certainties, now you believe: What Plow brought you this Harvest, what sale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities? These feed no Hinds, nor wait the Expectation of Quarter-days, you see it show'rs in to you, you are an Ass, lie plodding, and lie fooling, about this Blazing Star, and that bopeep, whining, and fasting, to find the natural Reason why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down, what use of these, or what Joy in Annuities, where every Man's thy study, and thy Tenant, I am alham'd on thee.

Lance. Yes, I have seen this Fellow, there's a wealthy Widow hard by.

Val. Yes, marry is there.

Lance. I think he's her Servant, or I am cozen'd else, I am sure on't.

Fran. I am glad on't.

Lance. She's a good Woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lance. And young enough, believe.

Fran. I am gladder of all, Sir.

Val. *Frank*, you shall lye with me soon.

Fran. I thank my Mony.

Lance. His Mony shall lye with me, three in a Bed, Sir. will be too much this weather.

Val. Meet me at the *Mermaid*, and thou shalt see what things——

Lance. Trust to your self, Sir.

[*Exeunt Fran. and Lan.*]

Enter Fountain, and Bellamore,

Fount. O *Valentine*!

Val. How now, why do you look so?

Bel. The Widow's going, Man.

Val. Why let her go, Man.

Hair.

Hair. She's going out o'th' Town. (gone.)

Val. The Town's the happier, I wou'd they were all

Fount. We cannot come to speak with her.

Val. Not to speak to her?

Bel. She will be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

Fount. Hair. Now, now, now, good *Valentine.*

Val. I had rather march i'th' mouth o'th' Cannon; but adieu, if she be above ground, go, away to your Pray'rs, away I say, away, she shall be spoken withal. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shorthose with one Boot on, Roger, and Humphry.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthose.*

Short. Who can help it, *Roger?*

Ralph. [*within.*] Help down with the Hangings.

Rog. By and by *Ralph.* I am making up o'th' Trunks here.

Ralph. Shorthose.

Short. Well.

Ralph. Who looks to my Lady's Wardrobe? *Humphry.*

Hum. Here.

Ralph. Down with the Boxes in the Gallery, and bring away the Coach Cushions.

Short. Will it not rain, no conjuring abroad, nor no devices to stop this Journey?

Rog. Who go now, why now, why o'th' sudden now? what Preparation, what Horses have we ready, what Provision laid in i'th' Country?

Hum. Not an Egg, I hope.

Rog. No nor one drop of good drink Boys, there's the Devil.

Short. I heartily pray the Malt be musty, and then we must come up again.

Hum. What says the Steward?

Rog. He's at's wits end; for some four hours since, out of his haste and providence, he mistook the Miller's mangy Mare, for his own Nagg.

Short. And she may break his Neck, and save the Journey. Oh, *London*, how I love thee!

Hum. I have no Boots, nor none I'll buy: Or if I had, refuse me if I would venture my ability, before a Cloak-Bag, Men are Men.

Short. For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be

be aim'd at, to carry any dirty dairy Cream-pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, Chambring, or wantonness behind my Gelding, with all her Streamers, Knap-sacks, Glassies, Gugawes, as if I were a running Flipper, I'll give 'em leave to cut my Girts, and flay me. I'll not be troubled with their Disturbances, at every half mile's end, I understand my self, and am resolv'd.

Hum. To morrow night at *Olivers!* who shall be there Boys, who shall meet the Wenches?

Rag. The well brew'd stand of Ale, we shou'd have met at!

Short. These Griefs, like to another Tale of *Troy*, wou'd mollifie the Hearts of barbarous People, and *Tom Butcher* weep, *Aeneas* enters, and now the Town's lost.

Ralph. Well whither run you, my Lady is mad.

Short. I wou'd she were in Bedlam.

Ralph. The Carts are come, no Hands to help to load 'em? the Stuff lies in the Hall, the Plate.

[*Widow Within.*] Why Knaves there, where be these

Short. Shall I ride with one Boot? (idle Fellows?)

Wid. Why where I say?

Ralph. Away, away, it must be so.

Short. O for a tickling Storm, to last but ten days. [*Exe.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. **B**Y my Troth Mistress I did it for the best.

Isab. It may be so, but *Luce*, you have a Tongue, a Dish of Meat in your Mouth, which if it were minc'd, *Luce*, wou'd do a great deal better.

Luce. I protest, Mistress.

Isab. It will be your own one time or other: *Walter*,

Walter [*within.*] Anon forsooth.

Isab. Lay my Hat ready, my Fan and Cloak, you are foolish of Providence; and *Walter*, tuck up my little Box behind the Coach, and bid my Maid make ready, my sweet service to your good Lady Mistress; and my Dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

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H

Luce.

Luce. But hear me.

Ifab. I am in Love, sweet *Luce*, and you are so skilful, that I must needs undo my self; and hear me, let *Oliver* pack up my Glass discreetly, and see my Curls well carried. O sweet *Luce*, you have a Tongue, and open Tongues have open you know what, *Luce*.

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Ifab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you. There's a *Roger*, which some call a Butcher, I speak of certainties, I do not fish *Luce*, nay do not stare, I have a Tongue can talk too: And a Green Chamber *Luce*, a Back-door opens to a long Gallery; there was a Night, *Luce*, do you perceive, do you perceive me yet? O do you blush, *Luce*? a Friday night I saw your Saint, *Luce*. For t'other Box of Marmalade, all's thine, sweet *Roger*; this I heard and kept too.

Luce. E'en as you are a Woman, Mistress.

Ifab. This I allow as good and Physical sometime, these Meetings, and for the cheering of the Heart; but *Luce*, to have your own turn serv'd, and to your Friend to be a Dogbolt.

Luce. I confess it, Mistress.

Ifab. As you have made my Sister jealous of me, and foolishly, and childishly pursu'd it, I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes; for which mine Honour suffers; your best ways must be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a Means to clear my self, and she a fair Opinion of me, else you peevish——

Luce. My Pow'r and Pray'rs, Mistress.

Ifab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthose, and Widow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it, much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come, are you ready? you love so to delay time, the Day grows on.

Ifab. I have sent for a few Trifles, when those are come; And now I know your Reason.

Wid. Know your own Honour then, about your business.

finess, see the Coach ready presently, I'll tell you more then.

[*Ex. Luce, and Shorthose.*
And understand it well, you must not think your Sister so tender eyed as not to see your Tollies; alas I know your Heart, and must imagine, and truly too, 'tis not your Charity can coin such Sums to give away as you have done, in that you have no wisdom *Isabel*, no nor Modesty, where nobler uses are at home; I tell you, I am asham'd to find this in your Years, far more in your Discretion, none to chuse but things for Pity, none to seal your Thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name; nothing to bring you to but this, Cold and Hunger: A jolly Joynture, Sister, you are happy, no Mony, no not ten Shillings.

Isab. You search nearly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that knows not where he shall eat his next Meal, take his rest, unless it be i'th' Stocks; what Kindred has he, but a more wanting Brother, or what Virtues?

Isab. You have had rare Intelligence, I see, Sister.

Wid. Or say the Man had Virtue, is Virtue in this Age a full Inheritance? what Jointure can he make you, *Plutarch's Morals*, or so much penny rent in the small Poets? this is not well, 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the Town for?

Wid. Is't not time?

Isab. You are better read in my Affairs than I am, that's all I have to answer; I'll go with you, and willingly, and what you think most dangerous, I'll sit and laugh at. For, Sister, 'tis not Folly but good Discretion governs our mean Fortunes.

Wid. I am glad to hear you say so.

Isab. I am for you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Shorthose, and Humphry, with riding Rods.

Hum. The Devil cannot stay her, she'll on't, eat an Egg now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray, may London ways from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their Wheels, may zealous Smiths so house all our Hackneys, that they may feel Compunction in their

Feet, and tire at *High-gate*, may it rain above all Almanacks till Carriers fail, and the Kings Fish-monger ride like *Bike Arion* upon a Trout to *London*.

Hum. At *St. Albans*, let all the Inns be drunk, not an Host sober to bid her Worship welcome.

Short. Not a Fiddle, but all Preach'd down with Puritans; no meat but Legs of Beef.

Hum. No Beds but Wool-Packs.

Short. And those so crammed with Warrens of starved Fleas that bite like Bandogs; let *Mims* be angry at their *St. Bel-Swagger*, and we pass in the heat on't and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten Horse and Man, and all my Ladies Linnen sprinkled with Suds and Dish-water.

Short. Not a wheel but out of Joint.

Enter Roger laughing

Hum. Why dost thou laugh?

Rog. There's a Gentleman, and the rarest Gentleman, and makes the rarest sport.

Short. Where, where?

Rog. Within here, h'as made the gayest sport with *Tom* the Coachman, so tewed him up with Sack that he lies lashing a But of Malmesie for his Mares.

Short. 'Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest Songs, and *Shorthose*, he has so mau'd the Red Deer Pies, made such an Alms i'th' Buttery.

Short. Better still.

Enter Valentine, and Widow

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman?

Short. May he anger her into a Feather. *[Exeunt.]*

Wid. I pray tell me, who sent you hither? For I imagine it is not your condition, you look so temperately, and like a Gentleman, to ask me these mild questions.

Val. Do you think I use to walk of Errands, gentle Lady, or deal with Women out of Dreams from others?

Wid. You have not known me sure?

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reason have you then to be so tender of my Credit, you are no Kinsman?

Val.

Val. If you take it so, the honest Office that I came to do you, is not so heavy but I can return it: Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my Visit.

Wid. Pray stay, a little proud.

Val. Monstrous proud, I griev'd to hear a Woman of your value, and your abundant parts stung by the People, but now I see 'tis true; you look upon me as if I were a rude and sawcy Fellow that borrow'd all my Breeding from a Dunghil, or such a one, as shou'd now fall and worship you in hope of Pardon: You are cozen'd Lady, I came to prove Opinion a loud Liar, to see a Woman only great in Goodness, and Mistress of a greater Fame than Fortune, but ———

Wid. You are a strange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I shou'd be monstrous angry, which I am not, and shew the effects of Pride; I shou'd despise you, but you are welcome, Sir: To think well of our selves, if we deserve it, it is a Lustre in us, and every good we have, strives to shew gracious, what use is it else? old Age, like Seer-trees, is seldom seen affected, stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such Acts as his daring Youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well, and now you speak to the purpose, you please me, but to be Plice-proud?

Wid. If it be our own, why are we set here with distinction else, Degrees, and Orders given us? In you Men, 'tis held a coolness, if you lose your Right, Affronts and loss of Honour: Streets, and Walls, and upper ends of Tables, had they Tongues, could tell what Blood has follow'd, and what feud about your Ranks; are we so much below you, that 'till you have us, are the tops of Nature, to be accounted Drones without a difference? You will make us Beasts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this too, proud of your Cloaths, they swear a Mercers Lucifer, a Tumour tackt together by a Taylor, nay yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish that Butter-milk can better.

Wid. Lord, how little will vex these poor blind People! If my Cloaths be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow, my Mind must be my Mercer's too? Or say my

Beauty please some weak Eyes, must it please them to think, that blows me up, that every hour blows off? This is an Infant's Anger.

Val. Thus they say too, what though you have a Coach lined through with Velvet, and four fair *Flanders* Mares, why shou'd the Streets be troubled continually with you, till Car-men curse you? Can there be ought in this but pride of Shew, Lady, and Pride of Bum-bearing, till the learned Lawyers with their fat Bags, are thrust against the bulks till all their Causes crack? Why shou'd this Lady, and t'other Lady, and the third sweet Lady, and Madam at *Mile-end*, be daily visited, and your poorer Neighbours with course Napses neglected, Fashions conferr'd about, Pouncings, and Paintigs, and young Mens Bodies read on like Anatomies?

Wid. You are very credulous, and somewhat desperate, to deliver this, Sir, to her you know not, but you shall confess me, and find I will not start; in us all Meetings lie open to these lewd Reports, and our Thoughts at Church, our very Meditations, some will swear, which all shou'd fear to judge, at least uncharitably, are mingled with your Memories; cannot sleep, but this sweet Gentleman swims in our Fancies, that scarlet Man of War, and that smooth Senior; not dress our Heads without new Ambushes, how to surprize that Greatness, or that Glory; our very Smiles are subject to Constructions; nay Sir, it's come to this, we cannot pish, but 'tis a favour for some Fool or other: Should we examine you thus, were't not possible to take you without Perspectives?

Val. It may be, but these excuse not.

Wid. Nor yours force no Truth, Sir, what deadly Tongues you have, and to those Tongues what Hearts, and what Inventions? O' my Conscience, and 'twere not for sharp Justice, you would venture to aim at your own Mothers, and account it glory to say you had done so: All you think are Counsels, and cannot err; 'tis we still that shew double, giddy, or gorg'd with Passion; we that build Babels for Mens conclusions, we that scatter, as Day does his warm Light, our killing Curses over God's

Creac

Creatures, next to the Devil's Malice: Let's intreat your good words.

Val. Well, this Woman has a brave Soul.

Wid. Are not we gaily blest then, and much beholding to you for your substance? You may do what you list, we what beseems us, and narrowly do that too, and precisely, our Names are served in else at Ordinaries, and belcht abroad in Taverns.

Val. O most brave Wench, and able to redeem an Age of Women.

Wid. You are no Whoremaster? Alas, no, Gentlemen, it were an impudence to think you vicious: You are so holy, handsome Ladies fright you, you are the cool things of the time, the Temperance, meer Emblems of the Law, and Veils of Virtue, you are not daily mending like *Dutch Watches*, and plastering like old Walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their secret sins increase our Surgeons, and lie in Foreign Countries, for new sores; Women are all these Vices; you are not envious, false, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious, drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like Parrots, Eaters of others Honours.

Val. You are angry.

Wid. No by my Troth, and yet I cou'd say more too, for when Men make me angry, I am miserable.

Val. Sure 'tis a Man, she cou'd not bear it thus bravely else. It may be I am tedious.

Wid. Not at all, Sir, I am content at this time you shou'd trouble me.

Val. You are distrustful.

Wid. Where I find no Truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come, you are full of Passion.

Wid. Some I have, I were too near the Nature o'God else.

Val. You are monstrous Peevish.

Wid. Because they are monstrous Foolish, and know not how to use that should try me.

Val. I was never answer'd thus; were you never Drunk, Lady?

Wid. No sure, not Drunk, Sir; yet I love good Wine, as

I love Health and joy of Heart, but temperately; why do you ask that question?

Val. For that Sin that they most charge you with, is this Sin's Servant, they say you are monstrous——

Wid. What, Sir, what?

Val. Most strangely.

Wid. It has a name sure?

Val. Infinitely lustful, without all bounds, they swear you kill'd your Husband.

Wid. Let us have it all, for Heav'ns sake, 'tis good Mirth, Sir.

Val. They say you will have four now, and those four stuck in four quarters, like four Winds to cool you: Will she not cry nor curse?

Wid. On with your Story.

Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations with sums of Mony to that purpose.

Wid. Four Husbands! Should not I be blest, Sir, for example? Lord, what shou'd I do with them? Turn a Malt-mill, or Tithe them out like Town-bulls to my Tenants, you come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. I'll make you merry then, you are a brave Woman, and in despite of Envy a right one, go thy ways, truth thou art as good a Woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his Leg over, I do not often commend your Sex.

Wid. It seems so, your Commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you and sift you into Flowr, to know your pureness, and I have found you excellent, I thank you; continue so, and shew Men how to tread, and Women how to follow: Get an Husband, an honest Man, you are a good Woman, and live hedg'd in from Scandal, let him be too an understanding Man, and to that stedfast; 'tis pity your fair Figure should miscarry, and then you are fixt: Farewel.

Wid. Pray stay a little, I love your company now you are so pleasant, and to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer.

[Exit.

Wid. As I live a fine Fellow, this manly handsome Bluntness shews him honest; what is he, or from whence?

Bless

Bless me, four Husbands! How prettily he fooled me into Vices, to stir my Jealousie, and find my Nature; a proper Gentleman: I am not well o' th' sudden, such a Companion I cou'd live and die with, his Angers are meer Mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you so?

Ifab. What ails she? The Coach stays, and the People, the day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire, Sister: Fie, who stays now, why do you sit and pout thus?

Wid. Prethee be quiet, I am not well.

Ifab. For Heav'n's sake let's not ride staggering in the Night, come pray you take some Sweet-meats in your Pocket, if your Stomach——

Wid. I have a little business.

Ifab. To abuse me, you shall not find new Dreams, and new Suspicions, to horse withal.

Wid. Lord, who made you a Commander! Hey ho, my Heart.

Ifab. Is the Wind come thither, and Coward like, do you lose your Colours to 'em? Are you sick o' th' *Valentine*? Sweet Sister, come let's away, the Country will so quicken you, and we shall live so sweetly: *Luce*, my Lady's Cloak; nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, I wou'd not stay for all the World; if I live here, you have so knock'd this love into my Head, that I shall love any Body, and I find my body, I know not how, so apt——pray let's be gone, Sister, I stand on Thorns.

Wid. I prithee *Isabella*, i'faith I have some business that concerns me, I will suspect no more; here, wear that for me, and I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, Ralph.

Ifab. I had rather go, but——

Wid. Come walk in with me, we'll go to Cards, unsaddle the Horses.

Short. A Jubile! a Jubile! we stay, Boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Uncle and Lance: Fountain, Bellamore and Hairbrain following.

Unc. Are they behind us?

Lance. Close, close, speak aloud, Sir,

Unc. I am glad my Nephew has so much Discretion, at length to find his wants. Did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!

Unc. For his own sake, do you think?

Lance. Most certain, Sir, and in his own Cause bestir'd himself too, and wan such liking from her, she dotes on him, h'as the command of all the House already.

Unc. He deals not well with his Friends.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own Friend, he has most need of her.

Unc. I wonder they wou'd put him —

Lance. You are in the right on't, a Man that must raise himself, I knew he wou'd cozen 'em, and glad I am he has: He watch'd occasion, and found it i' th' nick.

Unc. He has deceiv'd me.

Lance. I told you, howsoever he wheel'd about, he wou'd charge home at length: How I cou'd laugh now, to think of these tame Fools!

Unc. 'Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

Bel. Hark you, Gentlemen.

Unc. We are upon a business, pray excuse us; they have it home.

Lance. Come, let it work good on Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*]

Fount. 'Tis true, he is a Knave, I ever thought it.

Hair. And we are Fools, tame Fools.

Bel. Come let's go seek him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?

Luce. Am I sure I live? And I have clapt on such a Commendation on your Revenge.

Isab. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsom enough, and that her Eye has found out.

Isab. He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce.

Luce. H'as the right way.

Isab. How is she?

Luce. Bears it well, as if she car'd not, but a Man may see with half an Eye through all her forc'd Behaviour, and find who is her *Valentine*.

Isab. Come let's go see her, I long to prosecute.

Luce. By no means Mistress, let her take better hold first.

Isab. I cou'd burst now.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you Pilchers, you shotten, sold, slight Fellows? Was't not I that undertook you first from empty Barrels, and brought those barking Mouths that gap'd like Bung-holes to utter Sense? Where got you Understanding? Who taught you Manners and apt Carriage to rank your selves? Who fill'd you in fit Taverns? Were those born with your Worships when you came hither? What brought you from the Universities of moment matter to allow you, besides your small base Sentences?

Bel. 'Tis well, Sir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two-hand Rapiers, boot-hoses with penny-poses, and twenty Fools opinions, who look'd on you but piping Rites that knew you wou'd be prizing, and Prentices in *Paul's* Church-yard, that scented your want of *Britains* Books.

Enter Widow, and *Luce*.

Fount. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my Integrity, you Whelps?

Bel. You may talk the stock we gave you out, but see no further.

Hair. You tempt our Patience, we have found you out, and what your trust comes to, you're well feather'd, thank us, and think now of an honest Course, 'tis time; Men now begin to look, and narrowly into your tumbling tricks, they are stale.

Wid. Is not that he?

Luce. 'Tis he.

Wid. Be still and mark him.

Val. How miserable will these poor Wretches be when I for-

forfake 'em! but things have their necessities. I am sorry, to what a Vomit must they turn again; now to their own dear Dunghil breeding; never hope, after I cast you off, you Men of *Motley*, you most undone things below pity, any that has a Soul and six Pence dares relieve you, my Name shall bar that Blessing; there's your Cloak, Sir, keep it close to you, it may yet preserve you a fortnight longer from the Fool; your Hat, pray be cover'd, and there's the Sattin that your Worship sent me, will serve you at a Sizes yet.

Fount. Nay, faith Sir, you may e'en rub these out now.

Val. No such Relick, nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness shall keep me warm; these Breeches are mine own, purchas'd, and paid for, without your Compassion, a Christian Breeches founded in *Black-Friers*, and so I'll maintain 'em.

Hair. So they seem, Sir.

Val. Only the thirteen Shillings in these Breeches, and the odd Groat, I take it, shall be yours, Sir, a mark to know a Knave by, pray preserve it, do not displease more, but take it presently. Now help me off with my Boots.

Hair. We are no Grooms, Sir.

Val. For once you shall be, do it willingly, or by this Hand I'll make you.

Bel. To our own, Sir, we may apply our Hands.

Val. There's your Hangers, you may deserve a strong pair, and a Girale will hold you without Buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your Worships tell me I am beholding to you.

Fount. No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you pity me, 'tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity; which are the poorer? You are now Puppies; I without you, or you without my Knowledge? be Rogues, and so be gone, be Rogues, and reply not, for if you do——

Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you: The Air is far sharper than our Anger, Sir, and these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

Hair.

Hair. Pray have a care, Sir, of your Health. [*Ex. Lovers.*]

Val. Yes Hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits; 'tis cold, and I am very sensible, extreemly cold too, yet I will not off, 'till I have shamed these Rascals; I have indur'd as ill heats as another, and every way if one cou'd perish my Body, you'll bear the blame on't; I am colder here, not a poor penny left.

Enter Uncle with a Bag.

Unc. 'Twas taken rarely, and now he's flead he will be ruled.

Lance. To him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Unc. Why how now, Cousin, sunning your self this weather?

Val. As you see, Sir, in a hot fit, I thank my Friends.

Unc. But Cousin, where are your Cloaths, Man? Those are no Inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no fashion, Cousin.

Val. Not much follow'd, I must confess; yet Uncle, I determine to try what may be done next Term.

Lance. How came you thus, Sir, for you are strangely mov'd.

Val. Rags, Toys and Trifles, fit only for those Fools that first possessed 'em, and to those Knaves they are rendred. Freemen, Uncle, ought to appear like Innocents, old *Adam*, a fair Fig-leaf sufficient.

Unc. Take me with you, were these your Friends that clear'd you thus?

Val. Hang Friends, and ev'n Reckonings that make Friends.

Unc. I thought till now, there had been no such Living, no such Purchase, for all the rest is Labour, as a List of honourable Friends; do such Men as you, Sir, in lieu of all your Understandings, Travels, and those great gifts of Nature, aim at no more than casting off your Coats? I am strangely cozen'd.

Lance. Should not the Town shake at the cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer interdiction, no more sense spoken, all things *Goth* and *Vandal*, 'till you be summed again, Velvets and Scarlets, anointed with Gold Lace, and Cloth of Silver turn'd into *Spanish* Cottons for

a Penance, Wits blasted with your Bulls, and Taverns wither'd, as though the Term lay at *St. Albans*?

Val. Gentlemen, you have spoken long and level, I beseech you take Breath a while and hear me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your Strings, that I am at the last, as also that my Friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes, Sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier, to raise me up again above your Rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no mind to better me.

Unc. Yes, Cousin, and to that end I come, and once more offer you all that my Pow'r is Master of.

Val. A match then, lay me down fifty Pounds there.

Unc. There it is, Sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleas'd to give this, as due unto my Merit, without caution of Land redeeming tedious, thanks, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Unc. How? [*Luce lays a Suit and Letter at the Door.*]

Val. Without daring, when you are Drunk, to relish of Revilings, to which you are prone in Sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young Wanton play awhile, away I say, Sir, let him go forward with his naked Fashion, he will seek you to morrow; goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry, how I sweat!

Unc. Farewel, Sir.

[*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*]

Val. Wou'd I sweat too, I am monstrous vext, and cold too; and these are but thin Pumps to walk the Streets in; Cloaths I must get, this Fashion will not fadge with me; besides, 'tis an ill Winter wear.——What art thou? Yes, they are Cloaths, and rich ones, some Fool has left 'em: And if I shou'd utter——What's this Paper here? Let this be only worn by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Valentine*.——Dropt out o'th' Clouds! I think they are full of Gold too; well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again, in the next House I'll shift.

[*Exit.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. WHY do you deal thus with him? 'Tis un-
nobly.

Unc. Peace, Cousin, peace, you are too tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus, the violence of his Disease, *Francisco*, must not be jested with, 'tis grown infectious, and now strong Corrosives must cure him.

Lance. H'as had a Stinger, has eaten off his Cloaths, the next his Skin comes.

Unc. And let it search him to the Bones, 'tis better, 'twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble Friends now? Will his fantastical Opinions cloath him, or the learned Art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It must needs greedily, for all his Friends have flung him off, he is naked, and where to skin himself again, if I know, or can devise how he shou'd get himself Lodging, his Spirit must be bow'd, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him cracking of Nuts, with half a Cloak about him, for all means are cut off, or borrowing six Pence, to shew his Bounty in the Potage Ordinary?

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why shou'd you ask after him? you have been trim'd already, let him take his Fortune, he spun it out himself, Sir, there's no pity.

Unc. Besides, some good to you now, from this Misery.

Fran. I rise upon his Ruins! fie, fie, Uncle, fie honest

Lance. Those Gentlemen were base People, that cou'd so soon take fire to his Destruction.

Unc. You are a Fool, you are a Fool, a young Man.

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. Morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, sweet *Frank*, and how, and how d'ye, think now, how shew Matters? Morrow Bandog.

Unc. How?

Fran. Is this Man naked, forsaken of his Friends?

Val. Thou'rt handsome, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman, i'faith, thou look'st well, and yet here may be those that look as handsome.

Lance. Sure he can Conjure, and has the Devil for his Taylor.

Unc. New and rich! 'tis most impossible he should recover.

Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he, Imagination cannot work this Miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, Uncle, the very he, the he your Wisdom plaid withal, I thank you for't, neigh'd at his Nakedness, and made his Cold and Poverty your Pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more Uncle, and though I have no State, I keep the Streets still, and take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman, wear Cloaths to keep me warm, poor things they serve me, can make a shew too if I list, yes Uncle, and ring a peal in my Pockets, ding dong, Uncle, these are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?

Unc. I am amaz'd.

Lance. I'll sell my Copyhold, for since there are such excellent new nothings, why shou'd I labour? Is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, nor no old Woman?

Unc. You are *Valentine*?

Val. I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christen'd; why do you wonder at me, and swell, as if you had met a Serjeant fasting, did you ever know Desert want? You're Fools, a little stoop there may be to allay him, he wou'd grow too rank else, a small Eclipse to shadow him, but out he must break, glowingly again, and with a great lustre, look you Uncle, Motion and Majesty.

Unc. I am confounded.

Fran.

Fran. I am of his Faith.

Val. Walk by his careless Kin'sman, and turn again and walk, and look thus, Uncle, taking some on by the Hand he loves best, leave them to the Mercy of the Hog-market, come *Frank*, Fortune is now my Friend, let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow Uncle, I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours I shall be thus again; now wonder on, and laugh at your own Ignorance. [*Ex. Val. and Franc.*]

Unc. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily upon my Conscience, bury him stark naked, he wou'd rise again, within two hours imbroider'd. Sow Mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick as his new Sattins do, and Cloths of Silver, there's no striving.

Unc. Let him play awhile then, and let's search out what hand:—

Lance. Ay, there the Game lies. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Fount. Come, 'lets speak for our selves, we have lodg'd him sure enough, his Nakedness dare not peep out to cross

Bel. We can have no admittance. (us.

Hair. Let's in boldly, and use our best Arts, who she deigns to favour, we are all content.

Fount. Much good may do her with him, no Civil Wars.

Bel. By no means. Now do I wonder in what old tod lie he lies whistling for Means, nor Cloaths he hath none, nor none will trust him, we have made that side sure, teach him a new wooing.

Hair. Say it is his Uncle's spite.

Fount. It is all one, Gentlemen, 'thas rid us of a fair incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own Fortunes. Who are these?

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isab. Not see this Man yet! well, I shall be wiser: But *Luce*, didst ever know a Woman melt so? she is finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.

Isab. I cou'd so titter now and laugh; I was lost, *Luce*,

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I

and

and I must love, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks! and we must into the Country in all haste, *Luce*.

Luce. For Heav'n's sake, Mistress.

Isab. Nay, I have done, I must laugh though; but Scholar, I shall teach you.

Fount. 'Tis her Sister.

Bel. Save you, Ladies.

Isab. Fair met Gentlemen, you are visiting my Sister, I assure my self.

Hair. We wou'd fain bless our Eyes.

Isab. Behold and welcome, you wou'd see her?

Fount. 'Tis our business.

Isab. You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see 'em, nor spend a word.

Isab. I'll make her fret a thousand, nay now I have found the Scab, I will so scratch her.

Luce. She cannot endure 'em.

Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly; come follow me, I'll bring you to th' party, Gentlemen, then make your own Conditions.

Luce. She is sick, you know.

Isab. I'll make her well, or kill her; and take no idle answer, you are Fools then, nor stand off for her State, she'll scorn you all then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her; a Widow must be won so.

Bel. She speaks bravely.

Isab. I wou'd fain have a Brother in Law, I love Mens company, and if she call for Dinner to avoid you, be sure you stay; follow her into her Chamber, if she retire to Pray, pray with her, and boldly, like honest Lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Fount. You have shewed us one way, do but lead the tother.

Isab. I know you stand o'thorns, come I'll dispatch you.

Luce. If you live after this.

Isab. I have lost my aim.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Valentine, and Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?

Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em.

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

Val.

Val. Let 'em alone, *Frank*, I'll make 'em their own Justice, and a Jerker.

Fran. Such base discourteous Dog-whelps.

Val. I shall dog 'em, and double dog 'em, e'er I have done.

Fran. Will you go with me, for I wou'd fain find out this piece of bounty, it was the Widow's Man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what end wou'd you go?

Fran. To give Thanks.

Val. Hang giving Thanks, hast not thou Parts deserve it? it includes a further will to be beholding; Beggars can do no more at door; if you will go, there lies your way.

Fran. I hope you will go.

Val. No not in Ceremony, and to a Woman, with mine own Father, were he living, *Frank*; I would toth' Court with Bears first, if it be that Wench I think it is, for t'other's wiser, I wou'd not be so lookt upon, and laught at, so made a Ladder for her Wit to climb upon, for 'tis the tarest Tit in Christendom, I know her well *Frank*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroaked, flear'd upon, and flouted, and shown to Chamber-maids, like a strange Beast, she had purchas'd with her penny.

Fran. You are a strange Man, but do you think it was a Woman?

Val. There's no doubt on't, who can be there to do it else? besides the manner of the Circumstances.

Fran. Then such Courtesies, who ever does 'em, Sir, saving your own Wisdom, must be more lookt into, and better answer'd, than with deserving flights, or what we ought to have conferred upon us. Men may starve else, Means are not gotten now with crying out I am a Gallant Fellow, a good Soldier, a Man of Learning, or fit to be employ'd, immediate Blessings cease like Miracles, and we must grow by second Means. I pray go with me, ev'n as you love me, Sir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Frank*, I will not stay to hear your Fopp'ries, dispatch those e'er I come.

Fran. You will not fail me.

Val. Some two hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for you. [*Exeunt*

Enter Widow, Shorthose, and Roger.

Wid. Who let in these Puppies? You blind Rascals you drunken Knaves several.

Short. Yes forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently, Gentlemen.

Wid. Spacious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue.

Short. I bawl as loud as I can, would you have me fetch 'em upon my back?

Wid. Get 'em out, Rascal, out with 'em, out, I sweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I thou'd sweat more to carry 'em out.

Roger. They are Gentlemen, Madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into th' Buttery, and make 'em Drunk?

Wid. Do any thing, so I be eas'd.

Enter Isabella, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Isab. Now to her Sir, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside Boy, I know she loves 'em, howsoever she carries it, and has invited 'em, my young Mistress told me so.

Short. Away to Tables then. [*Exe. Short. Rog.*

Isab. I shall burst with the sport on't.

Fount. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bel. Methinks the House is handsom, every place decent, what need you be vex't?

Hair. We are no Strangers.

Fount. What though we come e'er you expected us, do not we know your Entertainments, Madam, are free, and full at all times?

Wid. You are merry, Gentlemen.

Bel. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, Men love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old Plea. (me?)

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will none deliver

Hair. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your Friends come, you have as much pow'r, Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious Torment.

Fount. How handsomly this little piece of Anger shews upon her! well Madam, well, you know not how to grace yourself.

Bel.

Bel. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

Wid. I must go up, I must go up, I have a business waits upon me; some Wine for the Gentlemen.

Hair. Nay, we'll go with you, we never saw your Chambers yet. *Isab.* Hold there Boys.

Wid. Say I go to my Prayers?

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your Meditations.

Wid. This is boysterous; or say I go to sleep, will you go to sleep with me?

Bel. So suddenly before Meat will be dangerous, we know your Dinner's ready, Lady, you will not sleep.

Wid. Give me my Coach, I will take the Air.

Hair. We'll wait on you, and then your Meat after a quickned Stomach.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me, and bid him bring his reckonings into the Orchard: these unmannerly rude Puppies—— [Exit Widow.

Fount. We'll walk after you, and view the pleasure of the Place.

Isab. Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you, seem how she will, this is the way to win her, be bold and prosper.

Bel. Nay if we do not tire her.—— [Exeunt Lovers.

Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good Lady Sister, and peep into my Privacies to suspect me, I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously, and still they Persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so, I'll teach her to declaim against my Pities; why is she not gone out o'th' Town, but gives occasion for Men to run mad after her?

Luce. I shall be hang'd.

Isab. This in me had been high Treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard! I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

Isab. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why do you laugh, Sister? I fear me 'tis your trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your Pleasure.

Ifab. What have you done with 'em?

Wid. Lockt 'em i' th' Orchard, there I'll make 'em dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude Puppies.

Ifab. They are somewhat saucy, but yet I'll let 'em out, and once more sound 'em; why were they not beaten out?

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as Suiters.

Ifab. Why did you not answer 'em?

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet! How came these in?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lance. At the Door, Madam.

Ifab. It is that Face.

Luce. This is the Gentleman.

Wid. She sent the Money to?

Luce. The same.

Ifab. I'll leave you, they have some business.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay, Sister, they are Strangers both to me; how her Face alters!

Ifab. I am sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now, though. Who would you speak with, Gentlemen?

Lance. You Lady, or your fair Sister there, here's a Gentleman that has receiv'd a benefit.

Wid. From whom, Sir?

Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, Madam, your Man deliver'd it.

Wid. I pray go forward.

Lance. And of so great a Goodness, that he dares not, without the tender of his Thanks and Service, pass by

Wid. Which is the Gentleman? (the House.

Lance. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your Name, Sir?

Fran. They that know me call me *Francisco*, Lady, one not so proud to scorn so timely a Benefit, nor so wretched to hide a Gratitude.

Wid. It is well bestow'd then.

Fran.

Fran. Your fair self, or your Sister, as it seems, for what Desert I dare not know, unless a handsome Subject for your Charities, or aptness in your noble Will to do it, have shew'd upon my Wants a timely Bounty, which makes me rich in Thanks, my best Inheritance.

Wid. I am sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman; fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter, the Man is a pretty Man.

Isab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear Lady?

Isab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may perswade you, your only aptness to do this is Recompence, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Lady.

Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it, besides the imputation of vain Glory, were greedy thankings of my self, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it, and if it happen'd where I thought it fitted, I have my end; more to enquire is curious in either of us, more than that suspicious.

Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

Isab. About the right way nothing, do not fright it, being to pious use and tender sighted, with the blown Face of Complements, it blasts it. Had you not come at all, but thought Thanks, it had been too much, 'twas not to see your Person.

Wid. A brave dissembling Rogue, and how she carries it!

Isab. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you, though I affect a good Tongue well; or try you, though my Years desire a Friend, that I reliev'd you.

Wid. A plaguy cunning Quean.

Isab. For so I carried it, my end's too glorious in mine Eyes, and better'd the goodness I propounded with Opinion.

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Isab. You cannot catch me, Sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my Tongue up, Lady?

Isab. Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilst good Men wanted it.

Lance. This is a Saint sure.

Isab. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think my Thanks are, to doubt I may be worth your Gift a Treason, both to mine own good and understanding, I know my Mind clear, and though Modesty tells me, he that intreats intrudes; yet I must think something, and of some Season, met with your better taste, this had not been else.

Wid. What ward for that, Wench?

Ifab. Alas, it never touch'd me.

Fran. Well, gentle Lady, yours is the first Mony I ever took upon a forc'd ill Manners.

Ifab. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought a grateful Taker?

Ifab. Spend it, and say nothing, your Modesty may deserve more.

Wid. O Sister, will you bar Thankfulness?

Ifab. Dogs dance for Meat, wou'd ye have Men do worse? For they can speak, cry out like Wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did it that my best Friend should not know it, Wine and vain Glory does as much as I else; if you will force my Merit, against my Meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and not examining a Woman did it, or to what end, in not believing sometimes your self, when Drink and stirring Conversation may ripen strange persuasions.

Fran. Gentle Lady, I were a base Receiver of a Courtesie and you a worse Disposer, were my Nature unfurnished of these fore-sights. Ladies honours were ever in my Thoughts unspotted Crimes, their good Deeds holy Temples, where the Incense burns not to common Eyes; your fears are virtuous, and so I shall preserve 'em.

Ifab. Keep but this way, and from this place to tell me so, you have paid me; and so I wish you see all Fortune. [*Exit.*]

Wid. Fear not, the Woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it. Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely? This is to wake my Fears, or to abuse me, I shall look narrowly; despair not Gentlemen, there is an hour to catch a Woman

man in, if you be wise, so, I must leave you too; Now will I go laugh at my Suitors. [Exit.]

Lance. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This Woman is a Founder, and cites Statutes to all her benefits.

Lance. I never knew yet, so few Years and so cunning, yet believe me she has an itch, but how to make her confess it, for it is a crafty Tit, and plays about you, will not bite home, she would fain, but she dares not; carry your self but so discreetly, Sir, that want or wantonness seem not to search you, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich, wou'd give two thousand pound to wed her Wit but one hour, oh 'tis a Dragon, and such a spritely way of Pleasure, ha *Lance.*

Lance. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would cry, ho, ho, *Lance.*

Fran. Some leaden landed Rogue will have this Wench now, when all's done, some such Youth will carry her, and wear her, greasie out like stuff, some Duncce that knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at Sizes: O the Fortunes!

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Lance. Comfort your self.

Luce. They are here yet, and alone too, boldly upon't; nay, Mistress, I still told you, how 'twou'd find your trust, this 'tis to venture your Charity upon a Boy.

Lance. Now, what's the matter? Stand fast, and like your self.

Isab. Prethee no more, Wench.

Luce. What was his want to you?

Isab. 'Tis true.

Luce. Or Misery, or say he had been i' th' Cage, was there no Mercy to look abroad but yours?

Isab. I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Must every slight Companion that can purchase a shew of Poverty and beggarly Planet fall under your Compassion?

Lance. Here's a new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are serv'd but too well, here he stays yet, yet as I live.

Fran.

Fran. How her Face alters on me!

Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.

Ifab. I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you, gentle Lady?

Ifab. Much ashamed Sir, but first stand further off me, you're infectious, to find such Vanity, nay almost Impudence, where I believ'd a Worth: Is this your Thanks, the Gratitude you were so mad to make me, your trim Counsel, Gentlemen?

Lance. What, Lady?

Ifab. Take your device again, it will not serve Sir, the Woman will not bite, you are finely cozen'd, drop it no more for shame.

Luce. Do you think you are here, Sir, amongst your Wast-coateers, your base Wenches that scratch at such occasions? You are deluded: This is a Gentlewoman of a noble House, born to a better Fame than you can build her, and Eyes above your pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge——

Ifab. Then I beseech you Sir, what could you see, (speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the Devil,) in my behaviour of such easiness that you durst venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, Sir.

Ifab. I took it up too, still looking when your Modesty should mis it, why, what a Childish part was this?

Fran. I vow.

Ifab. Vow me no Vows, he that dares do this, has bred himself to boldness, to forswear too; there take your gew-gaw, you are too much pamper'd, and I repent my part, as you grow older grow wiser if you can, and so farewell Sir.

[*Exeunt Isabella, and Luce.*]

Lance. Grow wiser if you can? She has put it to you, 'tis a rich Ring, did you drop it?

Fran. Never, ne'er saw it afore, *Lance.*

Lance. Thereby hangs a Tail then: What flight she makes to catch her self! Look up Sir, you cannot lose her if you wou'd, how daintily she flies upon the Lure, and

cun-

cunningly she makes her stops! whistle and she'll come to you.

Fran. I wou'd I were so happy.

Lance. Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel, they show, goes slowest to us, and make's hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, which are conceal'd, being often oyl'd with Wishees, flee like desires, and never leave that Motion, 'till the Tongue strikes; she is Flesh, Blood and Marrow, young as her purpose, and soft as pity; no Monument to Worship, but a Mould to make Men in, a neat one, and I know how e'er she appears now, which is near enough, you are stark Blind if you hit not soon at Night; she wou'd venture forty Pounds more but to feel a Flea in your Shape bite her: Drop no more Rings forsooth, this was the prettiest thing to know her Heart by.

Fran. Thou put'st me in much comfort.

Lance. Put your self in good comfort, if she do not point you out the way, drop no more Rings, she'll drop her self into you.

Fran. I wonder my Brother comes not.

Lance. Let him alone, and feed your self on your own Fortunes; come be frolick, and let's be monstrous wise, and full of counsel; drop no more Rings. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish you must be us'd so: Who sent for you? Who entertain'd you, Gentlemen? Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding, and impudently bold; press on my Patience, as if I kept a House for all Companions, and of all sorts: Will 'have your Wills, will vex me and force my liking from you I ne'er ow'd you?

Fount. For all this we will dine with you.

Bel. And for all this will have a better Answer from you.

Wid. You shall never, neither have an Answer nor Dinner, unless you use me with a more staid Respect, and stay your time too.

Enter

Enter Isabella, Shorthose, Roger, Humphry,
Ralph, *with Dishes of Meat.*

Ifab. Forward with the Meat now.

Rog. Come, Gentlemen, march fairly.

Short. Roger, you are a weak Serving-man, your white Broath runs from you; fie, how I sweat under this Pile of Beef; an Elephant can do more! Oh for such a Back now, and in these times, what might a Man arrive at! Goose, graze you up, and Woodcock march behind thee, I am almost foundred.

Wid. Who bid you bring the Meat yet? Away you Knaves, I will not Dine these two hours: How am I vexed and chaf'd! go carry it back, and tell the Cook he's an arrant Rascal, to send before I call'd.

Short. Face about Gentlemen, beat a mournful March then, and give some Supporters, or else I perish—

[*Exeunt* Servants.]

Ifab. It does me much good to see her chafe thus.

Hair. We can stay Madam, and will stay and dwell here, 'tis good Air.

Fount. I know you have Beds enough, and Meat you never want.

Wid. You want a little.

Bel. We dare to pretend no. Since you are churlish, we'll give you Phyfick, you must purge this Anger, it burns you and decays you.

Wid. If I had you out once, I wou'd be at the charge of a Portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, noble Lady.

Wid. Good morrow, Sir. How sweetly now he looks; and how full manly! What Slaves were these to use him so!

Val. I come to look a young Man I call Brother.

Wid. Such a one was here, Sir, as I remember your own Brother, but gone almost an hour ago.

Val. Good E'en then.

Wid. You must not so soon, Sir; here be some Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with 'em.

Hair. Will nothing make him miserable?

Fount. How glorious!

Bel.

Bel. It is the very he; does it rain Fortunes, or has he a Familiar?

Hair. How doggedly he looks too?

Fount. I am beyond my Faith, pray let's be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen?

Wid. Here.

Val. Yes, I know 'em, and will be more familiar.

Bel. Morrow, Madam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talk with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my Fury; you think you have undone me, think so still, and swallow that belief, 'till you be company for Court-hand Clerks, and starv'd Attornies, 'till you break in at Plays like Prentices for three a Groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars in penny Rooms again, and fight for Apples, 'till you return to what I found you, People betray'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meal-markets, with throngings to see Cut-purses. Stir not, but hear, and mark, I'll cut your Throats else, 'till Water-works, and rumours of New-Rivers rid you again, and run you into Questions who built *Thames*, 'till you run mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your Tables to glean the Golden Sentences, and cite 'em secretly to Serving-men for sound Essays, 'till Taverns allow you but a Towel-room to Tipple Wine in, that the Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken Promises, tied up with wicker Protestations, *English* Tobacco with half Pipes, nor in half a Year once burnt, and Bisket that Bawds have rub'd their Gums upon like Corals to bring the mark again, tell these hour Rascals so, this most fatal hour will come again, think I sit down the Looser.

Wid. Will you stay, Gentlemen, a piece of Beef, and a cold Capon, that's all, you know you are welcome.

Humpb. That was cast to abuse us.

Bel. Steal off, the Devil is in his Anger.

Wid. Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discourteously, now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? Why do ye vex a Woman of her

her Goodness, her State and Worth? Can you bring a fair Certificate that you deserve to be her Footmen? Husbands, you Puppies? Husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you Wind-suckers; do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury, and slight this Lady, I shall hear, and know this: And though I am not bound to fight for Women, as far as they are good I dare preserve 'em: Be not too bold, for if you be, I'll swinge you monstrously without all pity, your Honours now go, avoid me mainly. *[Exeunt.]*

Wid. Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you, and with your Nobleness prevented Danger, their Tongues might utter, we'll all go and eat, Sir.

Val. No, no, I dare not trust my self with Women; go to your Meat, eat little, take less ease, and tie your Body to a daily Labour, you may live honestly, and so I thank you. *[Exit.]*

Wid. Well, go thy ways, thou art a noble Fellow, and some means I must work to have thee know it. *[Exit.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Unc. **M**OST certain 'tis her Hands that hold him up, and her Sister relieves *Frank*.

Mer. I am glad to hear it: But wherefore do they not pursue this Fortune to some fair end?

Unc. The Women are too crafty, *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashful; had any wise Man hold of such a Blessing, they wou'd strike it out o'th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow and Shorthose.

Mer. The Widow sure, why does she stir so early?

Wid. 'Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand me, and make a Benefit of what I wou'd bring him: Tell my Sister I'll use my Devotions at home this Morning, she may if she please go to Church.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid.

Wid. And do you wait upon her with a Torch, Sir.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. You lazy Knave.

Short. Here is such a tinkle tanklings that we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our Prayers out. *Ralph*, pray empty my right Shoe that you made your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Rosemary in't, I must wait upon my Lady. This Morning Prayer has brought me into a Consumption, I have nothing left but Flesh and Bones about me.

Wid. You droufie Slave, nothing but Sleep and Swilling?

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandog-fleas, as I have been, and haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.

Short. You wou'd have little list to Morning Prayers, pray take my fellow *Ralph*, he has a Psalm Book, I am an ingrum Man.

Wid. Get you ready quickly, and when she is ready, wait upon her handsomely; no more, be gone.

Short. If I do snore my part out—— [*Exit Short.*]

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow, Madam.

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good Joy and Fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you, Sir.

Mer. Much Joy I hope you'll find, we came to gratulate your new knit Marriage-band.

Wid. How?

Unc. He's a Gentleman, although he be my Kinsman, my fair Neice.

Wid. Neice, Sir?

Unc. Yes, Lady, now I may say so, 'tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light Fancies, which you most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and manag'd.

Wid. What's all this? I understand you not, what Neice, what Marriage-knot?

Unc. I'll tell plainly, you are my Neice, and *Valentine* the Gentleman has made you so by Marriage.

Wid.

Wid. Marriage?

Unc. Yes Lady, and 'twas a noble and virtuous Part,
To take a falling Man to your Protection,
And buoy him up again to all his Glories.

Wid. The Men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things,
that fly away like Shadows, was not his Mind a full one,
and a brave one? You have Wealth enough to give him
gloss and outside, and he Wit enough to give way to
love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he wou'd do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew, however he wheel'd about like a
loose Cabine, he wou'd charge home at length, like a
brave Gentleman; Heav'ns Blessing o' your Heart Lady,
we are so bound to honour you, in all your Service so
devoted to you.

Unc. Do not look so strange, Widow, it must be known,
better a general Joy; no stirring here yet, come, come,
you cannot hide 'em.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest Toys,
belike I am married then?

Mer. You are in a miserable Estate in the World's ac-
count else, I wou'd not for your Wealth it come to doubt-
ing.

Wid. And I am great with Child?

Unc. No, great they say not, but 'tis a full opinion you
are with Child, and great joy among the Gentlemen,
your Husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of Entrance,
how long, and when he staid, cou'd name the Bed too,
where he paid down his first Fruits.

Wid. I shall believe anon.

Unc. And we consider for some private Reasons, you
wou'd have it private, yet take your own Pleasure; and
so good morrow, my best Neice, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you wou'd be with him, love him, and
love him well.

Mer. You'll find him noble; this may beget —

Unc. It must needs work upon her.

[*Exe. Uncle and Merchant.*

Wid.

Wid. These are fine bobs i'faith, married, and with Child too! how long has this been, I trow? They seem grave Fellows, they should not come to flout; married, and bedded; the World takes notice too! Where lies this May-game? I cou'd be vext extreemly now, and rail too, but 'tis to no end; though I itch a little, must I be scratcht I know not how? Who waits there?

Enter Humphry, a Servant.

Humph. Madam.

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you only, and hark you, Sir, be secret and speedy, inquire out where he lies.

Humph. I shall do it, Madam.

Wid. Married, and got with Child in a dream! 'tis fine i'faith; sure he that did this, would do better waking.

[Exit.]

Enter Valentine, Francisco, Lance, and a Boy with a Torch.

Val. Hold thy Torch handsomely: How dost thou, Frank? *Peter Bassel*, bear up.

Fran. You have fried me soundly, Sack do you call this Drink?

Val. A shrewd Dog, *Frank*, will bite abundantly.

Lance. Now cou'd I fight, and fight with thee.

Val. With me, thou Man of *Memphis*?

Lance. But that thou art my own natural Master, yet my Sack says thou art no Man, thou art a Pagan, and pawnest thy Land, which a noble Cause.

Val. No arms, nor arms, good *Lancelot*, dear *Lance*, no fighting here, we will have Lands, Boy, Livings, and Titles, thou shalt be a Vice-Roy, hang fighting, hang't, 'tis out of fashion.

Lance. I wou'd fain labour you into your Lands again, go to, it is behoveful.

Fran. Fie *Lance*, fie.

Lance. I must beat some Body, and why not my Master, before a Stranger? Charity and beating begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lance. I will not be compel'd, and you were two Masters, I scorn the Motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lance. I scorn Sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lance. I scorn Meat, I come for rompering, I come to wait upon my Charge discreetly; for look you, if you will not take your Mortgage again, here do I lie *St. George*, and so forth.

Val. And here do I, *St. George*, bestride the Dragon, thus with my Lance.

Lance. I sting, I sting with my Tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir? I shall Tail you presently.

Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.

Val. Take this, *Nelson*, and now rise, thou Maiden Knight of *Malligo*, lace on thy Helmet of enchanted Sack, and charge again.

Lance. I'll play no more, you abuse me, will you go?

Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, Brother, for sleep I cannot, I have a thousand Fancies.

Val. Now thou art arriv'd, go bravely to the matter, and do something of worth, *Frank*.

Lance. You shall hear from us. [*Exe. Lance and Fran.*]

Val. This Rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me, is the most tittish Knave.

Enter Uncle, Merchant, and Boy with a Torch.

Unc. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

Unc. You have made your Brother a fine Man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a Fool before, brought up amongst the midst of Small-Beer Brew-houses; what would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.

Val. Are you my Sentence?

Mer. The Sentence of your State.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, I may not see it.

Unc. A gracious Resolution.

Val.

Val. What would you have else with me, will you go drink, and let the World slide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, Boys, drink Sack like Whey, Boys.

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither, Merchant: Make me a Supper, thou most reverend Land-catcher, a Supper of forty pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy Wife along, and thy fair Sisters, thy Neighbours and their Wives, and all their Trinkets, let me have forty Trumpets, and such Wine, we'll laugh at all the Miseries of Mortgage, and then in state I'll render thee an Answer

Mer. What say you to this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your State? speak to the point, Sir.

Val. Not, not if it were mine Heir in the *Turks* Gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an order?

Val. Take a thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it, because thou camest i'th' nick, thou shalt not have it, go take Possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both Hands, for there be those Hounds uncoupled, will ring you such a Knell, go down in Glory, and march upon my Land, and cry, All's mine; cry as the Devil did, and be the Devil, mark what an Echo follows, build fine March-panes, to entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady, and pull the Chappel down, and raise a Chamber for Mistress Silver-pin, to lay her Belly in, mark what an Earthquake comes. Then foolish Merchant, my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are People too never Christen'd, they know no Law nor Conscience, they'll devour thee; and thou Mortal, the Stopple, they'll confound thee within three Days; no Bit nor Memory of what thou wert, no not the Wart upon thy Nose there, shall be e'er heard of more; go take Possession, and bring thy Children down, to rost like Rabbits, they love young Toasts and Butter, *Bow-bell* Suckers; as they love mischief, and hate Law, they are Cannibals; bring down thy Kindred too, that be not fruitful, there be those Mandrakes that

will mollifie 'em, go take Possession. I'll go to my Chamber, afore Boy go. [Exit.

Mer. He's mad sure.

Unc. He's half drunk sure: And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely, but he's so harsh and strange.

Unc. Believe it 'tis his Drink, Sir, and I am glad his Drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cannibals? if ever I come to view his Regiment, if fair Terms may be had.

Unc. He tells you true, Sir, they are a Bunch of the most boisterous Rascals disorder ever made, let 'em be mad once, the Pow'r of the whole Country cannot cool 'em; be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will, Sir, before I buy a bargain of such Runts, I'll buy a College for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Francisco, Lance, and Boy with a Torch.

Fran. How dost thou now?

Lance. Better than I was, and straighter, but my Head's a Hoghead still, it rowls and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lance. I may live to requite it, put a Snaffle of Sack in my Mouth and then ride me very well.

Fran. 'Twas all but Sport, I'll tell thee what I mean now, I mean to see this Wench.

Lance. Where a Devil is she? and there were two, 'twere better.

Fran. Dost thou hear the Bell ring?

Lance. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to Pray'rs, early each Morning thither: Now if I cou'd but meet her, for I am another mettle now.

Enter Isabel, and Shorthose with a Torch.

Lance. What light's yon?

Fran. Ha, 'tis a light, take her by the Hand and court her.

Lance. Take her below the Girdle, you'll never speed else, it comes on this way still, oh that I had but such

an Opportunity in a Saw-pit, how it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Fran. 'Tis she : Fortune I kiss thy Hand——Good morrow Lady.

Isab. What voice is that, Sirra, do you sleep as you go? 'tis he, I am glad on't. Why, *Shortbosc*?

Short. Yes, forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.

Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.

Isab. Hold the Torch up.

Short. Here's nothing but a Stall, and a Butchers Dog asleep in't, where did you see the Voice?

Fran. She looks still angry.

Lance. To her, and meet, Sir.

Isab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes, Lady, never blefs your self, I am but a Man, and like an honest Man, now I will thank you——

Isab. What do you mean, who sent for you, who desired you?

Short. Shall I put out the Torch, Forsooth?

Isab. Can I not go about my private Meditations, Ha, but such Companions as you must ruffle me? you had best go with me, Sir?

Fran. 'Twas my purpose.

Isab. Why, what an Impudence is this! you had best, being so near the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to Marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning, and such a Husband, so loving, and so careful, my Youth, and all my Fortunes shall arrive at——Hark you?

Isab. 'Tis strange you shou'd be thus unmannerly, turn home again, Sirra, you had best now force my Man to lead your way.

Lance. Yes, marry shall he Lady, forward my Friend.

Isab. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a Rape.

Fran. Do you like that better? I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing, I am asleep still, when you have done tell me, and then I'll wake, Mistress.

Isab. Are you in earnest, Sir, do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes, by my troth Lady, in these fair Tresses.

Isab. Shall I call out for help?

Fran. No by no means, that were a weak trick, Lady, I'll kiss, and stop your Mouth.

Isab. You'll answer all these?

Fran. A thousand Kisses more.

Isab. I was never abus'd thus, you had best give out too, that you found me willing, and say I doted on you?

Fran. That's known already, and no Man living shall now carry you from me.

Isab. This is fine i'faith.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way, I will to Church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Isab. And it is most likely there's a Priest, if you dare venture as you profess, I wou'd wish you look about you, to do these rude Tricks, for you know the Recompences, and trust not to my Mercy.

Fran. But I will, Lady.

Isab. For I'll so handle you.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Lance. Afore, thou Dream.

Short. Have you done?

Isab. Go on, Sir, and follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not, hang me.

Lance. 'Tis all thine own, Boy, an 'twere a Million, God a Mercy Sack, when wou'd small Beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*

Knocking within.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Who's that that knocks and bounces, what a Devil ails you, is Hell broke loose, or do you keep an Iron Mill?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a Gentlewoman, Sir, that must needs speak with you.

Val. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewomen?

Serv. She will not be answer'd, Sir.

Val. Fling up the Bed and let her in, I'll try how gentle she is— [*Exit Servant.*

This

This Sack has fill'd my Head so full of Bables, I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has brought me no butter Print along with her to lay to my Charge, if she have tis all one, I'll forswear it.

Enter Widow and Servant.

Wid. O you're a noble Gallant, send off your Servant pray. *[Exit Servant.]*

Val. She will not ravish me? by this light she looks as sharp set as a Sparrow-hawk; what wou'dst thou, Woman?

Wid. O you have us'd me kindly, and like a Gentleman, this is to trust to you.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in Jest once, you were a handsome Man, one I could like well, and fooling, made you believe I lov'd you, and might be brought to marry.

Val. The Widow is drunk too.

Wid. You out of this, which is a fine Discretion, give out the matter's done, you have won and wed me, and that you have put, fairly put for an Heir too, these are fine Rumours to advance my Credit: I'th' name of mischief what did you mean?

Val. That you lov'd me, and that you might be brought to marry me? why, what a Devil do you mean, Widow?

Wid. 'Twas a fine trick too, to tell the World though you had enjoy'd your first Wish you wish'd, the Wealth you aim'd at, that I was poor, which is most true, I am, have sold my Lands, because I love not those Vexations, yet for mine Honour's sake, if you must be prating, and for my Credit's sake in the Town.

Val. I tell thee, Widow, I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no Lands, for now thy hopes and cares lye on thy Husband, if e'er thou marry'st more.

Wid. Have not you married me, and for this main cause, now as you report it, to be your Nurse?

Val. My Nurse? why, what am I grown to, give me the Glass; my Nurse?

Wid. You ne'er said truer, I must confess I did a little favour you, and with some labour might have been perswaded, but when I found I must be hourly troubled, with making Broths, and dawbing your Decays with

Swadling, and with stitching up your Ruins, for the World so reports.

Val. Do not provoke me.

Wid. And half an Eye may see.

Val. Do not provoke me, the World's a lying World, and thou shalt find it, have a good Heart, and take a strong Faith to thee, and mark what follows, my Nurse, yes, you shall rock me: Widow, I'll keep you waking.

Wid. You are dispos'd, Sir.

Val. Yes marry am I, Widow, and you shall feel it, nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I think so.

Val. Come.

Wid. Whither?

Val. Any whither.

[*Sings.*

*The Fir's upon me now, the Fits upon me now,
Come quickly, gentle Lady, the Fir's upon me now,
The World shall know they're Fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler meddle with his Tools,
The Fir's upon me now.*

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein, away with me, for if I have but two hours to consider, all the Widows in the World cannot recover me.

Wid. If you will go with me, Sir.

Val. Yes, marry will I, but 'tis in anger yet, and I will marry thee, do not cross me, yes, and I will lie with thee, and get a whole bundle of Babies, and I will kiss thee; stand still and kiss me handsomely, but do not provoke me, stir neither Hand nor Foot, for I am dangerous, I drunk Sack Yesternight, do not allure me: Thou art no Widow of this World, come in Pity, and in spite I'll marry thee, not a word more, and I may be brought to love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant, and Uncle, at several Doors

Mer. Well meet again, and what good news yet?

Unc. Faith nothing.

Mer. No Fruits of what we sow'd?

Unc. Nothing I hear of.

Mer. No turning in this tide yet?

Unc.

Unc. 'Tis all flood, and 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lance, Shorthose, *a Torch.*

Mer. Is not this his younger Brother?

Unc. With a Gentlewoman the Widow's Sister, as I live he smiles, he has got good hold; why well said *Frank* i'faith, let's stay and mark.

Isab. Well, you are the prettiest Youth, and so you have handled me, think you ha'me sure.

Fran. As sure as Wedlock.

Isab. You had best lye with me too.

Fran. Yes, indeed will I, and get such black-ey'd Boys.

Unc. God a Mercy, *Frank.*

Isab. This is a merry World, poor simple Gentlewomen that think no harm, cannot walk about their Business, but they must be catcht up I know not how.

F. an. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct ye too, have I caught you, Mistrefs?

Isab. Well, and it were not for pure Pity, I wou'd give you the slip yet, but being as it is.

Fran. It shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, *with a Torch.*

Isab. My Sister, as I live, your Brother with her! sure, I think you are the King's Takers.

Unc. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a Man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have.

Wid. I pray, speak softly.

Val. I'll speak it out Widow, yes, and you shall confess too, I am no Nurse-child, I went for a Man, a good one, if you can beat me out o'th' pit.

Wid. I did but Jest with you.

Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle you: Nay, when my Credit calls.

Wid. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your Preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Frank.*

Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, Sir.

Val.

Val. Along with methen, never hang an Arse, Widow.

Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, Sister.

Val. Well said Black-brows, advance your Torches Gentlemen.

Unc. Yes, yes, Sir.

Val. And keep your Ranks.

Mer. Lance, carry this before him.

Unc. Carry it in State.

Enter Musicians, Fountain, Hairbrain, Bellamore.

Val. What are you, Musicians? I know you coming, and what are those behind you?

Musi. Gentlemen that sent us to give the Lady a good Morrow. (you,

Val. O I know them, come Boy sing the Song I taught And sing it lustily; come forward Gentlemen, you're welcom,

Welcom, now we are all Friends, go get the Priest ready, And let him not be long, we have much business:

Come *Frank*, rejoyce with me, thou hast got the start Boy, But I'll so tumble after; come my Friends, lead,

Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles ring Boys,

My Follies and my Fancies have an end here,

Display the Mortgage *Lance*, Merchant I'll pay you,

And every thing shall be in joynt again.

Unc. Afore, afore.

Val. And now confels and know,

Wit without Mony, sometimes gives the Blow.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



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The Beggars Bush vol. 2, p. 6

Beggars Bush.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the Year 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

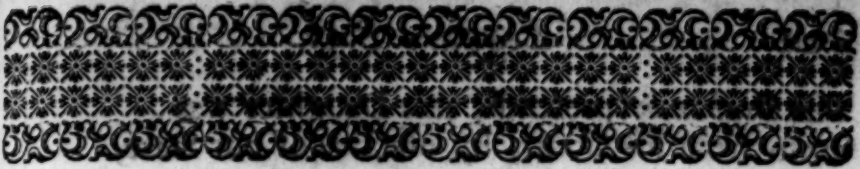
WOlfort, *an Usurper of the Earldom of Flanders.*
Gerrard, *falsely called Clause, King of the Beggars,*
Father-in-Law to Florez.
Hubert, *an honest Lord, a Friend to Gerrard.*
Florez, *falsely called Goswin, a rich Merchant of*
Bruges.
Hempskirke, *a Captain under Wolfort.*
Herman, *a Courtier,* } *Inhabitants of Flanders.*
A Merchant, }
Vandunke, *a drunken Merchant friend to Gerrard, falsely*
called Father to Bertha.
Vanlock, *and* } *of Bruges.*
4 Merchants, }
Higger, }
Prigg, } *Three Knavish Beggars.*
Snapp, }
Ferret, } *Two Gentlemen disguised under those*
Ginkes, } *Names, of Gerrard's Party.*
Clown.
Boors.
Servants.
Guard.
A Sailor.

W O M E N.

Jaculin, *Daughter to Gerrard, belov'd of Hubert.*
Bertha, *called Gertrude, Daughter to the Duke of Brabant, Mistress to Florez.*
Margaret, *Wife to Vandunke.*
Mrs. Frances, *a Frow, Daughter to Vanlock.*

SCENE FLANDERS.

Beggars



Beggars Bush.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a Merchant and Herman.

M E R C H A N T.



He then taken?

Her. And brought back ev'n now, Sir.

Mer. He was not in disgrace?

Her. No Man more lov'd,
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only Man
That durst be honest in this Court.

Mer. Indeed

We have heard abroad, Sir, that the State hath suffer'd
A great change, since the Countess's Death.

Her. It hath, Sir.

Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a Stranger
So much to all the Occurents of my Country,
As you shall bind me for some short Relation
To make me understand the present Times.

Her. I must begin then with a War was made,
And sev'n Years with all cruelty continued,
Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*,
The cause grew thus, during our Earl's Minority,
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither
To treat about a Match between our Earl (Treaty
And the Daughter and Heir of *Brabant*: During which
The

The *Brabander* pretends, this Daughter was
 Stolen from his Court, by practice of our State,
 Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought Quarrel
 To lay an unjust gripe upon this Earldom,
 It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*
 Had no such loss. This War upon't proclaim'd,
 Our Earl, being then a Child, although his Father
 Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in respect he was
 Chos'n by the Countess's favour for her Husband,
 And but a Gentleman, and *Florenz* holding
 His Right unto this Country from his Mother,
 The State thought fit in this defensive War,
Wolfort being then the only Man of mark,
 To make him General.

Mer. Which place we have heard,
 He did discharge with Honour.

Her. Ay, so long,
 And with so blest Successes, that the *Brabander*
 Was forc'd (his Treasures wasted, and the choice
 Of his best Men of Arms tyr'd, or cut off)
 To leave the Field, and found a base Retreat
 Back to his Country: But so broken both
 In Mind and Means, e'er to make head again,
 That hitherto he sits down by his loss,
 Nor daring, or for Honour, or Revenge,
 Again to tempt his Fortune. But this Victory
 More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
 In *Flanders*, than the greatest Overthrow
 She ever receiv'd: For *Wolfort*, now beholding
 Himself, and Actions, in the flattering Glass
 Of Self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
 The strong assurance of his Pow'r, for then
 All Captains of the Army were his Creatures,
 The common Soldier too at his Devotion,
 Made so by full indulgence to their Rapines
 And secret Bounties; this Strength too well known,
 And what it cou'd effect, soon put in practice,
 As further'd by the Child-hood of the Earl,
 And their improvidence, that might have pierc'd

The

The heart of his Designs, gave him occasion
To seize the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
Bruges holds out.

Mer. Whither, Sir, I am going,
For there last Night I had a Ship put in,
And my Horse waits me.

Her. I wish you a good Journey.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Wolfort, Hubert, &c.

Wol. What? *Hubert* stealing from me? Who disarm'd
It was more than I commanded; take your Sword, (him?)
I am best guarded with it in your Hand,
I have seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
On my own Bosom, e'er it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.

Wol. Wou'd you leave me
Without a farewell, *Hubert*? Flie a Friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?
Or either did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any Grace,
Reward or Trust from me, but his Approaches
Where by your fair Reports of him prefer'd?
And what is more, I made my self your Servant,
In making you the Master of those Secrets
Which not the rack of Conscience cou'd draw from me,
Nor I, when I askt Mercy, trust my Prayers with;
Yet after these assurances of Love,
These tyes and bonds of Friendship, to forsake me?
Forsake me as an Enemy? Come, you must
Give me a Reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private; and you hear it.

Wol. All leave the Room: You have your Will, sit down
And use the liberty of our first Friendship. (*vanish'd,*

Hub. Friendship? When you prov'd Traitor first, that
Nor

Nor do I owe you any thought but hate,
 I know my flight hath forfeited my Head;
 And so I may make you first understand
 What a strange Monster you have made your self;
 I welcom it.

Wol. To me this is strange Language.

Hub. To you? Why what are you?

Wol. Your Prince and Master,
 The Earl of *Flanders*.

Hub. By a proper Title!
 Rais'd to it by Cunning, Circumvention, Force,
 Blood, and Proscriptions.

Wol. And in all this Wisdom,
 Had I not Reason? When by *Gerrard's* Plots
 I shou'd have first been call'd to a strict Accompt
 How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
 Of Mony, as they term it, in the War,
 Who underhand had by his Ministers
 Detracted my great Action, made my Faith
 And Loyalty suspected, in which failing
 He sought my Life by Practice.

Hub. With what Fore-head
 Do you speak this to me? Who, as I know't,
 Must, and will say 'tis false.

Wol. My Guard there.

Hub. Sir, you bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
 Which I now say you shall; not a sound more,
 For I that am Contemner of mine own,
 Am Master of your Life; then here's a Sword
 Between you, and all aids, Sir: though you blind
 The credulous Beast, the Multitude, you pass not
 These gross Untruths on me.

Wol. How? Gross Untruths?

Hub. Ay, and it is favourable Language,
 They had been in a mean Man Lies, and foul ones.

Wol. You take strange Licence.

Hub. Yes, were not those Rumours
 Of being call'd unto your Answer, spread
 By your own Followers? And weak *Gerrard* wrought,
 But

But by your cunning practice, to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of Law,
But first to be made sure, and have your Crimes
Laid open after, which your quaint Train taking
You fled unto the Camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent Life, and that,
Since you had escap'd the fury of the War,
You might not fall by Treason: And for proof,
You did not for your own ends make this danger;
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their Oaths they had been hir'd
By *Gerrard* to your Murther. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th' enraged Soldier
Seeing no further than the outward Man,
Snatch'd hastily his Arms, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were Servants, or thought Friends to *Gerrard*,
Vowed the like to him,

Wol. Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his Son, the Earl,
Forsook the City; and by secret ways,
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Escap'd their Fury: Though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest: Nor stand you there
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it, but your Cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody Ills,
As if compar'd, they only wou'd appear
Essays of Mischief; do not stop your Ears,
More are behind yet.

Wol. O repeat them not,
'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd.

Hub. You should have thought,
That Hell would be your Punishment when you did them,
A Prince in nothing but your Princely Lusts,
And boundless Rapines.

Wol. No more, I beseech you.

Hub. Who was the Lord of House or Land, that stood
Vol. II. L Within

Within the prospect of your covetous Eye?

Wol. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
Than e'er I was to any.

Hub. I end thus

The general Grief. Now to my private wrong;

The loss of *Gerrard's* Daughter *Jaculin*:

The hop'd for Partner of my lawful Bed,

Your Cruelty hath frightened from mine Arms;

And her I now was wandering to recover.

Think you that I had reason now to leave you,

When you are grown so justly odious,

That ev'n my stay here, with your Grace and Favour,

Makes my Life irksome? Here, surely take it,

And do me but this Fruit of all your Friendship,

That I may die by you, and not your Hang-man.

Wol. Oh *Hubert*, these your Words and Reasons have

As well drawn drops of Blood from my griev'd Heart,

As these Tears from mine Eyes; Despise them not.

By all that's sacred, I am serious, *Hubert*,

You now have made me sensible, what Furies,

Whips, Hangmen, and Tormentors, a bad Man

Do's ever bear about him: Let the good

That you this Day have done, be ever number'd

The first of your best Actions. Can you think,

Where *Goswin* is, or *Gerrard*, or your Love,

Or any else, or all that are proscrib'd?

I will resign, what I Usurp, or have

Unjustly forc'd; the Days I have to live

Are too too few to make them Satisfaction

With any Penitence: Yet I vow to practise

All of a Man.

Hub. O that your Heart and Tongue

Did not now differ!

Wol. By my Grievs they do not.

Take the good Pains to search them out: 'Tis worth it.

You have made clean a Leper: Trust me, you have,

And made me once more fit for the Society,

I hope, of good Men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse

My

My aptness to believe.

Wol. Suspect not you

A Faith that's built upon so true a Sorrow:
Make your own Safeties; ask them all the ties
Humanity can give, *Hempskirke* too shall
Along with you to this so wish'd discov'ry,
And in my Name profess all that you promise;
And I will give you this help to't: I have
Of late receiv'd certain Intelligence,
That some of them are in or about *Bruges*
To be found out: Which I did then interpret,
The cause of that Town's standing out against me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their Safety, and me Peace.

Hub. Be constant to your Goodness, and you have it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter three Merchants.

1 Mer. 'Tis much that you deliver of this *Goswin*.

2 Mer. But short of what I cou'd, yet have the Country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general Oath,
And not a Man hazard his Credit in it:
He bears himself with such a Confidence
As if he were the Master of the Sea,
And not a Wind, upon the Sailers Compass,
But from one part or other was his Factor,
To bring him in the best Commodities
Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

1 Mer. 'Tis strange.

2 Mer. And yet

This do's in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar Fashions,
Which all admire: He's Young, and Rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that since he liv'd
In *Bruges*, there was never brought to Harbour
So rich a Bottom, but his Bill wou'd pass
Unquestion'd for her Lading.

L. 2

3 Mer.

3 *Mer.* Yet he still
Continues a good Man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, wou'd be held an Injury
Or rather Malice, with the best that Traffick;
But this is nothing, a great Stock, and Fortune;
Crowning his Judgment in his Undertakings
May keep him upright that way: But that Wealth
Shou'd want the Pow'r to make him dote on it,
Or Youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant Temper; for his outward Habit,
'Tis suitable to his present course of Life:
His Table furnish'd well, but not with Dainties
That please the Appetite only for their rareness,
Or their dear Price: Nor giv'n to Wine or Women,
Beyond his Health, or warrant of a Man,
I mean a good one: And so loves his State
He will not hazard it at Play; nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
Although a Challenge second the Denial
From such as make th' opinion of their Valour
Their means of Feeding.

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
And the means not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows, this
Makes many Venturers with him, in their Wishes,
For his Prosperity: For when Desert
Or Reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble Mind and ready Hand contend
Which can add most to his free Courtesies,
Or in their Worth, or speed to make them so.
Is there a Virgin of good Fame wants Dower?
He is a Father to her; or a Soldier
That in his Country's Service, from the War
Hath brought home only Scars, and Want? His House
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he Steward of it.
But I should lose my self to speak him further

And stale in my Relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From *Bruges* be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This Report,
I do assure you, will not hasten it,
Nor wou'd I wish a better Man to deal with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your Man and ours, only I wish
Histoo much forwardness to embrace all Bargains
Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
For my part I am confident; here he comes.

Enter Goswin, and the fourth Merchant.

Gos. I take it at your own rates, your Wine of *Cyprus*;
But for your *Candy* Sugars, they have met
With such foul Weather, and are priz'd so high,
I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another Chapman: Make me offer
Of something near Price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.

Gos. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loss; your Bill of Lading
Speaks of two hundred Chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand Gilders, I will have them
At twenty eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand Sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap. —

Gos. Why look you, I'll deal fairly; there's in Prison,
And at your suit, a Pirate, but unable
To make you Satisfaction, and past hope
To live a Week, if you shou'd prosecute
What you can prove against him: Set him free,
And you shall have your Mony to a Stiver,
And present Payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A Merchant of your Rank, that have at Sea

So many Bottoms in the danger of
 These Water-Thieves, shou'd be a means to save 'em;
 It more importing you for your own safety,
 To be at charge to scour the Sea of them
 Than stay the Sword of Justice, that is ready
 To fall on one so conscious of his Guilt
 That he dares not deny it.

Gos. You mistake me,
 If you think I wou'd cherish in this Captain
 The wrong he did to you, or any Man;
 I was lately with him, (having first, from others
 True Testimony, been assured a Man
 Of more desert never put from the Shore)
 I read his Letters of Mart from this State granted
 For the recov'ry of such Losses, as
 He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
 Not at three Tuns of Wine, Bisket, or Beef,
 Which his Necessity made him take from you.
 If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your Ship,
 Or thrown your Men o'er-board, then he deserv'd
 The Laws extreamest Rigour. But since want
 Of what he cou'd not live without, compell'd him
 To that he did (which yet our State calls Death)
 I pity his Misfortune; and to work you
 To some Compassion of them, I come up
 To your own Price: Save him, the Goods are mine;
 If not, seek else-where, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well Sir, for your Love, I will once be led
 To change my Purpose.

Gos. For your Profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his Discharge,
 Till when, I leave you.

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble Pity, guided
 By a strong Judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you, Master *Goswin*.

Gos. Good Day to all.

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
 Of more Commodities.

Gos.

Gof. Are you the Owners
Of the Ship that last Night put into the Harbour?

1 Mer. Both of the Ship, and Lading.

Gof. What's the Freight?

1 Mer. Indico, Cocbineel, choice Chyna Stuffs.

3 Mer. And Cloth of Gold, brought from Cambal.

Gof. Rich Lading,
For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of Cash.

1 Mer. I'll give you Day
For the moiety of all.

Gof. How long?

3 Mer. Six Months.

Gof. 'Tis a fair Offer; which, if we agree
About the Prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make present Payment of the rest;
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 Mer. The Gunner shall speak you welcome.

Gof. I'll not fail.

3 Mer. Good Morrow. [Exeunt Merchants.]

Gof. Heav'n grant my Ships a safe Return, before
The Day of this great Payment: As they are
Expected three Months sooner; and my Credit
Stands good with all the World.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless my good Master,
The Prayers of your poor Beads-man ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Gof. God o'mercy Clause,
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.

Ger. May he that gave it you.
Reward you for it, with encrease, good Master.

Gof. I thrive the better for thy Pray'rs

Ger. I hope so.

This three Years have I fed upon your Bounties,
And by the Fire of your blest Charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now receiv'd your Alms, presume
To make one sute more to you.

Gos. What is't, *Clause*?

Ger. Yet do not think me Impudent I beseech you,
Since hitherto your Charity hath prevented
My Begging your relief, 'tis not for Mony
Nor Cloaths, good Master, but your good Word forme.

Gos. That thou shalt have, *Clause*, for I think thee honest.

Ger. To Morrow then, dear Master, take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Bush*;

And as you see me, among others; Brethren
In my Affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like the best among us, point out me;
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Gos. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. O much, Sir,
'Twill give me the preheminance of the rest,
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse, such as are stronger, might
Offer my Age; Sir, at your better leisure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.

Gos. 'Troth thou mak'st me wonder;
Have you a King and Common-wealth among you?

Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worse.

Gos. Ambition among Beggars?

Ger. Many great ones
Wou'd part with half their States, to have the Place,
And Credit, to beg in the first File, Master:
But shall I be so much bound to your Furtherance
In my Petition?

Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly Care make me forget it,
I will be early there.

Ger. Heav'n bless my Master.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clause, Jaculin, Snap, Ginks, and other Beggars.

Hig. **C**OME Princes of the Ragged Regiment,
You o' the Blood, *Prigg*, my most upright Lord,
And these, what Name or Title, e'er they bear,
Jarkman, or *Patrico*, *Cranke*, or *Clapperdudgeon*,
Frater, or *Abram-man*; I speak to all
That stand in fair Election for the Title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the Command adjoyning,
Higgen, your Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put your selves in Rank,
That the first Comer, may at his first View
Make a free choice, to say up the Question.

Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, Lord *Higgen*.

Hig. Thanks to Prince *Prigg*, Prince *Ferret*.

Fer. Well, pray my Masters all, *Ferret* be chosen;
Y'are like to have a Merciful mild Prince of me.

Prigg. A very Tyrant, I, an arrant Tyrant,
If e'er I come to Reign; therefore look to't.
Except you do provide me Hum enough
And Lour to Bouze with: I must have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geese,
And Ducklings i'th' Season: Fine fat Chickens,
Or if you chance where an Eye of tame Pheasants
Or Partridges are kept, see they be mine,
Or straight I seize on all your Privilege,
Places, Revenues, Offices, as forfeit,
Call in your Crutches, wooden Legs, false Bellies,
Forc'd Eyes and Teeth, with your dead Arms; not leave
A dirty Clout to Beg with o' your Heads, (you
Or an old Rag with Butter, Frankincense,
Brimston and Rozen, Birdlime, Blood, and Cream,
To make you an old Sore; not so much Soap
As you may some with i'th' Falling-sickness;
The very Bag you bear, and the brown Dish

Shall

Shall be escheated. All your daintiest Dells too
I will deflower, and take your dearest Doxyes
From your warm Sides; and then some one cold Night
I'll watch you what old Barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i'th' musty Hay.

Hig. This is Tyrant-like indeed; But what would *Ginks*,
Or *Claufe* be here, if either of them should Reign?

Cla. Best ask an As, if he were made a Camel,
What he wou'd be; or a Dog, and he were a Lyon.

Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be
A Beggar still I am sure, I find my self there.

Enter Goswin.

Snap. O here a Judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.

Gos. What ail you, Sirs? what means this Outcry?

Hig. Master,

A sort of poor Souls met: God's Fools, good Master,
Have had some little Variance amongst our selves
Who shou'd be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his Calling: Now, 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree on't our selves, because
Indeed 'tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd, to put it (ship,
To him that should come next, and that's your Master-
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your Mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: Which?
Which does your Worship think is he? sweet Master
Look over us all, and tell us; we are sev'n of us,
Like to the seven wise Masters, or the Planets.

Gos. I should judge this the Man with the grave Beard,
And if he be not ———

Cla. Bless you, good Master, bless you. (you

Gos. I would he were; there's something too amongst
To keep you all honest. [Exit.

Snap. King of Heav'n go with you.

Omn. Now good reward him, (hour.
May he never want it, to comfort still the Poor, in a good

Fer. What is't? see: *Snap* has got it.

Snap. A good Crown, marry.

Prig. A Crown of Gold.

Fer. For our new King: good luck.

Ginks.

Ginks. To the common Treasury with it; if't be Gold,
Thither it must.

Prigg. Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret*——
King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, *Clause,*
After this Golden Token of a Crown.
Where's Orator Higgen with his gratuling Speech now
In all our Names?

Fer. Here he is pumping for it.

Gin. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more
And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all: Expect now——

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable *Clause,*
Our King and Sovereign; Monarch o' th' Maunders,
Thus we throw up our Nab-cheats, first for joy,
And then our Filches; last, we clap our Fambles,
Three subject signs, we do it without Envy:
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em: All will say so,
Nay swear't: 'Tis for the King, but let that pass.
When last in Conference at the bouzing ken
This other Day we sat about our dead Prince
Of famous Memory; rest go with his Rags,
And that I saw thee at the Tables end,
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
Lift the other like a Scepter at my Head,
I then presag'd thou shortly wou'dst be King,
And now thou art so: But what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy Beard
As well, as he that chose thee? By that Beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Sovereignty.
O happy Beard! But happier Prince, whose Beard
Was so remark'd, as marked out our Prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it,
May live as safe, as under *Beggars Bush,*
Of which this is the thing, that but the Type.

Om. Excellent, excellent Orator, forward good *Higgen,*
Give him leave to spit: The fine, well-spoken *Higgen.*

Hig. This is the Beard, the Bush, or Bushy-beard,
Under whose Gold and Silver Reign 'twas said,

So many Ages since, we all should smile
 No Impositions, Taxes, Grievances,
 Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject,
 Lye lurking in this Beard, but all kemb'd out:
 If now, the Beard be such, what is the Prince
 That ow's the Beard? A Father; no, a Grand-father;
 Nay the great Grand-father of you his People.
 He will not force away your Hens, your Bacon,
 When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
 The fattest of your Puddings: Under him
 Each Man shall eat his own stol'n Eggs, and Butter,
 In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
 His own dear Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at Night
 In his own Straw, with his own Shirt, or Sheet,
 That he hath filch'd that day, ay, and possess
 What he can purchase, Back, or Belly-cheats
 To his own prop: He will have no Purveyers
 For Pigs, and Poultry.

Cl. That we must have, my learned Orator,
 It is our Will, and every Man to keep
 In his own path and circuit. *Hig.* Do you hear?
 You must hereafter maund on your own pads, he says.

Cl. And what they get there, is their own, besides
 To give good words.

Hig. Do you mark? To cut been whids,
 That is the second Law. *Cl.* And keep a-foot
 The humble and the common phrase of Begging,
 Lest Men discover us.

Hig. Yes; and cry sometimes,
 To move Compassion: Sir, there is a Table,
 That doth command all these things, and enjoyns 'em,
 Be perfect in their Crutches, their feign'd Plaisters,
 And their torn Pass-ports, with the ways to Stammer,
 And to be Dumb, and Deaf, and Blind, and Lame,
 There, all the halting Paces are set down,
 I th' learned Language.

Cl. Thither I refer 'em,
 Those, you at leisure shall interpret to 'em.
 We love no heaps of Laws, where few will serve.

Om. O gracious Prince, 'save, 'save the good King *Clause.*
Hig.

Hig. A Song to Crown him.

Fer. Set a Centinel out first.

Snap. The word?

Hig. A Cove comes, and fumbumbis to it. — *Strike.*

The S O N G.

CAST our Caps and Cares away: This is Beggars Holy-day!
At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever Dance and Sing.
In the World look out and see: Where's so happy a Prince as he?
Where the Nations live so free, and so merry as do we?
Be it Peace, or be it War, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest; To the Field we are not Prest;
Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
Hang all Officers we cry, and the Magistrate too, by;
When the Subsidie's encreast, we are not a penny Sest.
Nor will any go to Law, with the Beggar for a Straw.
All which Happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his Rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, and Hempkirke.

Snap. A Cove comes: Fumbumbis.

Prigg. To your Postures; Arm.

Hub. Yonder's the Town: I see it.

Hemp. There's our danger

Indeed afore us, if our Shadows save not.

Hig. Bless your good Worships.

Per. One small piece of Mony.

Prigg. Among us all poor Wretches.

Cl. Blind, and Lame.

Ginks. For his sake that gives all.

Hig. Pitiful Worships.

Snap. One little Doyt.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?

Fer. To buy a little Bread.

Hig. To feed so many

Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

Prigg. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven good Master, O remember seven,
Seven Blessings.

Fer. Remember, gentle Worship.

Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly Sins;

Prigg.

Prigg. And seven Sleepers.

Hig. If they be hard of Heart, and will give nothing---
Alas, we had not a Charity these three days.

Hub. There's amongst you all.

Fer. Heav'n reward you.

Prigg. Lord reward you.

Hig. The Prince of Pity bless thee.

Hub. Do I see? Or is't my Fancy that wou'd have it so?
Ha? 'Tis her Face: Come hither, Maid.

Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my Squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun Meat,
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a Butterfly,
And I'll love you again, when? Can you tell?
Peace, we go a birding: I shall have a fine thing. [*Exit.*

Hub. Her Voice too says the same; but for my Head
I wou'd not that her Manners were so chang'd.
Hear me thou honest Fellow; what's this Maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? Nothing but signs?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. This is strange,
I would fain have it her, but not her thus. (dumb, Sir.

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude---

Hub. Slid they did all speak plain ev'n now methought.
Do'st thou know this same Maid? (fool

Snap. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the Barn yonder,
By-be-be-be-be-Beggars Bush-bo-bo-Bush

Her Name is, My-my-my-my-my-match: So was her Mo-
(mo-mo-Mothers too-too.

Hub. I understand no word he says; how long
Has she been here? (go-go-go-good luck.

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, and she ha'

Hub. I must be better inform'd, than by this way.
Here was another Face too, that I mark'd
Of the old Man's: But they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly: I will come here again.
O, that I were so happy as to find it,
What I yet hope: It is put on.

Hemp.

Hemp. What mean you, Sir,
To stay there with that Stammerer?

Hub. Farewel, Friend,——
It will be worth return, to search: Come,
Protect us our Disguise now, prithee *Hempskirke*
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This Town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against *Wolfort*?

Hemp. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their Walls a sunning, to make Crows Meat,
If I were not assur'd o' the *Burgomaster*,
And had a pretty excuse to see a Neice there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the Ports: Good luck, and enter. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? And from all other parts,
Do all my Agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a Conspiracy of Winds, and Servants,
If not of Elements, to ha' me break;
What should I think, unless the Seas and Sands
Had swallow'd up my Ships? Or Fire had spoil'd
My Ware-houses? Or Death devour'd my Factors?
I must ha' had some Returns.

Enter Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, Sir.

Gos. 'Save you.

1 *Mer.* No News yet o' your Ships?

Gos. Not any yet, Sir.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

[*Exit.*

Gos. 'Tis true, Sir: What a Voice was here now?
This was one Passing-bell, a thousand Ravens
Sung in that Man now, to presage my Ruins.

2 *Mer.* *Goswin*, good day, these Winds are very constant.

Gos. They are so, Sir; to hurt——

2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no Letters
Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?

Gos.

Gof. Neither.

(Land,

2 Mer. This Wind brings them; nor no News over
Through *Spain*, from the *Straights*?

Gof. Not any.

2 Mer. I am sorry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Gof. They talk me down: And as 'tis said of Vulturs
They scent a Field fought, and do smell the Carkasses
By many hundred Miles: So do these, my Wracks
At greater distances. Why, thy will Heav'n
Come on, and be: Yet if thou please, preserve me;
But in my own Adventure, here at home,
Of my chaste Love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill Fortunes:
I am not broken yet: Nor shou'd I fall,
Methinks with less than that, that ruins all.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Vanduncke, Hubert, Hempskirke,
Margaret, and Boors.*

Vand. Captain, you are welcome; so is this your Friend
Most safely welcome; though our Town stand out
Against your Master, you shall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him: *Margaret*, some Wine,
Let's talk a little Treason, if we can (men,
Talk Treason, 'gainst the Traitors; by your leave Gentle-
We, here in *Bruges*, think he do's usurp,
And therefore I am bold with him.

Hub. Sir, your boldness
Happily becomes your Mouth, but not our Ears,
While we are his Servants; and as we come here,
Not to ask Questions, walk forth on your Walls,
Visit your Courts of Guard, view your Munition,
Ask of your Corn-provisions, nor enquire
Into the least, as Spies upon your Strengths,
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in Passage or Discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties hear,
And that shall seal our welcome.

Vand. Good: Let's drink then,

Fill

Fill out, I keep mine old Pearl still, Captain.

Marg. I hang fast, Man.

Hen. Old Jewels commend their Keeper, Sir.

Vand. Here's to you with a Heart, my Captain's Friend,
With a good Heart, and if this make us speak
Bold words, anon, 'tis all under the Rose
Forgotten: Drown all Memory, when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken, noble *Burgomaster*,
I'll do you right.

Hemp. Nay Sir, mine heer *Vandunke*
Is a true Statesman.

(*Wolf*

Vand. Fill my Captain's Cup there, O that your Maste
Had been an honest Man.

Hub. Sir?

Vand. Under the Rose.

Hemp. Here's to you *Margaret*.

Matg. Welcome, welcome, Captain.

Vand. Well said my Pearl still.

Hemp. And how does my Neice?
Almost a Woman, I think? This Friend of mine
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her: She was my Errand.

Vand. Ay, a kind Uncle you are (fill him his Glas)
That in sev'n Years, could not find leisure——

Hemp. No,
It's not so much.

Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't,
It was before the *Brabander* 'gan his War,
For Moon-shine, i' the Water there, his Daughter
That never was lost: Yet you could not find time
To see a Kinswoman: But she is worth the seeing, Sir,
Now you are come, you ask if she were a Woman?
She is a Woman, Sir; fetch her forth *Margaret*. [*Ex. Marg*
And a fine Woman, and has Suitors.

Hemp. How?
What Suitors are they?

Vand. Bachellors; young Burgers:
And one, a Gallant, the young Prince of Merchants
We call him here in *Bruges*.

Hemp. How? A Merchant?

I thought, *Vandunke*, you had understood me better,
And my Neice too, so trusted to you by me,
Than t' admit of such in name of Suitors.

Vand. Such? He is such a such, as were she mine
I'd give him thirty thousand Crowns with her.

Hem. But the same things, Sir, fit not you and me. [Ex.]

Vand. Why, give's some Wine, then; this will fit us all:
Here's to you still, my Captain's Friend: All out:
And still, wou'd *Wolfort* were an honest Man,
Under the Rose I speak it: But this Merchant
Is a brave Boy: He lives so, i' the Town here,
We know not what to think on him: At some times
We fear he will be Bankrupt; he do's stretch
Tenter his Credit so; embraces all,
And to't, the Winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he should have all his Returns,
We think he would be a King, and are half sure on't.
Your Master is a Traitor, for all this,
Under the Rose: Here's to you; and usurps
The Earldom from a better Man.

Hub. Ay marry, Sir,
Where is that Man?

Vand. Nay, soft: And I cou'd tell you
'Tis ten to one I wou'd not: Here's my Hand,
I love not *Wolfort*: Sit you still, with that:
Here comes my Captain again, and his fine Neice,
And there's my Merchant; view him well: Fill Wine here.

Enter Hempskirke, Gertrude, and Goswin,

Hemp. You must not only know me for your Uncle
Now, but obey me: You, go cast your self
Away, upon a Dunghil here? A Merchant?
A pretty Fellow? One that makes his Trade
With Oaths and Perjuries?

Gos. What is that you say, Sir?
If it be me you speak of, as your Eye
Seems to direct, I wish you wou'd speak to me, Sir.

Hemp. Sir, I do say, she is no Merchandize;
Will that suffice you?

Gos. Merchandize, good Sir?
Though you be Kinsman to her, take no leave thence

To

To use me with Contempt: I ever thought
Your Neice above all Price.

Hemp. And do so still, Sir,
I assure you, her rates are more than you are worth.

Gof. You do not know what a Gentleman's worth, Sir,
Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said, Merchant.

Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.

Hemp. A Gentleman?
What, o'the Wool-pack? Or the Sugar-chest?
Or lifts of Velvet? Which is't, Pound, or Yard,
You vent your Gentry by?

Hub. O *Hempskirke*, fye.

Van. Come, do not mind 'em, drink, he is no *Wolfort*,
Captain, I advise you.

Hemp. Alas, my pretty Man,
I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither,
Turn this way, a little: If it were the Blood
Of *Charlemaine*, as't may, for ought I know,
Be some good Botcher's Issue, here in *Bruges*.

Gof. How?

Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain of that; of this I am,
If it once buy, and sell, its Gentry is gone.

Gof. Ha, ha.

Hemp. You are angry, though ye laugh.

Gof. No, now 'tis pity
Of your poor Argument. Do not you, the Lords
Of Land, if you be any, sell the Grasse,
The Corn, the Straw, the Milk, the Cheefe?

Vand. And Butter:
Remember Butter; do not leave out Butter. (stor'd with?)

Gof. The Beefs and Muttons that your Grounds are
Swine, with the very Mast, beside the Woods?

Hemp. No, for those sordid uses we have Tenants,
Or else our Bailiffs.

Gof. Have not we, Sir, Chap-men,
And Factors, then to answer these? Your Honour
Fetch'd from the Heralds *ABC*, and said over
With your Court Faces, once an hour, shall never

Make me mistake my self. Do not your Lawyers
Sell all their Practice, as your Priests their Pray'rs?
What is not bought, and sold? The Company
That you had last, what had you for't, i' fath?

Hemp. You now grow sawcy.

Gof. Sure I have been bred
Still, with my honest Liberty, and must use it.

Hemp. Upon your Equals then.

Gof. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my Equal.

Hemp. Do ye hear? No more.

Gof. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't shall be aside, then after, as you please.
You appear the Uncle, Sir, to her I love
More than mine Eyes; and I have heard your Scorns
With so much scoffing, and so much shame,
As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,
I suck'd not in this Patience with my Milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young,
Or cast despights on my Profession,
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good Man bears a Contumely worse
Than he would do an Injury. Proceed not
To my Offence: Wrong is not still successful,
Indeed it is not: I would approach your Kinswoman
With all respect, due to your self and her.

Hemp. Away Companion: Handling her? Take that.
[*Strikes him.*]

Gof. Nay, I do love no blows, Sir, there's exchange.
[*He gets Hempskirke's Sword, and cuts him on the Head.*]

Hub. Hold, Sir.

Mar. O murther.

Gert. Help my *Goswin*.

Mar. Man.

Vand. Let 'em alone; my Life for one.

Gof. Nay come,
If you have Will.

Hub. None to offend you, I, Sir.

Gof. He that had, thank himself: Not hand her? yes Sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would she
Now

Now go with me) bear her through all her Race,
Her Father, Brethren, and her Uncles, arm'd,
And all their Nephews, though they stood a Wood
Of Pikes, and Wall of Cannon. Kiss me *Gertrude*,
Quake not, but kiss me.

Vand. Kiss him, Girl, I bid you;
My Merchant Royal; fear no Uncles: Hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles: Are not we in *Bruges*?
Under the Rose here?

Gof. In this Circle, Love,
Thou art as safe, as in a Tower of Brass;
Let such as do wrong, fear.

Vand. Ay, that's good,
Let *Wolfort* look to that.

Gof. Sir, here she stands,
Your Neice, and my belov'd. One of these Titles
She must apply too; if unto the last,
Not all the Anger can be sent unto her,
In Frown, or Voice, or other Art, shall force her,
Had *Hercules* a Hand in't. Come, my Joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud Love, and profess it.

Vand. Do; and I drink to it.

Gof. Prithee say so, Love.

Gert. 'Twould take away the Honour from my Blushes:
Do not you play the Tyrant, Sweet: They speak it.

Hemp. I thank you, Neice.

Gof. Sir, thank her for your Life,
And fetch your Sword within.

Hemp. You insult too much
With your good Fortune, Sir. [*Exeunt Gof. and Gert.*

Hub. A brave clear Spirit;
Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil Habit
Oft covers a good Man; and you may meet
In Person of a Merchant, with a Soul
As resolute, and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any file of Mankind: Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?

Hemp. 'Tis done now,
Ask no more of it; I must suffer.

Exit.

Hub.

Hub. This
Is still the Punishment of Rashness, Sorrow.
Well; I must to the Woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There, I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my Enquiries further.

Vand. Ha?

A Looking-glass?

Hub. How now, brave *Burgomaster*?

Vand. I love no *Wolforts*, and my Name's *Vandunke*.

Hub. *Van-drunk* it's rather: Come, go sleep within.

Vand. Earl *Florez* is right Heir; and this same *Wolfort*,
Under the Rose I speak it——

Hub. Very hardly.

Vand. Usurps: And a rank Traitor, as ever breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go,
No Man shall hold he, that upholds him;
Do you uphold him?

Hub. No.

Vand. Then hold me up.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Goswin, and Hempskirke.

Hemp. Sir, I presume, you have a Sword of your own,
That can so handle another's.

Gos. Faith you may, Sir. (of you,

Hem. And ye have made me have so much better thoughts
As I am bound to call you forth.

Gos. For what, Sir?

Hemp. To the repairing of mine Honour, and Hurt here.

Gos. Express your way.

Hemp. By fight, and speedily.

Gos. You have your Will: Require you any more?

Hemp. That you be secret: And come single.

Gos. I will.

Hemp. As you are the Gentleman you would be thought.

Gos. Without the Conjurat[i]on: And I'll bring
Only my Sword, which I will fit to yours,
I'll take his length within.

Hemp. Your Place now, Sir?

Gos. By the Sand-hills.

Hemp. Sir, nearer to the Woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.

Gos.

Gof. There, then.

Hemp. Good.

Your time?

Gof. 'Twixt seven and eight.

Hemp. You'll give me, Sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my Neice,
If you come, like your Promise.

Gof. If I do not,
Let no Man think to call me unworthy first,
I'll do't my self, and justly wish to want her. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter three or four Boors.

1 Boor. **C**ome, English Beer, Hostess, English Beer by th'
Belly.

2 Boor. Stark Beer Boy, stout and strong Beer: So, sit
And drink me Upsey-Dutch: (down Lads,
Frolick, and fear not.

Enter Higgen like a Sow-gelder, Singing.

Hig. Have ye any work for the Sow-gelder, boe,
My Horn goes too high too low, too high too low.
Have ye any Pigs, Calves, or Colts,
Have ye any Lambs in your Holts
To cut for the Stone,
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any Braches to spade,
Or e'er a fair Maid
That would be a Nun;
Come kifs me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry Horn doth blow,
Too high too low, too high too low.

(a piece.

1 Boor. O excellent! two Pence a piece Boys, two Pence
Give the Boys some drink there. Piper, whet your Whistle,
Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my Wife's Con-

Hig. I'll sing ye a Song for't. (cupiscence?

Beggars Bush.

The SONG.

Take her, and bug her,
 And turn her, and tug her,
 And turn her again Boy, again,
 Then if she mumble,
 Or if her Tail tumble,
 Kifs her amain, Boy, amain;
 Do thy endeavour,
 To take off her Feaver,
 Then her Disease no longer will reign.
 If nothing will serve her,
 Then thus to preserve her,
 Swinge her amain, Boy, amain.
 Give her cold Jelly
 To take up her Belly,
 And once a day swinge her again.
 If she stand all these Pains,
 Then knock out her Brains,
 Her Disease no longer will reign.

1 Boor. More excellent, more excellent, sweet Sow-gel-

2 Boor. Three Pence a piece, three Pence a piece. (der-
 Hig. Will you hear a Song how the Devil was gelded?

3 Boor. Ay, ay, let's hear the Devil roar, Sow-gelder.

S O N G.

I.

He ran at me first in the shape of a Ram,
 And over and over the Sow-gelder came;
 I rose and I balter'd him fast by the Horn,
 I pluck'd out his Stones as you'd pick out a Corn.
 Baa, quoth the Devil, and forth he slunk,
 And left us a Carcase of Mutton that stunk.

II.

The next time I rode a good Mile and a half,
 Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf,
 I bound and I gelt him, e'er he did any evil;
 He was here at his best, but a sucking Devil.
 Maa, yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
 And this was sold after, for excellent Veal.

III. Some

III.

*Some half a Year after, in the form of a Pig
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
E'er a Man could fart twice, I had made him a Hog.
Ough, quoth the Devil, and forth gave a Jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the Perk.*

1 Boor. Groats apiece, Groats apiece, Groats apiece,
There sweet Sow-Gelder.

Enter Prigg and Ferret.

Prigg. Will ye see any feats of Activity,
Some slight of Hand, Legerdemain? Hey pass,
Presto, be gone there?

2 Boor. Sit down, Jugler.

Prigg. Sirrah, play you your Art well; draw near Piper:
Look you, my honest Friends, you see my Hands;
Plain dealing is no Devil: Lend me some Mony,
Twelve Pence a piece will serve.

1, 2 Boor. There, there.

Prigg. I thank you,
Thank ye heartily: When shall I pay ye?

All Boor. Ha, ha, ha, by th' Mass this was a fine trick.

Prigg. A merry slight toy: But now I'll show your
A Trick indeed. (Worships

Hig. Mark him well now, my Masters.

Prigg. Here are three Balls,
These Balls shall be three Bullets,
One, two, and three: *Ascentibus, malentibus.*
Presto, be gone: They are vanish'd: Fair play, Gentlemen.
Now these three, like three Bullets, from your three Noses
Will I pluck presently: Fear not, no harm Boys,
Titere, tu patule.

1 Boor. Oh, oh, oh.

Prigg. *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*

2 Boor. Ye pull too hard; ye pull too hard.

Prigg. Stand fair then:

Silvertram trim-tram.

3 Boor. Hold, hold, hold.

Prigg.

Prigg. Come aloft, Bullets three, with a whim-wham.
Have ye their Monies?

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 Boor. O rare Jugler!

2 Boor. O admirable Jugler!

Prigg. One trick more yet;

Hey, come aloft; *sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis?*

East, West, North, South, now fly like *Jack* with a *bumbis*.

Now all your Mony's gone; pray search your Pockets.

1 Boor. Humh.

2 Boor. He.

3 Boor. The Devil a penny's here!

Prigg. This was a rare Trick.

1 Boor. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

Prigg. I'll do ye that too; look upon me earnestly,
And move not any ways your Eyes from this Place,
This Button here? pow, whir, whiff, shake your Pockets.

1 Boor. By th' Mafs 'tis here again, Boys.

Prigg. Rest ye merry;
My first Trick has paid me.

All Boor. Ay, take it, take it,
And take some Drink too.

Prigg. Not a drop now I thank you;
Away, we are discover'd else.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Gerrard like a blind Aqua vitæ Man, and a
Boy, singing the Song.*

Bring out your Cony-skins, fair Maids to me,

And bold 'em fair that I may see;

Grey, Black, and Blue: For your smaller Skins,

I'll give ye Looking-Glasses, Pins:

And for your whole Cony, here's ready, ready Mony.

Come gentle Jone, do thou begin

With thy black, black, black Cony-skin.

And Mary then, and Jane will follow,

With their Silver hair'd Skins, and their yellow.

The white Cony-skin, I will not lay by,

For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the Eye;

The grey, it is warm, but yet for my Mony,

Give me the bonny, bonny black Cony.

Come

*Come away fair Maids, your Skins will decay:
Come, and take Mony, Maids, put your Ware away.
Cony-skins, Cony-skins, have ye any Cony-skins,
I have fine Bracelets, and fine Silver Pins.*

Ger. Buy any Brand Wine, buy any Brand Wine?

Boy. Have ye any Cony-skins? (Worship.

2 Boor. My fine Canary Bird, there's a Cake for thy

1 Boor. Come fill, fill, fill, fill suddenly: Let's see, Sir,
What's this?

Ger. A penny, Sir.

1 Boor. Fill till't be six Pence,

And there's my Pig.

Boy. This is a Counter, Sir.

1 Boor. A Counter! stay ye, what are these then?

O execrable Jügler! O damn'd Jugler!

Look in your Hose, ho, this comes of looking forward.

3 Boor. Devil a Dunkirk! what a Rogue's this Jugler!
This hey pass, repass, h'as repast us sweetly.

2 Boor. Do ye call these Tricks.

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any Ends of Gold or Silver? (cry Copper.

2 Boor. This Fellow comes to mock us; Gold or Silver?

1 Boor. Yes, my good Friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well, Sir,

You have the less to care for: Gold and Silver. [Exit.

Enter Prigg.

Prigg. Have ye any old Cloaks to sell, have ye any old
Cloaks to sell? [Exit.

1 Boor. Cloaks! Look about ye Boys: Mine's gone!

2 Boor. A———juggle 'em?

—O they're Prestoes: Mine's gone too!

3 Boor. Here's mine yet.

1 Boor. Come, come let's drink then more Brand Wine.

Boy. Here, Sir. (strip him.

1 Boor. If e'er I catch your Sow-gelder, by this Hand I'll
Were ever Fools so ferk't? We have two Cloaks yet;
And all our Caps; the Devil take the Flincher.

All Boor. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

Enter

Enter Hempskirke.

Hemp. Good do'n my honest Fellows,
You are merry here I see.

3 Boor. 'Tis all we have left, Sir.

Hemp. What hast thou? *Aqua vita?*

Boy. Yes.

Hemp. Fill out then;
And give these honest Fellows round.

All Boor. We thank ye.

Hemp. May I speak a word in private to ye?

All Boor. Yes, Sir.

Hemp. I have a business for you, honest Friends,
If you dare lend your help, shall get you Crowns.

Ger. Ha!

Lead me a little nearer, Boy.

1 Boor. What is't, Sir?

If it be any thing to purchase Mony,
Which is our want, command us.

Boors. All, all, all, Sir.

Hemp. You know the young spruce Merchant in *Bruges?*

2 Boor. Who? Master *Goswin?*

Hemp. That he owes me Mony,
And here in Town there is no stirring of him.

Ger. Say ye so?

Hemp. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a Mile hence, by the Chase side,
Under the row of Oaks; do you know it?

All Boor. Yes, Sir.

Hemp. Give 'em more Drink: There if you dare but
When I shall give the word to seize upon him,
Here's twenty Pound,

3 Boor. Beware the Jugler.

Hemp. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.

1 Boor. I warrant you, we'll hamper him.

Hemp. To discharge you,
I have a Warrant here about me.

3 Boor. Here's our Warrant,
This carries fire i'th' Tail.

Hemp. Away with me then,
The Time draws on,

I must

I must remove so insolent a Suitor,
And if he be so rich, make him pay Ransome
E'er he see *Bruges* Tow'rs again. Thus wise Men
Repair the hurts they take by a Disgrace,
And piece the Lion's Skin with the Fox's Case.

Ger. I am glad I have heard this sport yet. (Boys,

Hemp. There's for thy Drink, come pay the House within
And lose no time.

Ger. Away with all our haste too.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. No Wind blow fair yet? No return of Monies?
Letters? Nor any thing to hold my Hopes up?
Why then 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably!
My Credit I was built on, sinking with me.
Thou boystrous North-wind, blowing my Misfortunes,
And frosting all my hopes to cakes of Coldness;
Yet stay thy Fury; give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those Sails that bring me safety,
And you auspicious Fires, bright Twins in Heav'n,
Dance on the Shrowds; he blows still stubbornly
And on his boystrous Rack rides my sad Ruin;
There is no help, there can be now no Comfort,
To Morrow with the Sun-set, sets my Credit.
Oh Misery! Thou curse of Man, thou Plague,
In the midst of all our Strength thou strik'st us;
My virtuous Love is lost too: All, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be seen than Shadow;
To Prison now? Well, yet there's this Hope left me;
I may sink fairly under this Day's Venture,
And so to Morrow's cross'd, and all those Curses:
Yet manly I'll invite my Fate, base Fortune
Shall never say, she has cut my Throat in fear.
This is the Place his Challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me,
For let me fall before my Foe i' th' Field,
And not at Bar, before my Creditors;

H'as

H'as kept his word: Now Sir, your Sword's Tongue only,
Loud as you dare; all other Language——

Enter Hempskirke.

Hemp. Well Sir,
You shall not be long troubled: Draw.

Gof. 'Tis done Sir, and now have at ye.

Hemp. Now.

Enter Boors.

Gof. Betray'd to Villains!
Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely,
And thou base Coward.

Enter Gerrard and Beggars.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely,
Conjure 'em soundly, Boys.

Boors. Hold, hold.

Ger. Lay on still,
Down with that Gentleman Rogue, swinge him to Sirrup.
Retire Sir, and take Breath: Follow, and take him,
Take all, 'tis lawful Prize.

Boors. We yield.

Ger. Down with 'em
Into the Wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em,
Knock me their Brains into their Breeches. [*Exeunt.*

Boors. Hold, hold.

Gof. What these Men are I know not, nor for what cause
They shou'd thus thrust themselves into my danger,
Can I imagine. But sure Heav'n's Hand was in't!
Nor why this coward Knave should deal so basely
To eat me up with Slaves: But Heav'n I thank thee,
I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
Fit for thy Creature, and worthy of thine Honour:
Wou'd all my other Dangers here had suffer'd,
With what a joyful Heart shou'd I go home then? (*tencee,*
Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his Sen-
Or hears his passing Bell; but there's my hope still.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blessing upon you, Master.

Gof. Thank ye; leave me,
For by my Troth I have nothing now to give thee.

Ger.

Ger. Indeed I do not ask, Sir, only it grieves me
To see you look so sad; now Goodness keep ye
From Troubles in your Mind.

Gos. If I were troubled,
What cou'd thy Comfort do? Prithee *Clause*, leave me.

Ger. Good Master be not angry; for what I say
Is out of true Love to ye.

Gos. I know thou lov'st me.

Ger. Good Master blame that Love then, if I prove so
To ask ye why ye are sad. (sawcy

Gos. Most true, I am so,
And such a Sadness I have got will sink me.

Ger. Heav'n shield it, Sir.

Gos. Faith, thou must lose thy Master.

Ger. I had rather lose my Neck, Sir: Wou'd I knew—

Gos. What wou'd the knowlege do thee good, so mise-
Thou canst not help thy self? When all my ways (rable,
Nor all the Friends I have—

Ger. You do not know, Sir,
What I can do: Cures sometimes, for Mens Cares,
Flow, where they least expect 'em.

Gos. I know thou wou'dst do,
But farewell *Clause*, and pray for thy poor Master.

Ger. I will not leave ye.

Gos. How?

Ger. I dare not leave ye, Sir, I must not leave ye,
And till ye beat me dead, I will not leave ye,
By what ye hold most precious, by Heav'n's Goodness,
As your fair Youth may prosper, good Sir, tell me:
My Mind believes yet something's in my Pow'r
May ease you of this Trouble.

Gos. I will tell thee:
For a hundred thousand Crowns upon my Credit,
Taken up of Merchants to supply my Trafficks,
The Winds and Weather envying of my Fortune,
And no Return to help me off, yet shewing
To morrow, *Clause*, to morrow, which must come,
In Prison thou shalt find me poor and broken.

Ger. I cannot blame your Grief, Sir.

Gos. Now, what say'st thou?

Ger.

Ger. I say you shoud not shrink, for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his Pow'r can bring ye off, Sir,
When Friends and all forsake ye, yet he sees you.

Gos. There's all my hope.

Ger. Hope still, Sir; are you ty'd
Within the compass of a Day, good Master,
To pay this Mass of Mony?

Gos. Ev'n to Morrow: •

But why do I stand mocking of my Misery?
Is't not enough the Floods and Friends forget me?

Ger. Will no less serve?

Gos. What if it would?

Ger. Your Patience,

I do not ask to mock ye: 'Tis a great Sum,
A Sum for mighty Men to start and stick at;
But not for honest. Have ye no Friends left ye,
None that have felt your Bounty? Worth this Duty?

Gos. Duty? Thou know'st it not.

Ger. It is a Duty,

And as a Duty, from those Men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again: I have gain'd by ye,
A daily Alms these sev'n Years you have showr'd on me,
Will half supply your want?

Gos. Why do'st thou fool me?

Canst thou work Miracles?

Ger. To save my Master,

I can work this.

Gos. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.

Ger. For doing good?

Gos. What pow'r hast thou?

Ger. Enquire not:

So I can do it, to preserve my Master;
Nay if it be three parts.

Gos. O that I had it,

But good *Clause*, talk no more, I feel thy Charity,
As thou has felt mine: But alas!

Ger. Distrust not,

'Tis that that quenches ye: pull up your Spirit,
Your good, your honest, and your noble Spirit;
For if the Fortunes of ten thousand People

Can save ye, rest assur'd. You have forgot, Sir,
The good ye did, which was the Pow'r you gave me;
Ye shall now know the King of Beggars Treasure:
And let the Winds blow as they list, the Seas roar,
Yet, here to morrow you shall find your Harbour.
Here fail me not, for if I live I'll fit ye.

Gos. How fain I wou'd believe thee!

Ger. If I lye, Master,
Believe no Man hereafter.

Gos. I will try thee,
But he knows, that knows all.

Ger. Know me to morrow,
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;
So pass in Peace, my best, my worthiest Master. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Hubert, like a Huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stoln away disguis'd from *Hempskirk*^e
To try these People, for my Heart yet tells me
Some of these Beggars are the Men I look for:
Appearing like my self, they have no Reason,
Though my Intent is fair, my main End honest,
But to avoid me narrowly; that Face too,
That Womans Face, how near it is! O may it
But prove the same, and Fortune how I'll bless thee!
Thus, sure they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my Habit I but change my Nature;
As I must do; this is the Wood they live in,
A Place fit for concealment: Where, till Fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks and
the rest with the Boors.*

Hig. Come bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice;
Give to each one a Cudgel, a good Cudgel:
And now attend your Sentence. That you are Rogues,
And mischievous base Rascals, there's the point now,
I take it, is confess'd.

Prigg. Deny it if you dare, Knaves.

Boors. We are Rogues, Sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter then, Rogues as ye are,
And lamb'd ye shall be e'er we leave ye.

Boors. Yes, Sir.

Hig. And to the open handling of our Justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper Person
Of our good Master? Were you drunk when you did it?

Boors. Yes indeed were we.

Prigg. You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for Want you undertook it?

Boors. Yes, Sir.

Hig. You shall be swing'd abundantly.

Prigg. And yet for all that,
You shall be poor Rogues still.

Hig. Has not the Gentleman,
Pray mark this point, Brother *Prigg*, that noble Gentleman
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By imploying some at Sea, some here, some there;
According to your Callings?

Boors. 'Tis most true, Sir.

Hig. Is not the Man an honest Man?

Boors. Yes truly.

Hig. A liberal Gentleman? And as ye are true Rascals
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his Charge?

Boors. Often, often.

Hig. There's the point then,
They have cast themselves, Brother *Prigg*.

Prigg. A shrewd point, Brother.

Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the Cause is open,
I am somewhat weary.

Prigg. Can you do these things?
You most abominable stinking Rascals,
You Turnip-eating Rogues.

Boors. We are truly sorry.

Prigg. Knock at your hard Hearts, Rogues, and present-
Give us a sign you feel Compunction,
Every Man up with's Cudgel, and on his Neighbour
Bestow such Alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,
For there your Sentence lies without Partiality;

Either

Either of Head, or Hide, Rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else :
You shall know your Doom.

Hig. One, two, and three, about it.

Prigg. That Fellow in the blue has true Compunction,
[Boors beat one another.

He beats his Fellows bravely, oh, well struck Boys.

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blue Breech, now plays he the Devil.
So get ye home, Drink small Beer, and be honest;
Call in the Gentleman.

Ger. Do, bring him presently,
His Cause I'll hear my self.

Enter Hempskirke.

Hig. Prigg. With all due Reverence,
We do resign, Sir.

Ger. Now, huffing Sir, what's your Name?

Hemp. What's that to you, Sir?

Ger. It shall be, e'er we part.

Hemp. My Name is *Hempskirke*,
I follow the Earl, which you shall feel.

Ger. No threatenng,
For we shall cool you, Sir; why didst thou basely
Attempt the Murder of the Merchant *Goswin*?

Hemp. What pow'r hast thou to ask me?

Ger. I will know it,
Or slay thee till thy Pain discover it.

Hemp. He did me wrong, base wrong.

Ger. That cannot save ye.
Who sent you hither? And what further Villanies
Have you in Hand?

Hemp. Why wou'dst thou know? What profit,
If I had any private way, cou'd rise
Out of my Knowledge, to do thee Commodity?
Besorry for what thou hast done, and make amends, Fool,
I'll talk no further to thee, nor these Rascals.

Ger. Tye him to that Tree.

Hemp. I have told you whom I follow.

Ger. The Devil you shou'd do, by your Villanies,
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.

Hig. I undertake it: Turn him to the Sun, Boys;
Give me a fine sharp Rush; will ye confess yet? (me.)

Hemp. You have robb'd me already, now you'll murder

Hig. Murder your Nose a little: Does your Head purge,
To it again, 'twill do ye good. (Sir?)

Hemp. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.

Ger. Proceed then.

(Sir.)

Hig. There's Maggots in your Nose, I'll fetch 'em out

Hemp. O my Head breaks.

Hig. The best thing for the Rheum, Sir,
That falls into your Worship's Eyes.

Hemp. Hold, hold.

Ger. Speak then.

Hemp. I know not what.

Hig. It lies in's Brain yet,
In lumps it lies, I'll fetch it out the finest;
What pretty Faces the Fool makes? Heigh!

Hemp. Hold,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all; look in my Doublet,
And there, within the lining in a Paper,
You shall find all.

Ger. Go fetch that Paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good Ev'n my honest Friends.

Ger. Good Ev'n good Fellow.

Hub. May a poor Huntsman, with a merry Heart,
A Voice shall make the Forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as Steel, Boys?
That knows all Chases, and can watch all Hours,
And with my Quarter-staff, though the Devil bid stand,
Deal such an Alms, shall make him roar again? (walks,
Prick ye the fearful Hare through cross ways, sheep-
And force the crafty Reynard climb the Quicksets;
Rouse ye the lofty Stag, and with my Bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the Woods shall mourn him,
'Till in his Funeral Tears, he fall before me?
The Polcat, Marterne, and the rich skin'd Lucerne
I know to Chase, the Roc, the Wind out-stripping;

Ifgrin

Ifgrin himself, in all his bloody Anger
I can beat from the Bay, and the wild Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd Staff, turn the Boar,
Spight of his foamy Tushes, and thus strike him;
'Till he fall down my Feast.

Ger. A goodly Fellow.

Hub. What mak'st thee here, ha?

[*Aside.*

Ger. We accept thy Fellowship.

Hub. *Hempskirke*, thou art not right I fear, I fear thee.

[*Aside.*

Enter Ferret, with a Letter.

Fer. Here is the Paper: And as he said we found it.

Ger. Give me it, I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,
To find your Knavery: You are sent here, Sirrah,
To discover certain Gentlemen, a Spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by Persuasion
To bring 'em back, by Poison to dispatch 'em.

Hub. By Poison, ha?

Ger. Here is another, *Hubert*;

What is that *Hubert*, Sir?

Hemp. You may perceive there.

Ger. I may perceive a Villany, and a rank one,
Was he join'd Partner of thy Knavery?

Hemp. No.

He had an honest end, wou'd I had had so,
Which makes him scape such Cut-throats.

Ger. So it seems.

For here thou art commanded, when that *Hubert*
Has done his best and worthiest Service, this way
To cut his Throat, for here he's set down dangerous.

Hub. This is most impious.

Ger. I am glad we have found ye,
Is not this true?

Hemp. Yes; what are you the better?

Ger. You shall perceive, Sir, e'er you get your Freedom:
Take him aside, and, Friend, we take thee to us,
Into our Company; thou dar'st be true unto us?

Hig. Ay, and Obedient too?

Hub. As you had bred me.

Ger. Then take our Hand: Thou art now a Servant to
Welcome him all. (us,

Hig. Stand off, stand off: I'll do it,
We bid ye welcome three ways; first for your Person,
Which is a promising Person; next for your Quality,
Which is a decent, and a gentle Quality;
Last for the frequent means you have to feed us,
You can steal 'tis to be presum'd.

Hub. Yes, Venison, and if you want——

Hig. 'Tis well you understand right,
And shall practise daily: You can drink too?

Hub. Soundly. (cock?

Hig. And ye dare know a Woman from a Weather-

Hub. If I handle her.

Ger. Now swear him.

Hig. I crown thy *nab*, with a *gag* of *Benbouse*,
And *stall* thee by the *Salmon* into the *Clows*,
To *mandon* the *Pad*, and *strike* all the *Cbeats*;
To *Mill* from the *Ruffmans*, and *Commision* and *Slates*,
Twang dell's, i' the *stiromel*, and let the *Quire Cuffin*:
And *Herman Beck strine*, and *trine* to the *Ruffin*.

Ger. Now interpret this unto him.

Hig. I pour on thy Pate a pot of good Ale,
And by the Rogues o' th' a Rogue thee Instal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To steal from the Hedge, both the Shirt and the Sheets:
And lie with thy Wench in the Straw till she twang,
Let the Constable, Justice, and Devil go hang.

Hig. You are welcome, Brother.

All. Welcome, welcome, welcome; but who shall have
Of this Fellow? (the keeping

Hub. Sir, if you dare but trust me;
For if I have kept wild Dogs and Beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame too: Give into my Custody
This roaring Rascal, I shall hamper him,
With all his Knacks and Knaveries, and I fear me
Discover yet a further Villany in him;
O he smells rank o' th' Rascal.

Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he scape——

Hub.

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him,
Come Sir, I'll tye ye to the leash.

Hemp. Away, Rascal.

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge ye soundly,
And ye play tricks with me.

Ger. So, now come in,
But ever have an eye, Sir, to your Prisoner. (me.

Hub. He must blind both mine Eyes, if he get from

Ger. Go get some Victuals, and some Drink, some good
For this day we'll keep holy to good Fortune, (Drink;
Come, and be frolick with us.

Hig. You are a Stranger, Brother, I pray lead,
You must, you must, Brother. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Goswin and Gertrude.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
Truly and dearly loves you, give her Joy leave
To bid you welcome: What is't makes you sad, Man?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Besheiw my Heart, not willingly.

Gos. No, *Gertrude*.

Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,
A happy Marriage? Now I come to urge it.
Now when you please to finish it?

Gos. No News yet?

Gert. Do you hear, Sir?

Gos. Yes.

Gert. Do you love me?

Gos. Have I liv'd

In all the happiness Fortune could seat me,
In all Mens fair Opinions?

Gert. I have provided

A Priest, that's ready for us.

Gos. And can the Devil,

In one ten Days, that Devil Chance devour me?

Gert. We'll fly to what Place you please.

N

Gos.

Gof. No Star prosperous!
All at a swoop?

Gert. You do not love me, *Goswin*?
You will not look upon me?

Gof. Can Mens Prayers,
Shot up to Heav'n with such a Zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy Mists, and never prosper?
Jives I must wear, and cold must be my Comfort;
Darkness, and want of Meat; alas she weeps too,
Which is the top of all my Sorrows, *Gertrude*.

Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor Beauty,
Which has been worth your Eyes.

Gof. The Time grows on still;
And like a tumbling Wave, I see my Ruin
Come rowling over me.

Gert. Yet will ye know me?

Gof. For a hundred thousand Crowns.

Gert. Yet will ye love me?

Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?

Gof. For a hundred thousand Crowns?

Gert. Farewel Dissembler.

Gof. Of which I have scarce ten: O how it starts (me!

Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my Ruin,

Gof. I had forgot my self, O my best *Gertrude*,
Crown of my Joys and Comforts.

Gert. Sweet, what ails ye?
I thought you had been vext with me.

Gof. My Mind, Wench,
My Mind o'erflow'd with Sorrow, sunk my Memory,

Gert. Am I not worthy of the Knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your Sorrows,
As your Delights? You love no other Woman?

Gof. No, I protest.

Gert. You have no Ships lost lately?

Gof. None, that I know of.

Gert. I hope you have spilt no Blood, whose Innocence
May lay this on your Conscience.

Gof. Clear, by Heav'n.

Gert. Why should you be thus then?

Gof. Good *Gertrude* ask not,

Ev'n by the Love you bear me.

Gert. I am obedient.

Gof. Go in, my fair, I will not be long from ye,
Nor long I fear me with thee. At my Return
Dispose me as you please.

Gert. The good Gods guide ye.

[*Exit.*

Gof. Now for my self, which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for Mans worst Fortune, Pity. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gofwin, and four Merchants.

Gof. **W**HY Gentlemen, 'tis but a Week more, I in-
treat you

But seven short Days, I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me Patience, is it possible
All my Adventures fail; you have Ships abroad
Endure the beating both of Wind and Weather:
I am sure 'twould vex your Hearts, to be protested;
Ye are all fair Merchants.

1 Mer. Yes, and must have fair play,
There is no living here else; one hour's failing
Fails us of all our Friends, of all our Credits:
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.

Gof. No mercy in ye!

2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others Mercy:
Keep your self right, and even cut your Cloth, Sir,
According to your calling; you have liv'd here
In Lord-like Prodigality, high, and open,
And now ye find what 'tis: The lib'ral spending
The Summer of your Youth, which you shou'd glean in,
And like the labouring Ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter, stormy Winter on ye,
And now you cry.

3 Mer. Alas, before your Poverty,
We were no Men, of no Mark, no Endeavour;

You

You stood alone, took up all Trade, all Business
 Running through your Hands, scarce a Sail at Sea,
 But loaden with your Goods: We poor weak Pedlers;
 When by your leave, and much intreaty to it,
 We cou'd have stowage for a little Cloth,
 Or a few Wines, put off, and thank your Worship.
 Lord, how the World's chang'd with ye? Now I hope,
 We shall have Sea-room. (Sir,

Gof. Is my Misery
 Become my Scorn too! Have ye no Humanity?
 No part of Men left? Are all the Bounties in me
 To you, and to the Town, turn'd my Reproaches?

4 Mer. Well, get your Monies ready: 'Tis but two
 We shall protest ye else, and suddenly. (hours;

Gof. But two Days.

1 Mer. Not an Hour, ye know the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

Gof. How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted *Bruges!*
 Within thy Walls may never honest Merchant
 Venture his Fortunes more: O my poor Wench too.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Good Fortune, Master.

Gof. Thou mistak'st me, *Clause,*
 I am not worth thy Blessing.

Ger. Still a sad Man!

Enter Higgen and Prigg, like Porters.

No belief, gentle Master? Come bring it in then,
 And now believe your Beadsman.

Gof. Is this certain?
 Or dost thou work upon my troubled Sense?

Ger. 'Tis Gold, Sir,
 Take it and try it.

Gof. Certainly 'tis Treasure;
 Can there be yet this Blessing?

Ger. Cease your wonder,
 You shall not sink for ne'er a fowst Flap-dragon,
 For ne'er a pickl'd Pilcher of 'em all, Sir.
 'Tis there, your full Sum, a hundred thousand Crowns:
 And good sweet Master, now be merry; pay 'em,
 Pay the poor pelting Knaves, that know no Goodness:
 And chear your Heart up handsomely.

Gof.

Gof. Good Clause,

How cam'st thou by this mighty Sum? if naughtily,
I must not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.

Ger. Fear not, you have it by as honest means
As though your Father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a Mass, the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven Years; we beg it for Heav'n's Charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.

Gof. What great Security?

Ger. Away with that, Sir,
Were not ye more than all the Men in *Bruges*;
And all the Mony in my Thoughts——

Gof. But good Clause,
I may dye presently.

Ger. Then this dies with ye:
Pay when you can, good Master, I'll no Parchments,
Only this Charity I shall entreat you,
Leave me this Ring.

Gof. Alas, it is too poor, Clause.

Ger. 'Tis all I ask, and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor Petition.

Gof. There, I confirm it, [Gives the Ring.
And may my Faith forsake me when I shun it.

Ger. Away, your Time draws on. Take up the Mony,
And follow this young Gentleman.

Gof. Farewel Clause,
And may thy honest Memory live for ever.

Ger. Heav'n bless you, and still keep you; farewel,
Master. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lock'd my Youth up close enough for gad-
In an old Tree, and set watch over him. (ding,

Enter Jaculin.

Now for my Love, for sure this Wench must be she,
She follows me; Come hither, pretty *Minche*.

Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.

Hub.

Hub. So I will.

Jac. Y'ded law?

How will ye kifs me, pray you?

Hub. Thus, soft as my Love's Lips.

Jac. Oh!

Hub. What's your Father's Name?

Jac. He's gone to Heav'n.

Hub. Is it not *Gerrard*, Sweet?

Jac. I'll stay no longer;

My Mother's an old Woman, and my Brother
Was drown'd at Sea, with catching Cockles. O Love!
O how my Heart melts in me: How thou fir'st me!

Hub. 'Tis certain she; pray let me see your Hand, Sweet?

Jac. No, no, you'll bite it.

Hub. Sure I should know that Gymmal!

Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my Ring too.

O *Hubert*! *Hubert*!

Hub. Ha! methought she nam'd me——

Do you know me, Chick?

Jac. No indeed, I never saw ye;

But methinks you kifs finely.

Hub. Kifs again then.

By Heav'n 'tis she.

Jac. O what a Joy he brings me!

Hub. You are not *Minche*?

Jac. Yes, pretty Gentleman,

And I must be marry'd to morrow to a Capper.

Hub. Must ye, my Sweet, and does the Capper love ye?

Jac. Yes, yes, he'll give me Pie, and look in mine Eyes

'Tis he: 'Tis my dear Love: O blest Fortune. (thus.

Hub. How fain she would conceal her self, yet shew it!

Will you love me, and leave that Man? I'll serve.

Jac. O I shall lose my self!

Hub. I'll wait upon you,

And make you dainty Nosegays.

Jac. And where will you stick 'em?

Hub. Here in thy Bosom, Sweet, and make a Crown of
For your fair Head. (Lillies

Jac. And will you love me deed-law?

Hub. With all my Heart.

Jac.

Jac. Call me to morrow then,
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to Church together:
Give you good Ev'n, Sir.

Hub. But one word, fair *Minche*.

Jac. I must be gone a Milking.

Hub. Ye shall presently.

Did you never hear of a young Maid called *Jaculin*?

Jac. I am discover'd; hark in your Ear, I'll tell ye:
You must not know me, kiss and be constant ever.

Hub. Heav'n curse me else 'tis she, and now I am certain
They are all here. Now for my other Project. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Goswin, four Merchants, Higgen, and Prigg.

1 Mer. Nay, if 'twould do you courtesie.

Gos. None at all, Sir:

Take it, 'tis yours, there's your ten thousand for ye,
Give in my Bills. Your sixteen.

3 Mer. Pray be pleas'd, Sir,
To make a further use.

Gos. No.

3 Mer. What I have, Sir,
You may command; pray let me be your Servant.

Gos. Put your Hats on: I care not for your courtesies,
They are most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

2 Mer. I have a fraught of Pepper.

Gos. Rot your Pepper,
Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thousand.

4 Mer. Or if you want fine Sugar, 'tis but sending.

Gos. No, I can send to *Barbary*, those People
That never yet new Faith, have nobler freedoms:
These carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in,
To *Peter Zuten* these: Bring back my Jewels.
Why are these Pieces?

Enter Sailor.

Sail. Health to the noble Merchant,
The *Susan* is return'd.

Gos. Well?

Sail.

Sail. Well, and rich, Sir,
And now put in.

Gof. Heav'n, thou hast heard my Pray'rs.

Sail. The brave *Rebecca* too, bound from the *Straits*,
With the next Tide is ready to put after.

Gof. What News o'th' Fly-boat?

Sail. If this Wind hold 'till Midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, 'scap'd fairly.

Gof. How, prithee, Sailor?

Sayl. Thus, Sir; she had fight,
Sev'n hours together, with six *Turkish* Gallies,
And she fought bravely; but at length was boarded
And overlaid with Strength: When presently
Comes boring up the wind Captain *Vannoke*,
That valiant Gentleman you redeem'd from Prison;
He knew the Boat, set in, and fought it bravely:
Beat all the Gallies off, sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a Service to ye sent her home, Sir.

Gof. An honest noble Captain, and a thankful; (Sailor.
There's for thy News: God drink the Merchant's Health,

Sail. I thank your Bounty, and I'll do it to a Doit, Sir,

[Exit Sailor.

1 *Mer.* What Miracles are pour'd upon this Fellow!

Gof. This here, I hope, my Friends, I shall scape Prison,
For all your cares to catch me.

2 *Mer.* You may please, Sir,
To think of your poor Servants in Displeasure,
Whose all they have, Goods, Monies, are at your Service.

Gof. I thank you,
When I have need of you I shall forget you:
You are paid, I hope.

All. We joy in your good Fortunes.

Enter Vandunck.

(home

Vand. Come, Sir, come take your ease, you must go
With me, yonder is one weeps and howls.

Gof. Alas how does she?

Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.

Gof. Why soon, Sir?

(Night,

Vand. Why when you have her in your Arms, this
My Boy, she is thy Wife.

Gof.

Gof. With all my Heart I take her.

Vand. We have prepar'd, all thy Friends will be there,
And all my Rooms shall smoak to see the Revel;
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my Service
Wait on the Knave her Uncle. I have heard all,
All his Baits for my Boy, but thou shalt have her;
Hast thou dispatch'd thy Business?

Gof. Most.

Vand. By the Mass, Boy,
Thou tumblest now in Wealth, and I joy in it,
Thou art the best Boy that *Bruges* ever nourish'd.
Thou hast been sad, I'll cheer thee up with Sack,
And when thou art lusty I'll fling thee to thy Mistress.
She'll hug thee, Sirrah.

Gof. I long to see it,
I had forgot you: There's for you, my Friends:
You had but heavy burthens; commend my Love
To my best Love, all the Love I have
To honest *Clause*, shortly I will thank him better. [*Exit.*

Hig. By the Mass a Royal Merchant,
Gold by the handful, here will be sport soon, *Prigg.*

Prigg. It partly seems so, and here will I be in a trice.

Hig. And I Boy,
Away apace, we are look'd for.

Prigg. Oh these bak'd Meats,
Methinks I smell them hither.

Hig. Thy Mouth waters.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hubert and Hemskirk.

Hub. I must not.

Hemp. Why? 'tis in thy power to do it, and in mine
To reward thee to thy Wishes.

Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.

Hemp. Gentle Huntsman,
Though thou hast kept me hard: Though in thy Duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th'ast us'd me stubbornly;
I can forgive thee freely.

Hub. You the Earl's Servant?

Hemp.

Hemp. I swear I am near as his own Thoughts to him;
Able to do thee —

Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.

Hemp. If thou dar'st but try.

Hub. I thank you heartily, you will be
The first Man that will hang me, a sweet Recompence;
I cou'd do, but I do not say I will,
To any honest Fellow that wou'd think on't,
And be a Benefactor.

Hemp. If it be not recompenc'd, and to thy own desires,
If within these ten days I do not make thee —

Hub. What, a false Knave!

Hemp. Prithee, prithee conceive me rightly, any thing
Of Profit or of Place that may advance thee.

Hub. Why what a Goosecap wou'dst thou make me,
Do not I know that Men in Misery will promise
Any thing, more than their Lives can reach at?

Hemp. Believe me, Huntsman,
There shall not one short Syllable
That comes from me, pass
Without its full Performance.

Hub. Say you so, Sir?
Have ye e'er a good Place for my Quality?

Hemp. A thousand Chases, Forests, Parks: I'll make thee
Chief Ranger over all the Games.

Hub. When?

Hemp. Presently. (too.)

Hub. This may provoke me: And yet to prove a Knave

Hemp. 'Tis to prove honest: 'Tis to do good Service,
Service for him thou art sworn to, for thy Prince,
Then for thy self that good; what Fool would live here,
Poor, and in Misery, subject to all Dangers,
Law, and lewd People, can inflict, when bravely
And to himself he may be Law and Credit?

Hub. Shall I believe thee?

Hemp. As that thou holdst most holy.

Hub. Ye may play Tricks.

Hemp. Then let me never live more.

Hub. Then you shall see, Sir, I will do a Service
That shall deserve indeed.

Hemp.

Hemp. 'Tis well said, Huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of. (meer nothing,

Hub. I will do it: 'Tis not your setting free, for that's
But such a Service, if the Earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.

Hemp. What is't, Huntsman?

Hub. Do you know any of these People live here?

Hemp. No.

Hub. You are a Fool then: Here be those, to have 'em,
I know the Earl so well, would make him caper.

Hemp. Any of the old Lords that rebel'd?

Hub. Peace, all,

I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.

Hemp. But wilt thou do this Service?

Hub. If you'll keep

Your Faith, and free word to me.

Hemp. Wilt thou swear me?

Hub. No, no, I will believe ye: More than that too,
Here's the right Heir.

Hemp. O honest, honest Huntsman! (ter,

Hub. Now, how to get these Gallants, there's the mat-
You will be constant, 'tis no work for me else.

Hemp. Will the Sun shine again?

Hub. The way to get 'em.

Hemp. Propound it, and it shall be done.

Hub. No Slight;

For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em:
Nor Reconcilement, for they dare not trust neither,
Must do this trick.

Hemp. By Force?

Hub. Ay, that must do it.

And with the Person of the Earl himself,
Authority, and mighty, must come on 'em:
Or else in vain: And thus I would have ye do it. (em,
To Morrow Night be here: A hundred Men will bear
(So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,
And with his Terror will strike dead their Forces)
The hour be Twelve a Clock, now for a Guide
To draw ye without danger on these Persons,
The Woods being thick, and hard to hit, my self

With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the Wood, upon the Plain, will wait ye
By the great Oak.

Hemp. I know it: Keep thy Faith, Huntsman,
And such a show'r of Wealth—

Hub. I warrant ye:
Miss nothing that I tell ye.

Hemp. No.

Hub. Farewel;
You have your Liberty, now use it wisely;
And keep your hour, go closer about the Wood there,
For fear they spy you.

Hemp. Well.

Hub. And bring no noise with ye.

Hemp. All shall be done to th' purpose: Farewel Hunts-
man. [Exeunt.]

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prigg, Ginks, Snap, and Ferret.

Ger. Now, what's the News in Town?

Ginks. No News, but joy, Sir;
Every Man wooing of the noble Merchant,
Who has his hearty Commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes this is News, this Night he's to be married.

Ginks. By th' Mass that's true, he marries *Vandunk's*
The dainty black-ey'd Bell. (Daughter,

Hig. I would my Clapper
Hung in his Baldrick, ah what a Peal could I ring?

Ger. Marry'd?

Ginks. 'Tis very true, Sir. O the Pies,
The piping-hot Mince-pies!

Prigg. O the Plum-pottage! (Limb, Boys,

Hig. For one Leg of a Goose now would I venture a
I love a fat Goose, as I love Allegiance,
And—upon the Boors, too well they know it,
And therefore starve their Poultry.

Ger. To be married
To *Vandunk's* Daughter?

Hig. O this precious Merchant:
What sport he will have? But hark you, Brother Prig,
Shall we do nothing in the foresaid Wedding?
There's Mony to be got, and Meat, I take it,
What think ye of a Morise? Prig.

Prig. No, by no means,
That goes no further than the Street, there leaves us,
Now we must think of something that must draw us
Into the Bowels of it, into th' Buttery,
Into the Kitchen, into the Cellar, something
That that old drunken Burgo-master loves,
What think ye of a Waffel?

Hig. I think worthily.

Prig. And very fit it should be, thou, and *Ferret*,
And *Ginks* to sing the Song: I for the Structure,
Which is the Bowl.

Hig. Which must be up-sey *English*,
Strong, lusty *London Beer*; let's think more of it.

Ger. He must not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,
One word, Sir, with ye; *Gerrard*: Do not start me,
I know ye, and he knows ye, that best loves ye:

Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be *Gerrard*:

The time invites you to it.

Ger. Make no show then,
I am glad to see ye, Sir; and I am *Gerrard*.
How stand Affairs?

Hub. Fair, if ye dare now follow.
Hempskirke I have let go, and these my causes,
I'll tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him,
And then to prove me honest to my Friends,
Look upon these Directions, you have seen his.

Hig. Then will I speak a Speech, and a brave Speech
In praise of Merchants; where's the Ape?

Prig. ——— Take him,
A gowty Bear-ward stole him the other Day.

Hig. May his Bears worry him, that Ape had paid it,
What dainty tricks? ---- O that burfen Bear-ward:
In his *French Doublet*, with his blister'd Bullions,
In a long stock ty'd up; O how daintily
Wou'd I have made him wait, and shift a Trencher,
Carry a Cup of Wine? ten thousand Stinks

Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lowzy Bear-ward,

Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,

And will be ready: Keep you here the mean while,
And keep in, I must a while forsake ye.

Upon mine Anger no Man stir, this two hours.

Hig. Not to the Wedding, Sir?

Ger. Not any whither.

Hig. The Wedding must be seen, Sir; we want Meat too.
We are horrible out of Meat.

Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat Capons shak'd their Tails at's in Defiance?
And Turkey Tombs such honourable Monuments,
Shall Piggs, Sir, that the Parson's self would envy,
And dainty Ducks——

Ger. Not a word more, obey me. [Exit Ger.]

Hig. Why then come doleful Death, this is flat Tyranny,
And by this Hand——

Hub. What?

Hig. I'll go sleep upon't. [Exit Hig.]

Prig. Nay, and there be a Wedding, and we wanting,
Farewel our happy Days: We do obey, Sir. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 Mer. Well met, Sir, you are for this lusty Wedding.

2 Mer. I am so, so are you, I take it.

1 Mer. Yes,

And it much glads me, that to do him service
Who is the honour of our Trade, and Lustre,
We meet thus happily.

2 Mer. He's a noble Fellow,
And well becomes a Bride of such a Beauty.

1 Mer. She is passing fair indeed; long may their Loves
Continue like their Youths, in spring of Sweetness,
All the young Merchants will be here
No doubt on't,

For he that comes not to attend this Wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A loud Wife, and a lazy. Here's *Vanlock*.

Enter Vanlock and Frances.

Vanl. Well overtaken Gentlemen: Save ye.

1 Mer.

1 *Mer.* The same to you, Sir; save ye fair Mistress *Frances*,
I would this happy Night might make you blush too.

Vanl. She dreams apace.

Fran. That's but a drowsie Fortune.

2 *Mer.* Nay take us with ye too; we come to that end,
I am sure ye are for the Wedding.

Vanl. Hand and Heart, Man:

And what their Feet can do, I cou'd have tript it
Before this worson Gout.

Enter Clause.

Cl. Bless ye Masters.

(Master,

Vanl. *Clause?* how now *Clause?* thou art come to see thy
And a good Master he is to all poor People,
In all his Joy, 'tis honestly done of thee.

Cl. Long may he live, Sir, but my business now is
If you wou'd please to do it, and to him too.

Enter Goswin.

Vanl. He's here himself.

Gos. Stand at the Door, my Friends?
I pray walk in: Welcome fair Mistress *France*,
See what the House affords, there's a young Lady
Will bid you welcome.

Vanl. We joy your Happiness. [*Exeunt.*

Gos. I hope it will be so: *Clause*, nobly welcome,
My honest, my best Friend, I have been careful
To see thy Monies——

Cl. Sir, that brought not me,
Do you know this Ring again?

Gos. Thou hadst it of me.

Cl. And do you well remember yet, the boon you
Upon the return of this? (gave me

Gos. Yes, and I grant it,
Be it what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll do it;
Within my pow'r.

Cl. Ye are not married yet?

Gos. No.

Cl. Faith I shall ask you that that will disturb ye,
But I must put ye to your Promise.

Gos. Do,
And if faint and flinch in't——

Cla. Well said Master,
And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must be.

Gos. Prethee distrust me not.

Cla. You must not marry,
That s part of the pow'r you gave me; which to make up,
You must presently depart, and follow me.

Gos. Not marry, *Clause*?

Cla. Not if you keep your Promise,
And give me pow'r to ask.

Gos. Pre'thee think better,
I will obey, by Heav'n.

Cla. I have thought the best, Sir.

Gos. Give me thy Reason, do'st thou fear her Honesty?

Cla. Chaste as the Ice, for any thing I know, Sir.

Gos. Why should'st thou light on that then? to what

Cla. I must not now discover. (purpose?)

Gos. Must not marry?

Shall I break now when my poor Heart is pawn'd?
When all the Preparation?

Cla. Now or never. (fright me.)

Gos. Come, 'tis not that thou would'st: Thou do'st but

Cla. Upon my Soul it is, Sir, and I bind ye.

Gos. *Clause*, can'st thou be so cruel?

Cla. You may break, Sir,

But never more in my Thoughts appear honest.

Gos. Didst ever see her?

Cla. No.

Gos. She is such a thing,

O *Clause*, she is such a Wonder, such a Mirror,
For Beauty, and fair Virtue, *Europe* has not.

Why hast thou made me happy, to undo me?

But look upon her; then if thy Heart relent not,
I'll quit her presently: Who waits there?

Ser. [within] Sir.

Gos. Bid my fair Love come hither and the Company.
Prethee be good unto me; take a Man's Heart
And look upon her truly: Take a Friend's Heart
And feel what Misery must follow this.

Cla. Take you a noble Heart and keep your Promise;
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter

Enter Gertrude, Vandunk, and the Merchants.

Can that thing, call'd a Woman, stop your Goodness?

Gof. Look there she is, deal with me as thou wilt now,
Didst ever see a fairer?

Cl. She is most goodly.

Gof. Pray ye stand still.

Gert. What ails my Love?

Gof. Didst thou ever,

By the fair light of Heav'n, behold a sweeter?

O that thou knew'st but Love, or ever felt him,

Look well, look narrowly upon her Beauties.

1 Mer. Sure h'as some strange design in hand, he starts so.

2 Mer. This Beggar has a strong Pow'r over his Pleasure.

Gof. View all her Body.

Cl. 'Tis exact and excellent.

Gof. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?

Her Mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,

And but to hear her speak, a Paradise;

And such a Love she bears to me, a chaste Love,

A virtuous, fair, and fruitful Love: 'Tis now too

I am ready to enjoy it; the Priest ready, *Cl.*

To say the Holy Words shall make us happy;

This is a Cruelty beyond Man's Study,

All these are ready, all our Joys are ready,

And all the Expectation of our Friends,

'Twill be her Death to do it.

Cl. Let her dye then.

Gof. Thou canst not: 'Tis impossible.

Cl. It must be.

(Cl.

Gof. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me; by Heav'n,
I'll give thee half I have; come thou shalt save me.

Cl. Then you must go with me; I can stay no longer,
If ye be true and noble.

Gof. Hard Heart, I'll follow:

Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry,

I have a weighty business, give my Cloak there,

Enter Servant, with a Cloak.

Concerns my Life and State, (make no Enquiry,)

This present hour befall me: With the soonest

I shall be here again: Nay pray go in, Sir,

And take them with you, 'tis but a Night lost, Gentlemen.

Vand. Come, come in, we will not lose our Meat yet,
Nor our good Mirth, he cannot stay long from her,
I am sure of that. [Exit.

Gof. I will not stay; believe, Sir.

Gertrude, a word with you.

Gert. Why is this stop, Sir?

Gof. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,
And tell thee this, I am ever thine: Farewel Wench. [Exit.

Gert. And is that all your Ceremony? Is this a Wedding?
Are all my Hopes and Prayers turn'd to nothing?
Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow;
Till to thy Face I prove thee false. Ah me! [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gertrude, and a Boor.

Gert. **L**ead, if thou thinkst we are right: why dost thou
These often stands? thou saidst thou knewst the
way. (make
(ward.

Boor. Fear nothing, I do know it: Would 'twere home-

Gert. Wrought from me by a Beggar? at the time
That most thou'd tye him? 'tis some other Love
That hath a more command on his Affections,
And he that fetcht him, a disguised Agent,
Not what he personated; for his Fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more pow'rful
Than one that ask'd an Alms: I must find out
One, if not both: Kind Darknes be my shrowd,
And cover Love's too curious search in me,
For yet, Suspicion, I wou'd not name thee.

Boor. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.

Gert. What then?

Boor. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.

Gert. I am not: Forward.

Boor. Sure but you are? give me your Hand, fear nothing.
There's one Leg in the Wood, do not pull me backward:
What a sweat one on s are in, you or I?
Pray God it do not prove the Plague; yet sure It

It has infected me; for I sweat too,
It runs out at my Knees, feel, feel, I pray you.

Gert. What ails the Fellow?

Boor. Hark, hark, I beseech you,
Do you hear nothing?

Gert. No.

Boor. List: A wild Hog,
He grunts: now 'tis a Bear: this Wood is full of 'em,
And now, a Wolf, Mistress, a Wolf, a Wolf,
It is the howling of a Wolf.

Gert. The braying of an Ass, is it not?

Boor. Oh, now one has me;
Oh my left Haunch, farewell.

Gert. Look to your Shanks,
Your Breech is safe enough, the Wolf's a Fern-brake.

Boor. But see, see, see, there is a Serpent in it;
It has Eyes as broad as Platters; it spits Fire;
Now it creeps towards us, help me to say my Prayers:
It hath swallow'd me almost, my Breath is stopt;
I cannot speak: Do I speak, Mistress? tell me.

Gert. Why, thou strange timorous Sot, canst thou per-
Any thing i'th' Bush but a poor Glo-worm? (ceive

Boor. It may be 'tis but a Glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a Fire-drake presently.

Gert. Come thou from it:
I have a precious Guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead my self the way thus.

Boor. It thunders, you hear that now?

Gert. I hear one hollow.

Boor. 'Tis Thunder, Thunder:
See, a Flash of Lightning:
Are you not blasted, Mistress? pull your Mask off,
It has plaid the Barber with me here: I have lost
My Beard, my Beard, pray God you be not shaven,
'Twill spoil your Marriage, Mistress.

Gert. What strange Wonders
Fear fancies in a Coward!

Boor. Now the Earth opens.

Gert. Prethee hold thy peace.

Boor. Will you on then?

Gert.

Gert. Both Love and Jealousie have made me bold,
Where my Fate leads me, I must go. [Exit.]

Boor. God be with you then.

Enter Wolfort, Hempskirke, and Attendants.

Hemp. It was the Fellow sure, he that should guide me,
The Hunts-man that did hollow us.

Wol. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next: Ha!

Hemp. Who goes there!

Boor. Mistress, I am taken.

Hemp. Mistress? Look forth Soldiers.

Wol. What are you, Sirrah?

Boor. Truly all is left

Of a poor Boor, by Day-light, by Night no Body;
You might have spar'd your Drum, and Guns, and Pikes
For I am none that will stand out Sir, I. (too

You may take me in with a walking Stick,
Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a Packthread.

Hemp. What Woman was't you call'd to?

Boor. Woman! None, Sir.

Wol. None! Did you not name Mistress?

Boor. Yes, but she's

No Woman yet: She shou'd have been this Night,
But that a Beggar stole away her Bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make Hue and Cry after;
I tell you true Sir, she shou'd ha' been married to Day;
And was the Bride and all; but in came *Clause*,
The old lame Beggar, and whips up Mr. *Goswin*
Under his Arm; away with him as a Kite,
Or an old Fox would swoop away a Gosling.

Hemp. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she: Neice?

Gert. Ha!

Hemp. She Sir,

This was a noble entrance to your Fortune,
That being on the Point thus to be married,
Upon her Venture here, you should surprise her.

Wol. I begin, *Hempskirke*, to believe my Fate
Works to my Ends.

Hemp. Yes Sir, and this adds Trust
Unto the Fellow our Guide, who assur'd me *Flores*

Liv'd in some Merchants shape, as *Gerrard* did
 I' the old Beggars, and that he would use
 Him for the Train, to call the other forth; (again
 All which we find is done—That's he again—[*Holla*

Wol. Good, we sent out to meet him.

Hemp. Here's the Oak.

Gert. I am miserably lost, thus faln
 Into my Uncle's Hands from all my Hopes,
 Can I not think away my self and dye?

Enter *Hubert*, *Higgen*, *Prigg*, *Ferret*, *Snap* and *Ginks*,
 like Boors.

Hub. I like your Habits well: They are safe, stand close.

Hig. But what's the Action we are for now? Ha!
 Robbing a Ripper of his Fish.

Prigg. Or taking
 A Poulterer Prisoner, without Ransom, Bullies?

Hig. Or cutting off a Convoy of Butter?

Fer. Or surprizing a Boor's ken, for granting Cheats!

Prigg. Or Cackling Cheats?

Hig. Or Margery-praters, Rogers,
 And Tibs o' th' Buttery?

Prigg. O I cou'd drive a Regiment
 Of Geese afore me, such a Night as this,
 Ten Leagues with my Hat and Staff, and not a Hiss
 Heard, nor a wing of my Troops disordered.

Hig. Tell us,
 If it be milling of a lag of Duds,
 The fetching of a back of Cloaths or so;
 We are horribly out of Linnen.

Hub. No such matter.

Hig. Let me alone with the Farmer's Dog,
 If you have a mind to the Cheese-loft; 'tis but thus,
 And he is a silenc'd Mastiff, during Pleasure.

Hub. Would it would please you to be silent.

Hig. Mum. *Wol.* Who's there?

Hub. A Friend, the Hunts-man.

Hemp. O 'tis he.

Hub. I have kept touch, Sir; which is the Earl of these?
 Will he know a Man now?

Hemp. This my Lora's the Friend,

Hath

Hath undertook the Service.

Hub. If't be worth

His Lordships Thanks anon, when 'tis done,
Lording, I'll look for't, a rude Wood-man,
I know how to pitch my Toils, drive in my Game:
And I have don't, both *Florez* and his Father
Old *Gerrard*, with Lord *Arnold* of *Bentbuisen*,
Coxen, and *Jaculin*, young *Florez*'s Sister:
I have 'em all.

Wol. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry Faith with it.

Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.

Wol. We will double
What ever *Hempskirke* then hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble: What Horse ha' you?

Wol. A hundred. That's well: Ready to take
Upon surprize of 'em.

Hemp. Yes. *Hub.* Divide then
Your force into five Squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways through the Wood
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five several ways, of all which Passages
We must possess, our selves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting Hole they'll all escape else:
I and four Boors here to me will be Guides,
The Squadron where you are, my self will lead:
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted Whoops, and Hollows, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any Noise, and be a Direction
To the other Guides, how we approach 'em still.

Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the Soldier;
Make the Division, *Hempskirke*; you are my Charge,
Fair One, I'll look to you.

Boor. Shall no body need
To look to me? I'll look unto my self.

Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.

Hig. Say, 'tis done, Boy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Gerrard and Florez.

Ger. By this time, Sir, I hope you want no Reasons
Why I broke off your Marriage; for though I
Shou'd as a Subject study you my Prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you, to acknowledge me your Father,
By harkning to my necessary Counsels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my Father? Sir I do,
And may Impiety, conspiring with
My other Sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a Son's Duty
In my Obedience, and that help'd forth
With all the cheerfulness.

Ger. I pray you rise,
And may those Pow'rs that see and love this in you,
Reward you for it: Taught by your Example,
Having receiv'd the Rights due to a Father,
I tender you the Allegiance of a Subject:
Which as my Prince accept of.

Flo. Kneel to me?
May Mountains first fall down beneath their Valleys,
And Fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in Nature so preposterous;
I must o'ercome in this, in all things else
The victory be yours: Cou'd you here read me,
You shou'd perceive how all my Faculties
Triumph in my blest Fate, to be found yours;
I am your Son, your Son, Sir, and am prouder
To be so, to the Father to such Goodness,
Which Heav'n be pleas'd I may inherit from you,
Than I shall ever of those specious Titles
That plead for my Succession in the Earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my Mother.

Ger. I do believe it: But——

Flo. O my lov'd Father,
Before I knew you were so, by Instinct,

Nature

Nature had taught me, to look on your wants,
 Not as a Stranger's: And I know not how,
 What you call'd Charity, I thought the Payment
 Of some Religious Debt, Nature stood bound for;
 And last of all, when your magnificent Bounty
 In my low ebb of Fortune, had brought in
 A flood of Blessings, though my threatening Wants
 And fear of their Effects, still kept me stupid,
 I soon found out, it was no common Pity
 That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter,
 When we with joy may call it to Remembrance;
 There will be a time, more opportune than now,
 To end our Story, with all Circumstances,
 I add this only: When we fled from *Wolfart*
 I sent you into *England*, and there plac'd you
 With a brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goswin*,
 A Man supplied by me unto that purpose,
 As bound by Oath never to discover you,
 Who dying, left his Name and Wealth unto you
 As his reputed Son, and yet receiv'd so;
 But now, as *Flores*, and a Prince, remember
 The Countries, and the Subjects general Good
 Must challenge the first part in your Affection:
 The fair Maid, whom you chose to be your Wife,
 Being so far beneath you, that your Love
 Must grant she's not your Equal.

Flo. In Descent
 Or borrow'd Glories from dead Ancestors,
 But for her Beauty, Chastity, and all Virtues
 Ever remembered in the best of Women,
 A Monarch might receive from her, not give,
 Though she were his Crown's purchase; in this only
 Be an indulgent Father: In all else
 Use your Authority.

Enter Hubert, Hempskirke, Wolfort, Bertha,
 and Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
 The Father and the Son; the rest you shall have
 As fast as I can rouse them.

Ger.

Ger. Who's this? *Wolfort*? (you,

Wol. Ay Cripple, your feigned Crutches will not help
Nor patch'd Disguise that hath so long conceal'd you,
It's now no halting: I must here find *Gerrard*,
And in this Merchant's Habit one call'd *Flores*,
Who would be an Earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a Subject.

Flo. Is this that Traitor *Wolfort*?

Wol. Yes, but you

Are they that are betray'd: *Hempskirke*.

Ber. My *Goswin*

Turn'd Prince? O I am poorer by this Greatness,
Than all my former Jealousies or Misfortunes.

Flo. *Gertrude*?

Wol. Stay Sir, you were to day too near her,
You must no more aim at those easie Accesses,
Lest you can do't in Air, without a Head,
Which shall be suddenly try'd.

Ber. O take my Heart, first,
And since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad Ransom.

Wol. You know not your own value, that entreat.

Ger. So proud a Fiend as *Wolfort*.

Wol. For so lost

A thing as *Flores*.

Flo. And that wou'd be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee;
There is no Death, but's sweeter than all Life,
When *Wolfort* is to give it. O my *Gertrude*,
It is not that, nor Princedom that I go from,
It is from thee, that loss includeth all. (say so,

Wol. Ay, if my young Prince knew his loss, he wou'd
Which that he yet may chew on, I will tell him
This is no *Gertrude*, nor no *Hempskirke's* Neice,
Nor *Vandunk's* Daughter: This is *Bertba*, *Bertba*,
The Heir of *Brabant*, she that caus'd the War,
Whom I did steal, during my Treaty there,
In your Minority, to raile my self;
I then fore-seeing 'twou'd beget a Quarrel,
That, a necessity of my Employment,

The

The same Employment, make me Master of Strength,
That Strength, the Lord of *Flanders*, so of *Brabant*,
By marrying her: Which had not been to do, Sir,
She come of Years, but that the Expectation
First of her Father's Death, retarded it,
And since the standing out of *Bruges*, where
Hempskirke had hid her, till she was near lost:
But Sir, we have recover'd her: Your Merchantship
May break, for this was one of your best Bottoms,
I think.

Ger. Insolent Devil!

Enter Hubert, with *Jaculin*, *Ginks*, and *Costin*.

Wol. Who are these, *Hempskirke*?

Hemp. More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their Treachery!

Hemp. Lord *Arnold* of *Bentbusin*, this Lord *Costin*,
This *Jaculin* the Sister unto *Flores*. (Royal,

Wol. All found? Why here's brave Game, this was Sport
And puts me in thought of a new kind of Death for 'em.
Huntf-man, your Horn: First wind me *Flores* Fall,
Next *Gerrard's*, then his Daughter *Jaculin's*,
Those Rascals, they shall die without their Rights:
Hang 'em *Hempskirke* on these Trees; I'll take
The Assay of these my self.

Hub. Not here, my Lord,
Let 'em be broken up upon a Scaffold,
'Twill shew the better when their Arbour's made.

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betray'd
But mock us too? (us,

Ginks. False *Hubert*, this is monstrous.

Wol. *Hubert*? *Hemp.* Who, this?

Ger. Yes this is *Hubert*, *Wolfort*,
I hope he has helpt himself to a Tree.

Wol. The first,
The first of any, and most glad I have you, Sir:
I let you go before, but for a Train;
Is't you have done this service?

Hub. As your Huntf-man;
But now as *Hubert*; save your selves, I will,
The *Wolf's* afoot, let slip; kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter

Enter with a Drum Vandunk, Merchants, Higgen,
Prigg, Ferret, and Snap.

Wol. Betray'd?

Hub. No, but well catch'd: And I the Huntsman.

Vand. How do you *Wolfort*? Rascal, good Knave *Wol-*
I speak it now without the *Rose*; and *Hempskirke*, (fort,
Rogue *Hempskirke*, you that have no Neice, this Lady
Was stoln by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resign'd by me, to the right Owner here:
Take her, my Prince.

Flo. Can this be possible,

Welcom my Love, my sweet, my worthy Love. (and thank

Vand. I ha' giv'n you her twice: now keep her better,
Lord *Hubert*, that came to me in *Gerrard's* name,
And got me out, with my brave Boys, to march
Like *Cæsar*, when he bred his *Commentaries*,
So I, to breed my *Chronicle*, came forth
Cæsar Vandunk, *Et veni, vidi, vici*.

Give me my Bottle, and set down the Drum;
You had your tricks, Sir, had you? we ha' tricks too,
You stole the Lady?

Hig. And we led your Squadrons, (bles,
Where they ha' scratch'd their Leggs a little, with Bram-
If not their Faces.

Prigg. Yes, and run their Heads
Against Trees.

Hig. 'Tis Captain *Prigg*, Sir.

Prigg. And Colonel *Higgen*.

Hig. We have fill'd a Pit with your People, some with
Some with Arms broken, and a Neck or two (Leggs,
I think be loose.

Prigg. The rest too, that escap'd,
Are not yet out o'the Briars.

Hig. And your Horses, Sir,
Are well set up in *Bruges* all by this time:
You look as you were not well, Sir, and wou'd be
Shortly let Blood; do you want a Scarf?

Vand. A Halter.

Ger. 'Twas like your self, honest, and noble *Hubert*.
Canst thou behold these Mirrors all together,

Of thy long, false, and bloody Usurpation;
 Thy tyrannous Proscription, and fresh Treason;
 And not so see thy self, as to fall down
 And sinking, force a Grave, with thine own Guilt,
 As deep as Hell, to cover thee and it? (me;

Wol. No, I can stand, and praise the Toyles that took
 And laughing in them dye; they were brave Snares.

Flo. 'Twere truer Valour, if thou durst repent
 The Wrongs th' hast done, and live.

Wol. Who, I repent?
 And say I am sorry? yes, 'tis the Fool's Language,
 And not for *Wolfort*.

Vand. *Wolfort*, thou art a Devil,
 And speakst his Language; oh that I had my longing,
 Under this row of Trees now would I hang him.

Flo. No, let him live, until he can repent,
 But banish'd from our State, that is thy doom. (skirke

Vand. Then hang his worthy Captain here, this *Hemp-*
 For profit of th' Example.

Flo. No let him
 Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious Life;
 To shew how much our Innocence contemns
 All practice from the guiltiest, to molest us.

Vand. A noble Prince.

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
 A pair of Hands, as they have done of Hearts here,
 And to their Loves with joy.

Flo. As to mine own,
 My gracious Sister, worthiest Brother.

Vand. I'll go afore, and have the Bon-fire made,
 My Fire-works, and Flap-dragons, and good Backrack,
 With a peck of little Fishes, to drink down
 In healths to this Day.

Hig. 'Slight, here be changes,
 The Bells ha' not so many, nora dance, *Prigg*.

Prigg. Our Company's grown horrible thin by it.
 What think you, *Ferret*?

Fer. Marry I do think,
 That we might all be Lords now, if we cou'd stand for't.

Hig. Not if they should offer it: I'll dislodge first,
 Remove

Remove the Bush to another Climate.

Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy Burgomaster.
Here be Friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd, who though their Trade and course of Life
Be not so perfect, but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with Courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King,
A Place I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom: But this I will entreat
Your Grace, command them follow you to *Bruges*;
Where I will take the care on me, to find
Some manly, and more profitable course
To fit them, as a part of the Republick.

Flo. Do you hear, Sirs? do so.

Hig. Thanks to your good Grace.

Prigg. To your good Lordship.

Fer. May you both live long. (all but Beggars.

Ger. Attend me at *Vandunk's*, the Burgomaster's. [Ex.

Hig. Yes, to beat Hemp, and be whipt twice a Week,
Or turn the Wheel, for Crab the Rope-maker:
Or learn to go along with him, his course;
That's a fine course now, i' the Common-wealth, Prigg,
What say you to it?

Prigg. It is the backward'st course,
I know i' the World.

Hig. Then *Higgen* will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?

Prigg. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.

Hig. Troth I am partly of your Mind, Prince Prigg.
And therefore farewell *Flanders*, *Higgen* will seek
Some safer Shelter, in some other Climate,
With this his tatter'd Colony: Let me see
Snap, *Ferret*, *Prigg*, and *Higgen*, all are left
O' the true Blood: What? shall we into *England*?

Prigg. Agreed.

Hig. Then bear up bravely with your Brute, my Lads,
Higgen hath prig'd the Prancers in his Days,
And sold good Penny-worths; we have a course,
The Spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless.

Prigg. I'll mand no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your Sixpenny-worth
In private, Brother; Sixpence is a Sum
I'll steall you any Man's Dog for.

Prigg. For Sixpence more
You'll tell the Owner where he is.

Hig. 'Tis right,
Higgen must practise, so must *Prigg* to eat;
And write the Letter: And gi' the Word. But now
No more, as either of these.

Prigg. But as true Beggars,
As e'er we were.

Hig. We stand here, for an Epilogue;
Ladies, your Bounties first; the rest will follow;
For Womens Favours are a leading Alms,
If you be pleas'd look cheerly, throw your Eyes
Out at your Masks.

Prigg. And let your Beauties sparkle.
Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, Jewels, Gown
Still i' the fashion.

Prigg. Nor the Men you love,
Wealth nor Discourse to please you.

Hig. May you, Gentlemen,
Never want good fresh Suits nor Liberty.

Prigg. May every Merchant here see safe his Ventures

Hig. And every honest Citizen his Debts in.

Prigg. The Lawyers again good Clyents.

Hig. And the Clyents good Counsel.

Prigg. All the Gamesters here good Fortune.

Hig. The Drunkards too good Wine.

Prigg. The Eaters Meat
Fit for their Tastes and Palates.

Hig. The good Wives kind Husbands.

Prigg. The young Maids choice of Sutors.

Hig. The Midwives merry Hearts.

Prigg. And all good Cheer.

Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush,
We are the Beggars and your daily Beadsmen,
And have your Mony, but the Alms we ask
And live by, is your Grace; give that, and then
We'll boldly say our Word is, *Come again.*

now

Gown

atures



The Humourous Lieutenant

Boicard del.

vol. 2. p. 63.

THE
HUMOROUS
LIEUTENANT.
A
Tragi-Comedy.



Printed in the Year 1711.

THE HUMOROUS

THE ENLIGHTENED

A

Tragicomedy



Printed in the Year 1711.

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P R O L O G U E.

WOu'd some Man wou'd instruct me what to say:
For this same Prologue, usual to a Play,
Is tied to such an old form of Petition;
Men must say nothing now beyond Commission:
The Cloaks we wear, the Legs we make, the Place
We stand in, must be one; and one the Face.
Nor alter'd nor exceeded; if it be,
A general Hiss hangs on our Levity:
We have a Play, a new Play to play now,
And thus low in our Play's behalf we bow;
We bow to beg your Suffrage, and kind Ear;
If it were naught, or that it might appear
A thing buoy'd up by Prayer, Gentlemen,
Believe my Faith, you shou'd not see me then.
Let them speak then have power to stop a Storm:
I never lov'd to feel a House so warm:
But for the Play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well: All new things you shall see,
And these dispos'd to all the Mirth that may;
And short enough, we hope: And such a Play
You were wont to like: Sit nobly then, and see;
If it miscarry, pray look not for me.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King Antigonus, an old Man with young Desires.

Demetrius, Son to Antigonus, in love with Celia.

*Seleucus, } Three Kings, equal Sharers with Antigonus
Lyfimachus, } of what Alexander had, with united
Ptolomie, } Powers opposing Antigonus.*

Leontius, a brave old merry Soldier, Assistant to Demetrius.

*Timon, }
Charinthus, } Servants to Antigonus, and his Vices.
Menippus, }*

The Humorous Lieutenant.

Gentlemen, Friends and Followers of Demetrius.

Three Embassadors, from the three Kings.

Gentlemen-Ushers.

Grooms.

Citizens.

Physicians.

Herald.

Magician.

Soldiers.

Host.

W O M E N.

Celia, alias Evanthé, Daughter to Seleucus, Mistress to Demetrius.

Leucippe, a Bawd, Agent for the King's Lust.

Ladies.

Citizens Wives.

Governess to Celia.

A Country-Woman.

Phebe, her Daughter.

Two Servants of the Game.

The SCENE GREECE.

THE

THE
Humorous Lieutenant.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter two Ushers and Grooms with Perfumes.

1 U S H E R.



Round, round, perfume it round, quick, look
ye (richest
Diligently the State be right; are these the
Cushions? Fie, fie, who waits i'th' War-
drobe?

2 Ush. But pray tell me, do you think for

certain

These Embassadors shall have this Morning Audience?

1 Ush. They shall have it: Lord that you live at Court
And understand not! I tell you they must have it.

2 Ush. Upon what necessity? (Place,

1 Ush. Still you are out of the trick of Court, sell your

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.

And sow your Grounds, you are not for this Tillage.

Madams, the best way is the upper Lodgings,

There you may see at ease.

Ladies. We thank you, Sir. [Ex. Ladies and Gent.

1 Ush. Wou'd you have all these slighted? Who should
report then,

The Embassadors were handsome Men? His Beard
A neat one? The fire of his Eyes quicker than Lightning,
And when it breaks, as blasting? His Legs, though little
Yet movers of a Mass of Understanding? (ones,
Who

Who shall commend their Cloaths? Who shall take no-
Of the most wise behaviour of their Feathers? (tice
Ye live a raw Man here.

2 *Ush.* I think I do so.

Enter two Citizens, and Wives

1 *Ush.* Why, whither wou'd ye all prefs?

1 *Cit.* Good Master Usher. (here.

2 *Cit.* My Wife, and some few of my honest Neighbours

1 *Ush.* Prithee be gone thou and thy honest Neighbours,
Thou look'st like an Ass; why, whither wou'd you fish

2 *Cit.* If I might have (Face?

But the Honour to see you at my poor House, Sir,
A Capon bridled and saddled, I'll assure your Worship,
A Shoulder of Mutton and a Pottle of Wine, Sir,
I know your Brother, he was as like ye,
And shot the best at Butts——

1 *Ush.* A——upon thee.

2 *Cit.* Some Musick I'll assure you too,
My Toy, Sir, can play o'th' Virginals.

1 *Ush.* Prithee good Toy,
Take away thy Shoulder of Mutton, it is flie-blown,
And Shoulder take thy Flap along, here's no place for ye;
Nay then you had best be knock'd. [Ex. *Cit.*

Enter Celia.

Cel. I wou'd fain see him,
The Glory of this place makes me remember,
But dye those Thoughts, dye all but my Desires,
Even those to Death are sick too; he's not here,
Nor how my Eyes may guide me——

1 *Ush.* What's your business?
Who keeps the outward Door there? Here's fine shuffling,
You Waistcoateer you must go back.

Cel. There is not,
There cannot be, six days and never see me?
There must not be desire: Sir, do you think
That if you had a Mistress——

1 *Ush.* Death, she is mad.

Cel. And were your self an honest Man? It cannot——

1 *Ush.* What a Devil hast thou to do with me or my ho-
Will you be jogging, good nimble Tongue, (nelly?
My

My Fellow Door-keeper.

2 *Ufb.* Prithee let her alone.

1 *Ufb.* The King is coming,
And shall we have an Agent from the Suburbs
Come to crave Audience too?

Cel. Before I thought ye
To have a little breeding, some tang of Gentry;
But now I take ye plainly,
Without the help of any Perspective,
For that ye cannot alter.

1 *Ufb.* What's that?

Cel. An As, Sir, you bray as like one,
And by my troth, methinks as ye stand now,
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me
Just with that kind of Gravity, and Wisdom;
Your Place may bear the name of Gentleman,
But if ever any of that Butter stick to your Bread—

2 *Ufb.* You must be modefter.

Cel. Let him use me nobler,
And wear good Cloaths to do good Offices;
They hang upon a Fellow of his virtue,
As though they hung on Gibbets.

2 *Ufb.* A perillous Wench.

1 *Ufb.* Thrust her into a corner, I'll no more on her.

2 *Ufb.* You have enough, go pretty Maid, stand close,
And use that little Tongue, with a little more Temper.

Cel. I thank ye, Sir.

2 *Ufb.* When the Show's past,
I'll have ye into the Cellar, there we'll dine.
A very pretty Wench, a witty Rogue,
And there we'll be as merry; can ye be merry?

Cel. O very merry. (know.

2 *Ufb.* Only our selves; this churlish Fellow shall not

Cel. By no means.

2 *Ufb.* And can you love a little?

Cel. Love exceedingly:

I have cause to love you, dear Sir.

2 *Ufb.* Then I'll carry ye,
And shew you all the Pictures, and the Hangings,
The Lodgings, Gardens, and the Walks: And then, sweet,
You

You shall tell me where you lye.

Cel. Yes marry will I. (Pasty,

2 Ufb. And't shall go hard but I'll send ye a Venison
And bring a Bottle of Wine along.

1 Ufb. Make room there. (coming.

2 Ufb. Room there afore, stand close, the Train is
Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, Menippus.

Cel. Have I yet left a Beauty to catch Fools?
Yet, yet, I see him not. O what a misery
Is Love, expected long, deluded longer!

Ant. Conduct in the Embassadors.

1 Ufb. Make room there.

Ant. They shall not wait long Answer— [*Flourish.*

Cel. Yet he comes not.

Enter three Embassadors.

Why are Eyes set on these, and Multitudes
Follow to make these wonders? O good Gods!
What would these look like if my Love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful.

Ant. Now your Grievance,
Speak short, and have as short dispatch.

1 Emb. Then thus, Sir:

In all our Royal Masters Names, We tell you,
Ye have done Injustice, broke the Bonds of Concord,
And from their equal Shares, from *Alexander*
Parted, and so possess'd, not like a Brother,
But as an open Enemy, ye have hedged in
Whole Provinces; man'd and maintain'd these Injuries;
And daily with your Sword, though they still honour ye,
Make bloody Inroads, take Towns, and ruin Castles,
And still their sufferance feels the weight. (Friendship

2 Emb. Think of that Love, great Sir, that honour'd
Your self held with our Masters, think of that Strength
When you were all one Body, all one Mind;
When all your Swords struck one way, when your Angers,
Like so many Brother Billows rose together,
And curling up your foaming Crests, defied
Even mighty Kings, and in their Falls entomb'd 'em;
O think of these; and you that have been Conqu'rors,
That ever led your Fortunes open ey'd,
Chain'd

Chain'd fast by confidence ; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want Enemies and Men to match ye,
Let not your own Swords seek your ends to shame ye.

Enter Demetrius with a Javelin, and Gentlemen.

3 *Emb.* Chuse which you will, or Peace or War,
We come prepar'd for either.

1 *Ufb.* Room for the Prince there. (bled!

Cel. Was it the Prince they said ? How my Heart trem-
'Tis he indeed ; what a sweet noble Fierceness
Dwells in his Eyes ! Young *Meleager* like,
When he return'd from slaughter of the Boar,
Crown'd with the Loves and Honours of the People,
With all the gallant Youth of *Greece*, he looks now
Who could deny him Love?

Dem. Hail Royal Father. (this Gentleman,

Ant. Ye are welcome from your sport, Sir ; do you see
You that bring Thunders in your Mouths, and Earthquakes
To shake and totter my designs ? Can you imagine,
You Men of poor and common Apprehensions,
While I admit this Man, my Son, this Nature
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceness,
Than all your Masters in their lives ; dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my Side, my Bosom,
When he is fit to Rule, when all Men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his Head ; thus place him,
His Weapon hatch'd in Blood, all these attending
When he shall make their Fortunes, all as sudden
In any Expedition he shall point 'em,
As Arrows from a Tartar's Bow, and speeding,
Dare I do this, and fear an Enemy ?
Fear your great Master ? yours ? or yours ?

Dem. O *Hercules* !

Who says you do, Sir ? Is there any thing
In these Mens Faces, or their Masters Actions,
Able to work such Wonders ?

Cel. Now he speaks :

O I could dwell upon that Tongue for ever. (ties,

Dem. You call 'em Kings, they never wore those Royal-
Nor in the progress of their Lives arriv'd yet
At any thought of King : Imperial Dignities,

And

And pow'rful Godlike Actions, fit for Princes,
 They can no more put on, and make 'em fit right,
 Than I can with this mortal Hand hold Heav'n:
 Poor petty Men, nor have I yet forgot
 The chiefest Honours Time and Merit gave 'em:
Lisimachus your Master, at the best,
 His highest and his hopeful'st Dignities
 Was but Grand-master of the Elephants;
Seleucus of the Treasure; and for *Ptolomey*,
 A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
 Some Master of Ammunition: And must these Men-----

Cel. What a brave Confidence flows from his Spirit!
 O sweet young Man!

Dem. Must these hold pace with us,
 And on the same file hang their Memories?
 Must these examine what the Wills of Kings are?
 Prescribe to their Designs, and chain their Actions
 To their restraints? be Friends and Foes when they please?
 Send out their Thunders, and their Menaces,
 As if the Fate of mortal things were theirs?
 Go home good Men, and tell your Masters from us,
 We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
 Their barren Countries, ruin their vast Cities,
 And tell 'em out of Love, we mean to leave 'em,
 Since they will needs be Kings, no more to tread on,
 Than they have able Wits and Pow'rs to manage,
 And so we shall be friend 'em. Ha! what does she there?

Emb. This is your Answer, King?

Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.

Dem. Fie, Sweet, what makes you here?

Cel. Pray ye do not chide me.

Dem. You do your self much wrong and me.

Cel. Pray you pardon me,
 I feel my Fault, which only was committed
 Through my dear Love to you: I have not seen ye,
 And how can I live then? I have not spoke to ye----

Dem. I know this Week ye have not; I will redeem all.
 You are so tender now; think where you are, Sweet.

Cel. What other light have I left?

Dem. Prethee, *Celia*,

Indeed

Indeed I'll see you presently.

Col. I have done, Sir:

You will not miss?

Dem. By this, and this, I will not.

Cel. 'Tis in your will, and I must be obedient.

Dem. No more of these Assemblies.

Cel. I am Commanded.

1 Ufb. Room for the Lady there: Madam my service----

1 Gent. My Coach, an't please you, Lady.

2 Ufb. Room before there.

2 Gent. The Honour, Madam, but to wait upon you--

My Servants and my State.

Cel. Lord, how they flock now?

Before I was afraid they wou'd have beat me;

How these Flies play i'th' Sun-shine? pray ye no services,

Or if ye needs must play the Hobby-horses,

Seek out some Beauty that affects 'em: Farewel,

Nay pray ye spare, Gentlemen, I am old enough

To go alone at these Years, without Crutches. [*Exit.*

2 Ufb. Well I could curse now: But that will not help me.

Imade as sure account of this Wench now, immediately,

Do but consider how the Devil has crost me,

Meat for my Master she cries, well-----

3 Emb. Once more, Sir,

We ask your Resolutions: Peace or War yet?

Dem. War, War, my noble Father.

1 Emb. Thus I fling it:

And fair ey'd Peace, farewell.

Ant. You have your answer;

Conduct out the Ambassadors, and give 'em Convoys.

Dem. Tell your high-hearted Masters, they shall not

Nor cool i'th' Field in Expectation of us, (seek us,

We'll ease your Men those Marches: In their strengths,

And full Abilities of Mind and Courage

We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.

3 Emb. You will find so hot a Soldier's welcome, Sir,

Your favour shall not freeze.

2 Emb. A forward Gentleman,

Pity the Wars should bruise such hopes-----

Ant. Conduct 'em-----

[*Exit Emb.*

Now,

Now, for this Preparation: Where's *Leontius*?
Call him in presently: For I mean in Person, Gentlemen,
My self, with my old Fortune——

Dem. Royal Sir,

Thus low I beg this Honour: Fame already
Hath every where rais'd Trophies to your Glory,
And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The weary Marches and the bloody Shocks
You daily set her in: 'Tis now scarce Honour
For you, that never knew to fight, but conquer,
To sparkle such poor People: The Royal Eagle,
When she hath try'd her young ones 'gainst the Sun,
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'em to prey,
How to command on wing, and check below her
Ev'n Birds of noble Plume; I am your own, Sir,
You have found my Spirit, try it now, and teach it
To stoop whole Kingdoms: Leave a little for me:
Let not your Glory be so greedy, Sir,
To eat up all my hopes; you gave me Life,
If to that Life you add not what's more lasting,
A noble Name, for Man, you have made a Shadow.
Bless me this Day: Bid me go on, and lead,
Bid me go on, no less fear'd than *Antigonus*,
And to my maiden Sword tie fast your Fortune:
I know 'twill fight it self then. Dear Sir, honour me:
Never fair Virgin long'd so.

Ant. Rise, and command then,
And be as fortunate as I expect ye:
I love that noble Will; your young Companions,
Bred up and foster'd with ye, I hope, *Demetrius*,
You will make Soldiers too; they must not leave ye.

Enter Leontius.

2 Gent. Never till Life leave us, Sir.

Ant. O *Leontius*,
Here's Work for you in hand.

Leon. I am ev'n right glad, Sir.
For by my troth, I am now grown old with Idleness;
I hear we shall abroad, Sir.

Ant. Yes, and presently:
But who think you Commands now?

Leon.

Leon. Who Commands, Sir?
Methinks mine Eye should guide me: Can there be,
If you your self will spare him so much Honour,
Any found out to lead before your Armies,
So full of Faith, and Fire, as brave *Demetrius*?
King *Philip*'s Son, at his Years was an old Soldier,
'Tis time his Fortune be o' wing, high time, Sir;
So many idle hours, as here he loyters,
So many ever-living Names he loses:
I hope 'tis he.

Ant. 'Tis he indeed, and nobly
He shall set forward: Draw you all those Garrisons
Upon the Frontiers as you pass: To those
Join these in pay at home, our ancient Soldiers,
And as you go press all the Provinces.

Leon. We shall not need;
Believe, this hopeful Gentleman
Can want no Swords, nor honest Hearts to follow him,
We shall be full, no fear, Sir.

Ant. You *Leontius*,
Because you are an old and faithful Servant,
And know the Wars, with all his Vantages,
Be near to his Instructions, lest his Youth
Lose Valour's best Companion, staid Discretion,
Shew were to lead, to lodge, to charge with safety;
In Execution not to break, nor scatter,
But with a provident Anger, follow nobly:
Not covetous of Blood, and Death, but Honour.
Be ever near his Watches; cheer his Labours,
And where his Hope stands fair, provoke his Valour;
Love him, and think it no dishonour, my *Demetrius*,
To wear this Jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,
And one that ev'n in spite of time, that sunk him,
And frosted up his Strength, will yet stand by thee,
And with the proudest of thine Enemies
Exchange for Blood, and bravely: Take his Counsel.

Leon. Your Grace hath made me young again, and

Ant. She must be known and suddenly: (wanton.
Do ye know her? [To *Menippus*.

Gent. Char. No, believe, Sir.

Ant. Did you observe her, *Timon*?

Tim. I look'd on her,
But what she is ———

Ant. I mst have that found.
Come in and take your leave.

Tim. And some few Prayers along.

Dem. I know my Duty,
You shall be half my Fath^r. [Exit *Ant.*]

Leon. All your Servant:
Come Gentlemen, you are resolv'd I am sure
To see these Wars.

Gent. We dare not leave his Fortunes,
Though most assur'd Death hung round about us.

Leon. That Barga'n's yet to make;
Be not too hasty, when ye face the Enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get Honour instantly,
But charge within your Bounds, and keep close Bodies,
And you shall see what sport we'll make these Mad-caps;
You shall have Game enough, I warrant ye,
Every Man's Cock shall fight.

Dem. I must go see, Sir:
Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken leave,
I'll meet you in the Park;
Draw the Men thither,
Wait you upon *Leontius*.

Gent. We'll attend, Sir.

Leon. But I beseech your Grace, with speed; the sooner
We are i'th' Field ———

Dem. You cou'd not please me better. [Exit.]

Leon. You never saw the Wars yet?

Gent. Not yet, Colonel.

Leon. These foolish Mistresses do so hang about ye,
So whimper, and so hug, I know it Gentlemen,
And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud;
And that sweet tilting War, with Eyes and Kisses,
Th'alarms of soft Vows, and Sighs, and fiddle faddles,
Spoils all our Trade: You must forget these knick knacks,
A Woman at some time of year, I grant ye
She is necessary, but make no business of her.
How now Lieutenant?

Enter

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Oh, Sir, as ill as ever;
We shall have Wars they say; they are Mustring yonder:
Wou'd we were at it once: Fie, how it plagues me.

Leon. Here's one has serv'd now under Captain *Cupid*,
And crackt a Pike in's Youth: You see what's come on't.

Lieu. No, my Disease will never prove so honourable.

Leon. Why sure, thou hast the best Pox.

Lieu. If I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best Company;
They are pox of thirty Coats.

Leon. Thou hast mewed 'em finely:
Here's a strange Fellow now, and a brave Fellow,
If we may say so of a pocky Fellow,
Which I believe we may, this poor Lieutenant;
Whether he have the Scratches, or the Scabs,
Or what a Devil it be, I'll say this for him,
There fights no braver Soldier under Sun, Gentlemen;
Show him an Enemy, his Pain's forgot straight;
And where other Men by Beds and Bathes have ease,
And easie Rules of Physick; set him in a danger,
A danger, that's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye,
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his Heart: And then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely: Not a pang remembred:
I have seen him do such things, belief would shrink at:

Gent. 'Tis strange he shou'd do all this, and diseas'd so.

Leon. I am sure 'tis true: Lieutenant, canst thou drink
well? (feel this.

Lieu. Wou'd I were drunk, Dog drunk, I might not

Gent. I wou'd take Physick.

Lieu. But I wou'd know my Disease first. (backward?

Leon. Why? it may be the Cholique: canst thou blow

Lieu. There's never a Bag-pipe in the Kingdom better.

Gent. Is't not a Pleuresie?

Lieu. 'Tis any thing
That has the Devil, and Death in't: Will ye march,
The Prince has taken leave. (Gentlemen?

Leon. How know ye that?

Q 2

Lieu.

Lieu. I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his Followers,
And met him after in a By-street: I think
He has some Wench, or such a Toy, to lick over
Before he go: Wou'd I had such another
To draw this foolish Pain down.

Leon. Let's away Gentlemen,
For sure the Prince will stay on us.

Gent. We'll attend, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius, and Celia.

Cel. Must ye needs go?

Dem. Or stay with all Dishonour.

Cel. Are there not Men enough to fight?

Dem. Fie *Celia*.

This ill becomes the noble Love you bear me;
Would you have your Love a Coward?

Cel. No; believe, Sir,

I wou'd have him fight, but not so far off from me.

Dem. Wou'dst have it thus? or thus?

Cel. If that be fighting——

Dem. Ye wanton Fool: When I come home again
I'll fight with thee, at thine own Weapon, *Celia*,
And conquer thee too.

Cel. That you have done already,
You need no other Arms to me, but these, Sir;
But will you fight your self, Sir?

Dem. Thus deep in Blood, Wench,
And through the thickest ranks of Pikes.

Cel. Spur bravely
Your fiery Courser, beat the Troops before ye,
And cram the Mouth of Death with Executions.

Dem. I wou'd do more than these. But prethee tell me,
Tell me, my fair, where got'st thou this male Spirit?
I wonder at thy Mind.

Cel. Were I a Man then,
You would wonder more.

Dem. Sure thou wou'dst prove a Soldier,
And some great Leader.

Cel.

Cel. Sure I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I shou'd grow Envious,
Extreamly envious of your Youth, and Honour.

Dem. And fight against me?

Cel. Ten to one, I should do it.

Dem. Thou wou'dst not hurt me?

Cel. In this Mind I am in
I think I should be hardly brought to strike ye,
Unless 'twere thus; but in my Man's Mind —

Dem. What?

Cel. I shou'd be Friends with you too,
Now I think better.

Dem. Ye are a tall Soldier:
Here, take these, and these;
This Gold to furnish ye, and keep this Bracelet;
Why do you weep now?
You a Masculine Spirit?

Cel. No, I confess, I am a Fool, a Woman:
And ever when I part with you —

Dem. You shall not,
These Tears are like prodigious Signs, my sweet one,
I shall come back, loaden with Fame, to honour thee.

Cel. I hope you shall:
But then, my dear *Demetrius*,
When you stand Conqueror, and at your Mercy
All People bow, and all things wait your Sentence;
Say then your Eye, surveying all your Conquest,
Find out a Beauty, even in Sorrow excellent,
A constant Face, that in the midst of Ruin
With a forc'd Smile, both scorns at Fate, and Fortune:
Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified,
And in her Figure all the sweets of Nature?

Dem. Prethee,
No more of this, I cannot find her.

Cel. That shews as far beyond my wither'd Beauty;
And will run mad to love ye too.

Dem. Do you fear me,
And do you think, besides this Face, this Beauty,
This Heart, where all my hopes are lock'd —

Cel. I dare not:

No sure, I think ye honest; wondrous honest.
Pray do not frown, I'll swear ye are.

Dem. Ye may chuse.

Cel. But how long will ye be away?

Dem. I know not.

Cel. I know you are angry now: pray look upon me:
I'll ask no more such Questions.

Dem. The Drums beat,
I can no longer stay.

Cel. They do but call yet:
How fain you wou'd leave my Company?

Dem. I wou'd not,
Unless a greater Pow'r than Love commanded,
Commands my Life, mine Honour.

Cel. But a little.

Dem. Prethee farewell, and be not doubtful of me.

Cel. I wou'd not have ye hurt: And ye are so ventrous—
But good sweet Prince preserve your self, fight nobly,
But do not thrust this Body, 'tis not yours now,
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine: Do not seek Wounds, Sir,
For every drop of Blood you bleed—

Dem. I will, *Celia*,
I will be careful.

Cel. My Heart, that loves ye dearly.

Dem. Prethee no more, we must part:

[*Drums beat a March.*]

Hark, they march now.

Cel. Pox on these bawling Drums: I am sure you'll kiss
But one Kiss? what a parting's this? (me)

Dem. Here take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;
But still remember, if your fooling with me
Make me forgot the Trust—

Cel. I have done: Farewel, Sir,
Never look back, you shall not stay, not a minute.

Dem. I must have one Farewel more.

Cel. No, the Drums beat;
I dare not slack your Honour; not a hand more,
Only this Look? the Gods preserve, and save ye.

[*Exeunt*
A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, Charinthus, and Timon.

Ant. WHAT, have ye found her out?

Char. We have hearkned after her.

Ant. What's that to my desire?

Char. Your Grace must give us time,
And a little Means.

Tim. She is sure a Stranger,
If she were bred or known here—

Ant. Your dull Endeavours

Enter Menippus.

Should never be employ'd. Welcome, Menippus.

Men. I have found her, Sir,
I mean the Place she is lodg'd in; her Name is *Celia*,
And much ado I had to purchase that too.

Ant. Dost think *Demetrius* loves her?

Men. Much I fear it,
But nothing that way yet can win for certain.
I'll tell your Grace within this Hour.

Ant. A Stranger?

Men. Without all doubt.

Ant. But how shou'd he come to her?

Men. There lies the Marrow of the Matter hid yet.

Ant. Hast thou been with thy Wife?

Men. No, Sir, I am going to her.

Ant. Go and dispatch, and meet me in the Garden,
And get all out ye can. [Exit.]

Men. I'll do my best, Sir. [Exit.]

Tim. Blest be thy Wife, thou wert an arrant A's else.

Char. Ay, she is a stirring Woman indeed:
There's a Brain, Brother.

Tim. There's not a handsom Wenck of any mettle
Within a hundred Miles, but her Intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to Court, as to a Sanctuary.
What had his mouldy Brains ever arriv'd at,
Had not she beaten it out o'th' Flint to fasten him?

They say she keeps an Office of Concealments:
 There is no young Wench, let her be a Saint,
 Unless she live i'th' Center, but she finds her,
 And every way prepares Addresfies to her:
 If my Wife wou'd have followed her Course, *Charimbus*,
 Her lucky Course, I had the day before him:
 O what might I have been by this time, Brother?
 But she, forsooth, when I put these things to her,
 These things of honest Thrift, groans, O my Conscience,
 The load upon my Conscience, when to make us Cuckolds,
 They have no more burthen than a Brood-goose, Brother;
 But let's do what we can, though this Wench fail us,
 Another of a new way will be lookt at:
 Come, let's abroad, and beat our Brains, time may,
 For all his Wisdom, yet give us a Day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Drum within, Alarm, Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus, give me way, Sir,
 I shall forget you love me else.

Leon. Will ye lose all?

For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
 Nay never to have been a Man, is nothing,
 So you, and those we have preserv'd from Slaughter
 Come safely off. *Dem.* I have lost my self.

Leon. You are cozen'd.

Dem. And am most miserable.

Leon. There's no Man so, but he that makes himself so.

Dem. I will go on.

Leon. You must not: I shall tell you then,
 And tell you true, that Man's unfit to govern,
 That cannot guide himself: You lead an Army?
 That have not so much manly Suff'rance left ye,
 To bear a loss?

Dem. Charge but once more, *Leontius*,
 My Friends and my Companions are engag'd all.

Leon. Nay give 'em lost, I saw 'em off their Horses,
 And the Enemy Master of their Arms; nor cou'd then

The

The Policy nor Strength of Man redeem 'em.

Dem. And shall I know this, and stand fooling?

Leon. By my dead Father's Soul you stir not, Sir,
Or if you do, you make your way through me first.

Dem. Thou art a Coward.

Leon. To prevent a Madman.

None but your Father's Son durst call me so,
'Death if he did——Must I be scandal'd by ye,

That hedg'd in all the helps I had to save ye?

That, where there was a valiant Weapon stirring,

Both search'd it out, and singl'd it, unedg'd it,

For fear it should bite you; am I a Coward?

Go, get ye up, and tell 'em ye are the King's Son;

Hang all your Lady's favours on your Crest,

And let them fight their shares; spur to Destruction,

You cannot miss the way: Be bravely desperate,

And your young Friends before ye, that lost this Battel,

Your honourable Friends, that knew no Order,

Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,

The wise and fortunate *Antigonus*,

The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Antigonus*,

Has sent a desperate Son, without Discretion,

To bury in an Hour his Age of Honour.

Dem. I am asham'd.

Leon. 'Tis ten to one, I die with ye:

The Coward will not long be after ye;

I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for ye,

And tell a whining Tale, some ten years after,

To Boys and Girls in an old Chimney Corner,

Of what a Prince we had, how bravely Spirited;

How young and fair he fell: We'll all go with ye,

And ye shall see us all, like Sacrifices

In our best trim, fill up the Mouth of Ruin.

Will this Faith satisfy your Folly? Can this show ye,

'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,

To fall, forgotten, in a Multitude?

If you will needs tempt Fortune now she has held ye,

Held ye from sinking up.

Dem. Pray do not kill me,

These Words pierce deeper than the Wounds I suffer.

The

The smarting Wounds of loss.

Leon. Ye are too tender ;
 Fortune has Hours of Loss, and Hours of Honour,
 And the most valiant feel them both ; Take comfort,
 The next is ours, I have a Soul describes it :
 The angry Bull never goes back for Breath,
 But when he means to arm his Fury double.
 Let this Day set, but not the Memory,
 And we shall find a time. How now Lieutenant ?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I know not: I am mall'd: We are bravely beaten,
 All our young Gallants lost.

Leon. Thou art hurt. *Lieu.* I am pepper'd,
 I was i'th' midst of all: And bang'd of all Hands:
 They made an Anvile of my Head, it rings yet;
 Never so thresh'd: Do you call this Fame? I have fam'd it;
 I have got immortal Fame, but I'll no more on't;
 I'll no such scratching Saint to serve hereafter;
 O' my Conscience I was kill'd above twenty times,
 And yet I know not what a Devil's in't,
 I crawl'd away, and liv'd again still; I am hurt plaguily,
 But now I have nothing near so much pain, Colonel,
 They have sliced me for that Malady.

Dem. All the young Men lost? (Sir,

Lieu. I am glad you are here: But they are all i'th' pound,
 They'll never ride o'er other Mens Corn again, I take it,
 Such frisking, and such flaunting with their Feathers,
 And such careering with their Mistress's Favours;
 And here must he be pricking out for Honour,
 And there got he a Knock, and down goes Pilgarlick,
 Commends his Soul to his she-faint, and *Exit.*

Another spurs in there, cries, Make room Villains,
 I am a Lord; scarce spoken, but with Reverence
 A Rascal takes him o'er the Face, and fells him;
 There lies the Lord, the Lord be with him.

Leon. Now Sir,
 Do you find this truth?

Dem. I wou'd not. *Lieu.* Pox upon it,
 They have such tender Bodies too; such Culisses,
 That one good handsom Blow breaks 'em in pieces.

Leon.

Leon. How stands the Enemy?

Lieu. Ev'n cool enough too:

For to say truth he has been shrewdly heated,
The Gentleman no doubt will fall to his Jewlips.

Leon. He marches not i' th' Tail on's.

Lieu. No, Plague take him,
He'll kiss our Tails as soon; he looks upon us,
As if he wou'd say, if ye will turn again, Friends,
We will belabour you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your Coxcombs.
Now shall we have damnable Ballads out against us,
Most wicked Madrigals: And ten to one, Colonel,
Sung to such lowfie, lamentable Tunes.

Leon. Thou art merry,
How e'er the Game goes: Good Sir be not troubled,
A better Day will draw this back again.
Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off,
They are hot, and weary.

Dem. I'll do any thing.

Leon. Lieutenant, send one presently away
To th' King, and let him know our State: And hark ye,
Be sure the Messenger advise his Majesty
To comfort up the Prince: He's full of sadness.

Lieu. When shall I get a Chirurgeon? This hot Weather,
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, Colonel.

Leon. Go, I'll prepare thee one.

Lieu. If ye catch me then,
Fighting again, I'll eat Hay with a Horse. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Leucippe, Reading, and two Maids at a Table
Writing.

Leu. Have ye written to Merione?

1 Maid. Yes, Madam.

Leu. And let her understand the hopes she has,
If she come speedily——

1 Maid. All these are specified.

Leu. And of the Chain is sent her,
And the rich stuff to make her shew more handsom here?

1 Maid.

1 Maid. All this is done, Madam.

Leu. What have you dispatch'd there?

2 Maid. A Letter to the Country Maid, and't please ye,

Leu. A pretty Girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish.

Have ye bought the embroidered Gloves, and that Purse
And the new Curl? (for her,

2 Maid. They are ready pack'd up, Madam.

Leu. Her Maiden-head will yield me; let me see now;
She is not fifteen they say: For her Complexion——

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here, I have her,

Cloe, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;

Her Age upon fifteen; Now her Complexion,

A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and rolling,

The Body neatly built; she strikes a Lute well,

Sings most inticingly; these helps consider'd,

Her Maiden-head will amount to some three hundred,

Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it hand-

Her Father's poor, some little share deducted, (singly

To buy him a hunting Nag; Ay, 'twill be pretty.

Who takes care of the Merchant's Wife?

1 Maid. I have wrought her.

Leu. You know for whom she is?

1 Maid. Very well, Madam,

Though very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that Happiness.

Leu. These Kind are subtle;

Did she not cry and blubber when you urg'd her?

1 Maid. O most extreamly, and swore she wou'd rather

Leu. Good signs, very good signs, (perish.
Symptoms of easie Nature.

Had she the Plate?

1 Maid. She look'd upon't, and left it,

And turn'd again, and view'd it.

Leu. Very well still.

1 Maid. At length she was content to let it lye there,
Till I call'd for't, or so.

Leu. She will come?

1 Maid. Do you take me

For such a Fool, I wou'd part without that Promise?

Leu. The Chamber's next the Park.

1 Maid.

1 Maid. The Widow, Madam,
You bad me look upon.

Leu. Hang her, she is musty:
She is no Man's Meat; besides, she's poor and flattish:
Where lies old *Thisbe* now, you are so long now——

2 Maid. *Thisbe, Thisbe, Thisbe*, Agent *Thisbe*, O I have
Shelyes now in *Nicopolis*. (her,

Leu. Dispatch a Packet,
And tell her, her Superior here commands her
The next Month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our Use, some twenty young and handsom,
As also able Maids, for the Court Service,
As she will answer it: We are out of Beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With such blown stuff, I am ashamed to send it.

[Knock within.

Who's that? Look out, to your business, Maid,
There's nothing got by Idleness: There is a Lady,
Which if I can but buckle with, *Altea*,
A, A, A, A, Altea, young, and married,
And a great Lover of her Husband, well,
Not to be brought to Court! Say ye so? I am sorry, (is't?
The Court shall be brought to you then; how now, who

1 Maid. An ancient Woman, with a Maid attending,
A pretty Girl, but out of Cloaths; for a little Mony,
It seems she would put her to your bringing up, Madam.

Enter Woman and Phebe.

Leu. Let her come in. Would you ought with us, good
I pray be short, we are full of business. (Woman?

Wom. I have a tender Girl here, an't please your Honour.

Leu. Very well.

Wom. That hath a great desire to serve your Worship.

Leu. It may be so; I am full of Maids.

Wom. She is young forsooth——

And for her truth; and as they say her bearing. (Pulse,

Leu. Ye say well; come ye hither Maid, let me feel your
'Tis somewhat weak, but Nature will grow stronger,
Let me see your Leg, she treads but low i'th' Pasterns.

Wom. A cork Heel, Madam.

Leu. We know what will do it, (at?
Without your aim, good Woman; what do you pitch her
She's

She's but a slight Toy—— cannot hold out long.

Wom. Ev'n what you think is meet.

Leu. Give her ten Crowns, we are full of Business,
She is a poor Woman, let her take a Cheese home.

Enter the Wench i' th' Office. [*Ex. Wom. and 1 Maid.*
2 Maid. What's your Name, Sister?

Pbe. *Phebe*, forsooth.

Leu. A pretty Name; 'twill do well:

Go in, and let the other Maid instruct you, *Phebe*. [*Ex. Phe.*

Let my old Velvet Skirt be made fit for her.

I'll put her into action for a Waist-coat;

And when I have rigg'd her up once, this small Pinnace
[*Knock within.*

Shall sail for Gold, and good store too; who's there?

Lord, shall we never have any ease in this World?

Still troubled! Still molested! What wou'd you have?

Enter Menippe.

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able,

And ye were my Husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.

At least a dozen Posts are gone this Morning

For several parts of the Kingdom: I can do no more

But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

Men. Prithee, good sweet Heart,

I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee,

I know thou labour'st truly: Hark in thine Ear.

Leu. Ha!

What do you make so dainty on't? Look there

I am an Ass, I can do nothing.

Men. *Celia*?

Ay, this is she; a Stranger Born.

Leu. What would you give for more now?

Men. Prithee, my best *Leucippe*, there's much hangs on't,

Lodg'd at the end of *Mars's* Street? That's true too;

At the sack of such a Town, by such a Soldier

Preserv'd a Prisoner; and by Prince *Demetrius*

Bought from that Man again, maintain'd and favour'd:

How came you by this Knowledge?

Leu. Poor, weak Man,

I have a thousand Eyes, when thou art sleeping,

Abroad, and full of business.

Men.

Men. You never try'd her?

Leu. No, she is beyond my level; so hedg'd in
By the Prince's infinite Love and Favour to her——

Men. She is a handsom Wench.

Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that proof arms her self.

Men. Come in then;
I have a great design from the King to you,
And you must work like Wax now.

Leu. On this Lady?

Men. On this, and all your Wits call home.

Leu. I have done
Toys in my time of some Note; old as I am,
I think my Brains will work without Barm;
Take up the Books.

Men. As we go in, I'll tell ye. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords and a Soldier.

Ant. No Face of Sorrow for this loss, 'twill choak him,
Nor no Man miss a Friend, I know his Nature
So deep imprest with Grief, for what he has suffer'd,
That the least adding to it adds to his Ruin;
His loss is not so infinite, I hope, Soldier.

Sol. Faith neither great, nor out of Indiscretion.
The young Men out of heat.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, and Lieutenant.

Ant. I guess the manner.

Lord. The Prince and't like your Grace——s.

Ant. You are welcome home, Sir:
Come, no more Sorrow, I have heard your Fortune,
And I my self have try'd the like: Clear up Man,
I will not have ye take it thus; if I doubted,
Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your back to
Basely befought their Mercies—— ('em,

Leon. No, no, by this Hand, Sir,
We fought like honest and tall Men.

Ant. I know't, *Leontius*: Or if I thought

Neg-

Neglect of Rule, having his Counsel with ye,
Or too vain-glorious Appetite of Fame,
Your Men forgot and scatter'd.

Leon. None of these, Sir,
He shew'd himself a noble Gentleman,
Every way apt to Rule.

Ant. These being granted;
Why should you think you have done an act so hainous,
That nought but Discontent dwells round about ye?
I have lost a Battel.

Leon. Ay, and fought it hard too.

Ant. With as much means as Man——

Leon. Or Devil could urge it.

Ant. Twenty to one of our side now.

Leon. Turn Tables,
Beaten like Dogs again, like Owls, you take it
To Heart for flying but a Mile before 'em;
And to say the truth, 'twas no flight neither, Sir,
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk,
I have tumbld with this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fish,
And stuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,
Blooded and bang'd almost a Day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad Shaver,
He fights his share I am sure, when e'er he comes to't;
Yet I have seen him trip it tithly too,
And cry the Devil take the hindmost ever.

Lieu. I learnt it of my Betters.

Leon. Boudge at this?

Ant. Has Fortune but one Face?

Lieu. In her best Vizard
Methinks she looks but lowzily.

Ant. Chance, though she faint now,
And sink below our Expectations,
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?

Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the Enemy,
'And lost my People, left mine Honour murder'd,
My Maiden Honour, never to be Ransom'd,
Which to a noble Soul is too too sensible,
Afflicts me with this Sadness; most of these,
Time may turn straight again, Experience perfect,

And

And new Swords cut new ways to nobler Fortunes.

O I have lost—

Ant. As you are mine, forget it :

I do not think it loss.

Dem. O Sir, forgive me,

I have lost my Friends, those worthy Souls bred with me,

I have lost my self, they were the pieces of me:

I have lost all Arts, my Schools are taken from me,

Honour and Arms, no Emulation left me :

I liv'd to see these Men lost, look'd upon it ; (tues;

These Men that twin'd their Loves to mine, their Vir-

O shame of shames! I saw and cou'd not save 'em:

This carries Sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,

And like a fatal Tomb, bestrides my Memory.

Ant. This was hard Fortune, but if alive, and taken,

They shall be ransom'd: Let it be at Millions,

Dem. They are dead, they are dead.

Lieu. When wou'd he weep for me thus?

I may be dead and powder'd.

Leon. Good Prince, grieve not:

We are not certain of their Deaths: The Enemy,

Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good Quarter.

What Noise is this?

Great Shout within: Enter Gentlemen.

Lieu. He does not follow us?

Give me a Steeple top.

Leon. They live, they live, Sir.

Ant. Hold up your manly Face.

They live, they are here, Son.

Dem. These are the Men.

1 *Gent.* They are, and live to honour ye.

Dem. How 'scap'd ye, noble Friends? Methought I saw
Even in the Jaws of Death. (ye

2 *Gent.* Thanks to our Folly,
That spur'd us on ; we were indeed hedg'd round in't ;
And ev'n beyond the hand of Succour, beaten,
Unhors'd, disarm'd: And what we lookt for then, Sir,
Let such poor weary Souls that hear the Bell knoll,
And see the Grave a digging, tell.

V O L. II.

R.

Dem.

Dem. For Heav'n's sake
Delude mine Eyes no longer! How came ye off?

1 Gent. Against all expectation; the brave *Seleucus*,
I think this Day enamour'd on your Virtue,
When, through the Troops, he saw ye shoot like Light-
And at your manly Courage all took Fire; (ning;
And after that, the Misery we fell to,
'The never-certain Fate of War, consid'ring,
As we stood all before him, Fortune's Ruins,
Nothing but Death expecting, a short time
He made a stand upon our Youths and Fortunes.
Then with an eye of Mercy inform'd his Judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for such fatal Ends; he cry'd out to us,
Go Gentlemen, commend me to your Master,
To the most High, and Hopeful Prince, *Demetrius*;
Tell him the Valour that he show'd against me
This day, the Virgin Valour, and true Fire,
Deserves ev'n from an Enemy this Courtesie;
Your Lives, and Arms freely I'll give 'em: Thank him.
And thus we are return'd, Sir.

Leon. Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done; was't not a noble part, Sir?

Lieu. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't;
These noble tricks I never durst trust 'em yet.

Leon. Let me not live, and 'twere not a fam'd Honesty;
It takes me such a tickling way: Now wou'd I wish,
But ev'n the Happiness, ev'n that poor Blessing (Heaven,
For all the sharp Afflictions thou hast sent me,
But ev'n i'th' head o'th' Field, to take *Seleucus*.
I should do something memorable: Fie, sad still?

1 Gent. Do you grieve, we are come off?

Dem. Unransom'd, was it?

2 Gent. It was, Sir.

Dem. And with such a Fame to me?
Said ye not so?

Leon. Ye have heard it.

Dem. O *Leontius*!

Better I had lost 'em all: My self had perish'd,
And all my Father's hopes.

Leon.

Leon. Mercy upon you;
What ails you, Sir? Death, do not make Fools on's,
Neither go to Church, nor tarry at Home?
That's a fine Horn-pipe.

Ant. What's now your Grief, *Demetrius*?

Dem. Did he not beat us twice?

Leon. He beat, a Pudding; beat us but once.

Dem. H'as beat me twice, and beat me to a Coward.
Beat me to nothing.

Lieu. Is not the Devil in him?

Leon. I pray it be no worse.

Dem. Twice conquer'd me.

Leon. Bear witness all the World, I am a Dunce here.

Dem. With Valour first he struck me, then with Honour,
That Stroak *Leontius*, that Stroak, dost thou not feel it?

Leon. Whereabouts was it? For I remember nothing yet.

Dem. All these Gentlemen that were his Prisoners—

Leon. Yes, he set 'em free, Sir, with Arms and Honour.

Dem. There, there, now thou hast it;
At mine own Weapon, Courtesie, h'as beaten me.
At that I was held a Master in, he has cow'd me,
Hotter than all the dint o'th' Fight he has charg'd me:
Am I not now a wretched Fellow? Think on't;
And when thou hast examin'd all ways honourable,
And find'st no Door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a Wretch, and was twice beaten.

Ant. I have observ'd your way, and understand it,
And equal love it as *Demetrius*,
My noble Child thou shalt not fall in Virtue,
I and my Pow'r will sink first: You *Leontius*,
Wait for a new Commission, ye shall out again,
And instantly: You shall not lodge this Night here,
Not see a Friend, nor take a Blessing with ye,
Before ye be i'th' Field: The Enemy is up still,
And still in full design: Charge him again, Son,
And either bring home that again thou hast lost there,
Or leave thy Body by him.

Dem. Ye raise me,
And now I dare look up again, *Leontius*.

(*'em*

Leon. Ay, ay, Sir, I am thinking who we shall take of

To make all straight; and who we shall give to th' Devil.
What say'st thou now, Lieutenant?

Lieu. I say nothing.

Lord what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my Constitution mightily alter'd
Since I came home: I hate all Noises too,
Especially the Noise of Drums; I am now as well
As any living Man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me,
It goes against my Stomach.

Dem. Good Sir, presently;
You cannot do your Son so fair a Favour.

Ant. 'Tis my Intent: I'll see ye march away too.
Come, get your Men together presently, *Leontius*,
And press where please you, as you march.

Leon. We go, Sir.

Ant. Wait you on me, I'll bring ye to your Command,
And then to Fortune give you up.

Dem. Ye love me.

[Exit.]

Leon. Go, get the Drums, beat round, Lieutenant.

Lieu. Hark ye, Sir,
I have a foolish business they call Marriage.

Leon. After the Wars are done.

Lieu. The Party stays, Sir,
I have giv'n the Priest his Mony too: All my Friends, Sir,
My Father, and my Mother.

Leon. Will you go forward?

Lieu. She brings a pretty matter with her.

Leon. Half a dozen Bastards.

Lieu. Some forty, Sir.

Leon. A goodly competency.

Lieu. I mean Sir, Pounds a Year; I'll dispatch the mat-
'Tis but a Night or two; I'll overtake ye Sir. (quarter?)

Leon. The two old Legions, yes: Where lies the Horse-

Lieu. And if it be a Boy, I'll ev'n make bold, Sir.

Leon. Away with your Whore,
A plague o' your Whore, you damn'd Rogue,
Now ye are cur'd and well; must ye be clicketing?

Lieu. I have broke my Mind to my Ancient, in my
He's a sufficient Gentleman. (absence;

Leon.

Leon. Get forward.

Lieu. Only receive her Portion.

Leon. Get ye forward,

Else I'll bang ye forward.

Lieu. Strange, Sir,

A Gentleman and an Officer cannot have the liberty
To do the Office of a Man.

Leon. Shame light on thee,
How came this Whore into thy Head?

Lieu. This Whore, Sir?

'Tis strange, a poor Whore.

Leon. Do not answer me,
Troop, Troop away; do not name this Whore again,
Or think there is a Whore.

Lieu. That's very hard, Sir.

Leon. For if thou dost, look to't, I'll have thee Gelded,
I'll walk ye out before me: Not a word more. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter Leucippe, and Governess.

Leu. Ye are the Mistrefs of the House, ye say,
Where this young Lady lies.

Gov. For want of a better.

Leu. You may be good enough for such a purpose.
When was the Prince with her? Answer me directly.

Gov. Not since he went a Warring.

Leu. Very well then:
What carnal Copulation are you privy to
Between these two? Be not afraid, we are Women,
And may talk thus amongst our selves, no harm in't.

Gov. No sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the Gentlewoman
Otherwise giv'n, than a hopeful Gentlewoman —

Leu. You'll grant me the Prince loves her?

Gov. There I am with ye.
And the Gods blefs her, promises her mightily.

Leu. Stay there a while. And gives her Gifts?

Gov. Extreemly;

And truly makes a very Saint of her.

Leu. I shou'd think now,
(Good Woman let me have your judgement with me,
I see 'tis none of the worst: Come sit down by me)
That these two cannot love so tenderly.

Gov. Being so young as they are too.

Leu. You say well——

But that methinks some further Promises——

Gov. Yes, yes,

I have heard the Prince swear he wou'd marry her.

Leu. Very well still: They do not use to fall out?

Gov. The tenderest Chickens to one another,
They cannot live an hour asunder.

Leu. I have done then;

And be you gone; you know your Charge, and do it.

You know whose will it is; if you transgress it——

That is, if any have access, or see her,

Before the King's will be fulfill'd——

Gov. Not the Prince, Madam?

Leu. You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure ye.

Gov. But ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey ye.

Leu. Away, and to your business then.

Gov. 'Tis done, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus.

Ant. **T**Hou hast taken wondrous pains; but yet *Menippus*
You understand not of what Blood and Country.

Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A *Greek* I am sure she is, she speaks this Language.

Ant. Is she so excellent handsom?

Men. Most inticing.

Ant. Sold for a Prisoner?

Men. Yes Sir, some poor Creature.

Ant. And he loves tenderly?

Men.

Men. They say extreemly.

Ant. 'Tis well prevented then : Yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops,
Desir'd an Hour, but half an Hour, a Minute,
Which I with Anger cross'd ; I knew his business,
I knew 'twas she he hunted on; this Journey, Man,
I beat out suddenly for her cause intended,
And wou'd not give him time to breath. When comes she?

Men. This Morning, Sir.

Ant. Lodge her to all Delight then:
For I would have her try'd to th' test: I know,
She must be some crackt Coin, not fit his Traffick,
Which when we have found, the shame will make him
Or we shall work a nearer way: I'll bury him, (leave her,
And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,
E'er he shall dig his own Grave in that Woman:
You know which way to bring her: I'll stand close there,
To view her as she passes: And do you hear *Menippus*,
Observe her with all Sweetness; humour her,
'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes,
Away, and take what helps you please.

Men. I am gone, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Celia, and Governess.

Cel. Governess, from was this Gown sent me?
Prethee be serious true; I will not wear't else;
'Tis a handsom one.

Gov. As though you know not?

Cel. No Faith:

But I believe, for certain too, yet I wonder,
Because it was his Caution, this poor way,
Still to preserve me from the curious searchings
Of greedy Eyes.

Gov. You have it: Does it please you?

Cel. 'Tis very rich, methinks too, prethee tell me?

Gov. From one that likes you well, never look coy, Lady;
These are no Gifts, to be put off with powtings.

Cel. Powtings, and Gifts? Is it from any Stranger?

Gov. You are so curious, that there is no talk to ye.
What if it be I, pray ye?

Cel. Unpin, good Governess,
Quick, quick.

Gov. Why, what's the matter?

Cel. Quick, good Governess:

Fie on't, how beastly it becomes me? Poorly?
A trick put in upon me? Well said Governess:
I vow I wou'd not wear it—out, it smells musty.
Are these your tricks? Now I begin to smell it,
Abominable musty; will you help me?

The Prince will come again—

Gov. You are not mad sure?

Cel. As I live I'll cut it off: A pox upon it; (ries?
For sure it was made for that use; do you bring me Live-
Stales to catch Kites? Dost thou laugh too, thou base

Gov. I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd. (Woman?

Cel. Abuse me,
And then laugh at me too?

Gov. I do not abuse ye:

Is it abuse, to give him Drink that's thirsty?
You want Cloaths; is it such a hainous Sin I beseech ye,
To see you stor'd?

Cel. There is no greater wickedness than this way.

Gov. What way?

Cel. I shall curse thee fearfully,
If thou provok'st me further: And take heed, Woman;
My Curses never miss.

Gov. Curse him that sent it.

Cel. Tell but his Name—

Gov. You dare not curse him.

Cel. Dare not? By this fair Light-----

Gov. You are so full of Passion—

Cel. Dare not be good? Be honest? Dare not curse him?

Gov. I think you dare not: I believe so.

Cel. Speak him.

Gov. Up with your valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full charge.

Cel. If I do not, hang me; tell but his Name.

Gov.

Gov. 'Twas Prince *Demetrius* sent it:
Now, now, give fire, kill him i'th' Eye now, Lady.

Cel. Is he come home?

Gov. It seems so; but your Curse now.

Cel. You do not lie, I hope.

Gov. You dare not curse him.

Cel. Prethee do not abuse me: Is he come home indeed?
For I wou'd now with all my Heart believe thee.

Gov. Nay, you may chuse: Alas, I deal for Strangers,
That send ye scurv'y musty Gowns, stale Liveries:
I have my tricks.

Cel. 'Tis a good Gown, a handsome one;
I did but jest; where is he?

Gov. He that sent it —

Cel. How? He that sent it? Is't come to that again?
Thou canst not be so foolish: Prethee speak out,
I may mistake thee.

Gov. I said he that sent it.

Cel. Curse o' my Life: Why dost thou vex methus?
I know thou meanest *Demetrius*, dost thou not?
I charge thee speak truth: If it be any other,
Thou knowest the charge he gave thee, and the Justice
His Anger will inflict, if e'er he know this,
As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful Woman,
Thou beastly Woman; and thou shalt know too late too,
And feel too sensible, I am no Ward,
No Sale-stuff for your Mony-Merchants that sent it:
Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou —

Gov. What you please:
For this is ever the reward of Service.
The Prince shall bring the next himself.

Cel. 'Tis strange
That you should deal so peevishly: Beshrew ye;
You have put me in a heat.

Gov. I am sure ye have kill'd me:
I ne'er receiv'd such Language: I can but wait upon ye,
And be your Drudge; keep a poor Life to serve ye.

Cel. You know my Nature is too easie, Governess,
And you now know, I am sorry too: How does he?

Gov. O Gad, my Head.

Cel.

Cel. Prethee be well, and tell me,
Did he speak of me, since he came? Nay see now,
If thou wilt leave this Tyranny? Good sweet Governess,
Did he but name his *Celia*? Look upon me,
Upon my Faith I meant no harm: Here take this,
And buy thy self some trifles: Did he, good Wench?

Gov. He loves ye but too dearly.

Cel. That's my good Governess.

Gov. There's more Cloaths making for ye.

Cel. More Cloaths?

Gov. More:

Richer and braver; I can tell ye that News;
And twenty glorious things.

Cel. To what use, Sirrah? (Wretches

Gov. Ye are too good for our House now: We poor
Shall lose the comfort of ye.

Cel. No, I hope not.

Gov. For ever lose ye, Lady.

Cel. Lose me? Wherefore? I hear of no such thing.

Gov. 'Tis sure it must be so:

You must shine now at Court: Such preparation,
Such hurry, and such hanging Rooms-----

Cel. To th' Court, Wench? Was it to th' Court, thou

Gov. You'll find it so. (saidst?

Cel. Stay, stay, this cannot be.

Gov. I say it must be:

I hope to find ye still the same good Lady. (Wench,

Cel. To th' Court? This stumbles me: Art sure for me,
This preparation is?

Gov. She is perilous crafty;
I fear too honest for us all too. Am I sure I live?

Cel. To th' Court? This cannot down: What shou'd I do
Why should he on a sudden change his Mind thus, (there?
And not makeme acquainted? Sure he loves me;
His Vow was made against it, and mine with him:
At least while this King liv'd. He will come hither,
And see me, e'er I go?

Gov. Wou'd some wise Woman
Had her in working, That I think he will not,
Because he means with all joy there to meet ye.

Ye shall hear more within this Hour.

Cel. A Courtier?

What may that meaning be? Sure he will see me
If he be come, he must: Hark ye, good Governess,
What Age is the King of?

Gov. He's an old Man, and full of business.

Cel. I fear too full indeed: What Ladies are there?
I wou'd be loth to want good Company.

Gov. Delicate young Ladies, as you wou'd desire;
And when you are acquainted, the best Company.

Cel. 'Tis very well: Prithee go in, let's talk more.
For though I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it.

Gov. I see he must be cunning,
Knocks this Doe down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lieutenant, and Leontius: Drums within.

Leon. You shall not have your will, Sirrah, are ye running?
Have ye gotten a Toy in your Heels? Is this a Season,
When Honour pricks ye on, to prick your Ears up,
After your Whore, your Hobby-horse?

Lieu. Why look ye now: (fight
What a strange Man are you? Would you have a Man
At all hours all alike?

Leon. Do but fight something;
But half a Blow, and put thy Stomach to't:
Turn but thy Face, and do make Mouths at 'em.

Lieu. And have my Teeth knockt out; I thank ye
Ye are my dear Friend. (heartily,

Leon. What a Devil ails thee?
Dost long to be hang'd?

Lieu. Faith, Sir, I make no Suit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of Charity,
Continually in brawling——

Leon. Art thou not he?
I may be cozen'd——

Lieu. I shall be discover'd.

Leon. That in the midst of thy most hellish Pains,
When thou wert crawling Sick, didst aim at Wonders,
When

When thou wert mad with Pain?

Lieu. Ye have found the Cause out;
I had ne'er been mad to fight else: I confess, Sir,
The daily torture of my Side that vext me,
Made me as daily careless what became of me,
Till a kind Sword there wounded me, and eas'd me;
'Twas nothing in my Valour sought; I am well now,
And take some pleasure in my Life; methinks now,
It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,
And kill one another foolishly for Honour,
As 'twas to you, to see me play the Coxcomb.

Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more?

Lieu. I'th' mind I am in.

Leon. Nor never be sick again?

Lieu. I hope I shall not.

Leon. Prithee be sick again; prithee, I beseech thee,
Be just so sick again.

Lieu. I'll just be hang'd first.

Leon. If all the Arts that are can make a Cholick,
Therefore look to't: Or if Imposthumes, mark me,
As big as Foot-balls——

Lieu. Deliver me.

Leon. Or Stones of ten Pound weight i'th' Kidneys;
Through Ease and ugly Diets may be gather'd;
I'll feed ye up my self, Sir, I'll prepare ye,
You cannot fight, unless the Devil tear ye,
You shall not want Provocations, I'll scratch ye,
I'll have thee have the Tooth-ach, and the Head-ach.

Lieu. Good Colonel, I'll do any thing.

Leon. No, no, nothing——

Then will I have thee blown with a pair of Smiths Bellows,
Because ye shall be sure to have a round Gale with ye,
Fill'd full with Oyl o' Devil, and *Aqua-fortis*,
And let these work, these may provoke.

Lieu. Good Colonel.

Leon. A Coward in full Blood; prithee be plain with me,
Will roasting do thee any good?

Lieu. Nor basting neither, Sir.

Leon. Marry that goes hard.

Enter one Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Where are you, Colonel?

The Prince expects ye, Sir: h'as hedg'd the Enemy
Within a streight, where all the hopes and valours
Of all Men living cannot force a Passage,
He has 'em now.

Leon. I knew all this before, Sir, (there?
I chalk'd him out his way: But do you see that thing

Lieu. Nay good sweet Colonel, I'll fight a little.

Leon. That thing?

1 *Gent.* What thing? I see the brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Rogue, what a Name hast thou lost?

Lieu. You may help it,

Yet you may help't: I'll do ye any courtesie:

I know you love a Wench well.

Enter second Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him;
Do you look too.

2 *Gent.* What shou'd I look on?

I come to tell ye, the Prince stays your Direction,
We have 'em now i'th' Coop, Sir.

Leon. Let 'em rest there,
And chew upon their Miseries: But look first——

Lieu. I cannot fight for all this.

Leon. Look on this Fellow.

2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Canst thou hear this, and play the Rogue? Steal
Behind me quickly, neatly do it, (off quickly,
And rush into the thickest of the Enemy,
And if thou kill'ft but two.

Lieu. You may excuse me,
'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.

Leon. Be rul'd yet, (Sheeps Heart.
I'll beat thee on; go wink and fight: A plague upon your

2 *Gent.* What's all this matter?

1 *Gent.* Nay I cannot shew ye.

Leon. Here's twenty Pound, go but smell to 'em.

Lieu. Alas, Sir,

I have taken such a cold I can smell nothing.

Leon. I can smell a Rascal, a rank Rascal:

Fye,

Fye, how he stinks, like a tyred Jade.

2 *Gent.* What, Sir?

Leon. Why, that Sir, do not you smell him?

2 *Gent.* Smell him? *Lieu.* I must endure.

Leon. Stinks like a dead Dog, Carrion—

There's no such damnable smell under Heav'n,
As the faint sweat of a Coward. Will ye fight yet?

Lieu. Nay, now I defie ye; ye have spoke the worst
Of me, and if every Man should take what you say (ye can
To the Heart---- *Leon.* God ha' Mercy,
God ha' Mercy with all my Heart: here I forgive thee;
And fight, or fight not, but go along with us,
And keep my Dog.

Lieu. I love a good Dog naturally.

1 *Gent.* What's all this stir, Lieutenant?

Lieu. Nothing, Sir,

But a slight Matter of Argument. *Leon.* Pox take thee:
Sure I shall love this Rogue, he's so pretty a Coward.
Come Gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune
Dare play the flut again, I'll never more Saint her.
Come Play-fellow, come, prethee come up; come chicken,
I have a way shall fit yet: A tame Knave,
Come, look upon us.

Lieu. I'll tell ye who does best, Boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus, above.

Men. I saw her coming out.

Ant. Who waits upon her?

Men. *Timon, Charinthus, and some other Gentlemen,*
By me appointed.

Ant. Where's your Wife?

Men. She's ready

To entertain her here, Sir; and some Ladies
Fit for her Lodgings.

Ant. How shews she in her Trim now?

Men. O most divinely sweet.

Ant. Prethee speak softly.

How does she take her coming?

Men.

Men. She bears it bravely;
But what she thinks---For Heav'n sake, Sir, preserve me---
If the Prince chance to find this.

Ant. Peace, ye old Fool;
She thinks to meet him here.

Men. That's all the Project.

Ant. Was she hard to bring?

Men. No, she believ'd it quickly,
And quickly made her self fit. The Gown a little,
And those new things she has not been acquainted with,
At least in this place, where she liv'd a Prisoner,
Troubled and stirr'd her Mind. But believe me, Sir,
She has worn as good, they fit so apted to her;
And she is so great a Mistress of dispose.

Here they come now: But take a full view of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, and Gentlemen.

Ant. How cheerfully she looks? How she salutes all?
And how she views the Place? She is very young sure:
That was an admirable Smile, a catching one,
The very twang of Cupid's Bow sung in it:
She has two-edg'd Eyes, they kill o' both sides.

Men. She makes a stand, as though she wou'd speak.

Ant. Be still then.

Cel. Good Gentlemen, trouble your selves no further,
I had thought sure to have met a noble Friend here.

Tim. Ye may meet many, Lady.

Cel. Such as you are
I covet few or none, Sir.

Char. Will you walk this way,
And take the sweets o'th' Garden? Cool and close, Lady.

Cel. Methinks this open Air's far better, tend ye that
Pray where's the Woman came along? (way.

Char. What Woman?

Cel. The Woman of the House I lay at.

Tim. Woman?

Here was none came along sure.

Cel. Sure I am catcht then:
Pray where's the Prince?

Char. He will not be long from ye,
We are his humble Servants.

Cel.

Cel. I cou'd laugh now,
To see how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear not,
For sure I know a way to scape all dangers.

Tim. Madam, your Lodgings lye this way.

Cel. My Lodgings?

For Heav'n sake, Sir, what Office do I bear here?

Tim. The great Commander of all Hearts.

Enter Leucippe, and Ladies.

Cel. You have hit it.

I thank your sweet Heart for it. Who are these now?

Char. Ladies that come to serve ye.

Cel. Well consider'd,
Are you my Servants?

Lady. Servants to your Pleasures.

Cel. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye:
Catch'd with a trick? Well, I must bear it patiently:
Methinks this Court's a neat Place: All the People
Of so refin'd a size—

Tim. This is no poor Rogue.

Leu. Were it a Paradise to please your Fancy,
And entertain the Sweetness you bring with ye.

Cel. Take breath;
You are fat, and many words may melt ye;
This is three Bayds beaten into one; bleſs me Heav'n,
What shall become of me? I am i'th' pitfall: (ones
O' my Conscience, this is the old Viper, and all these little
Creep every Night into her Belly; do you hear, plump Ser-
And you my little sucking Ladies, you must teach me, (vant,
For I know you are excellent at Carriage,
How to behave my self, for I am rude yet:
But you say the Prince will come?

Lady. Will flie to see you.

Cel. For look you, if a great Man, say the King now,
hou'd come and visit me?

Men. She names ye.

Ant. Peace, Fool.

Cel. And offer me a Kindness, such a Kindness.

Leu. Ay, such a Kindness.

Cel. True Lady, such a Kindness,
What shall that Kindness be now?

Leu.

Leu. A witty Lady;
Learn little ones, learn.

Cel. Say it be all his Favour.

Leu. And a sweet saying 'tis.

Cel. And I grow peevish?

Leu. You must not be neglectful.

Cel. There's the matter,

There's the main Doctrine now, and I may miss it:
Or a kind handsome Gentleman?

Leu. You say well.

Cel. They'll count us basely bred.

Leu. Not freely nurtur'd.

Cel. I'll take thy Counsel.

Leu. 'Tis an excellent Woman.

Cel. I find a notable Volume here, a learn'd one;
Which way? For I wou'd fain be in my Chamber;
In truth, sweet Ladies, I grow weary; fie,
How hot the Air beats on me?

Lady. This way, Madam.

Cel. Now, by mine Honour, I grow wondrous faint too.

Leu. Your Fans, sweet Gentlewomen, your Fans.

Cel. Since I am fool'd,

I'll make my self some sport, though I pay dear for't. [*Ex.*]

Men. You see now what a manner of Woman she is, Sir.

Ant. Thou art an Ass.

Men. Is this a fit Love for the Prince?

Ant. A Coxcomb:

Now by my Crown a dainty Wench, a sharp Wench,
And a matchless Spirit: How she jeer'd 'em?
How carelessly she scoff'd 'em? Use her nobly;
I wou'd I had not seen her: Wait anon,
And then you shall have more to trade upon. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.

Leon. We must keep a round, and a strong watch to
Night,

The Prince will not charge the Enemy 'till the Morning:
But for the trick I told ye for this Rascal,
This Rogue, that Health and strong Heart makes a Coward.

1 *Gent.* Ay, if it take.

Leon. Ne'er fear it, the Prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I must not know it;
He will suspect me presently: But you two
May help the Plough.

2 *Gent.* That he is sick again.

Leon. Extreemly sick; his Disease grown incurable;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter Lieutenant.

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it,
And here he comes.

Leon. The Prince has been upon him,
What a flatten Face he has now? It takes, believe it;
How like an Ass he looks?

Lieu. I feel no great pain,
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly
I grow extreemly faint: How cold I sweat now?

Leon. So, so, so.

Lieu. And now 'tis ev'n too true, I feel a pricking,
A pricking, a strange pricking: How it tingles?
And as it were a Stitch too: The Prince told me,
And every one cry'd out I was a dead Man;
I had thought I had been as well——

Leon. Upon him now Boys,
And do it most demurely.

1 *Gent.* How now Lieutenant?

Lieu. I thank ye, Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this Man?
How dost thou, good Lieutenant?

2 *Gent.* I ever told ye
This Man was never cur'd, I see it too plain now;
How do you feel your self? you look not perfect;
How dull his Eye hangs?

1 *Gent.* That may be Discontent.

2 *Gent.* Believe me, Friend, I wou'd not suffer now
The tith of those Pains this Man feels; mark his Forehead
What a cloud of cold Dew hangs upon't?

Lieu. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me?
A miserable Man I am.

Leon.

Leon. Ha, ha, ha,
A miserable Man thou shalt be.
This is the tameſt Trout I ever tickl'd.

Enter two Phyſicians.

1 *Phy.* This way he went.

2 *Phy.* Pray Heav'n we find him living,
He's a brave Fellow, 'tis pity he ſhould periſh thus.

1 *Phy.* A ſtrong hearted Man, and of a notable ſufferance.

Lieu. Oh, oh.

1 *Gent.* How now? How is it, Man?

Lieu. Oh, Gentlemen,
Never ſo full of Pain.

2 *Gent.* Did I not tell ye?

Lieu. Never ſo full of Pain, Gentlemen.

1 *Phy.* He is here;

How do you, Sir?

2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, Soldier,
The Prince has ſent us to you.

Lieu. Do you think I may live?

2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, ſtrangely.

1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live: But——

Leon. Finely butt'd, Doctor.

1 *Gent.* Do not diſcourage him.

1 *Phy.* He muſt be told Truth,
'Tis now too late to triſle.

Enter Demetrius, and Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* Here the Prince comes.

Dem. How now, Gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* Bewailing, Sir, a Soldier,
And one, I think, your Grace will grieve to part with;
But every living thing——

Dem. 'Tis true, muſt periſh,
Our Lives are but our marches to our Graves,
How doſt thou now, Lieutenant?

Lieu. Faith 'tis true, Sir,
We are but Spans, and Candles ends.

Leon. He's finely mortified.

Dem. Thou art Heart whole yet I ſee, he alters ſtrangely,
And that apace too; I ſaw it this Morning in him,
When he, poor Man, I dare ſwear——

Lieu. No believ't, Sir,
I never felt it.

Dem. Here lies the Pain now: How he is swell'd?

1 Phy. The Impostume
Fed with a new malignant Humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible,
The compass of a Bushel will not hold it.
And with such a Hell of Torture it will rise too—

Dem. Can you endure me touch it?

Lieu. Oh, I beseech you, Sir:
I feel you sensibly e'er you come near me.

Dem. He's finely wrought, he must be cut, no Cure else,
And suddenly, you see how fast he blows out.

Lieu. Good Master Doctors, let me be beholding to
I feel I cannot last, (you)

2 Phy. For what, Lieutenant?

Lieu. But ev'n for half a dozen Cans of good Wine,
That I may drink my will out: I faint hideously. (Gentlemen,

Dem. Fetch him some Wine; and since he must go, Gen-
Why let him take his Journey merrily.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Lieu. That's ev'n the nearest way.

Leon. I cou'd laugh dead now.

Dem. Here, off with that.

Lieu. These two I give your Grace,
A poor Remembrance of a dying Man, Sir,
And I beseech you wear 'em out.

Dem. I will, Soldier,
These are fine Legacies.

Lieu. Among the Gentlemen,
Ev'n all I have left; I am a poor Man, naked,
Yet something for Remembrance; four a piece, Gentlemen,
And so my Body where you please.

Leon. It will work.

Lieu. I make your Grace my Executor, and I beseech ye
See my poor Will fulfill'd: Sure I shall walk else.

Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, Soldier.

1 Gent. The Wine will tickle him.

Lieu. I wou'd hear a Drum beat,
But to see how I cou'd endure it.

Dem.

Dem. Beat a Drum there.

[*Drum within.*]

Lieu. Oh Heav'nly Musick, I wou'd hear one sing to't;
I am very full of pain.

Dem. Sing? tis impossible.

Lieu. Why, then I would drink a Drum full:
Where lies the Enemy?

2 Gent. Why, here close by.

Leon. Now he begins to Muster.

Lieu. And dare he fight?

Dare he fight, Gentlemen?

1 Phy. You must not cut him:

He's gone then in a Moment; all the hope left, is
To work his weakness into sudden Anger,
And make him raise his Passion above his Pain,
And so dispose him on the Enemy;
His Body then, being stir'd with Violence,
Will purge it self, and break the Sore.

Dem. 'Tis true, Sir.

1 Phy. And then my Life for his.

Lieu. I will not dye thus.

Dem. But he is too weak to do—

Lieu. Dye like a Dog?

2 Phy. Ay, he's weak, but yet he's heart whole.

Lieu. Hem.

Dem. An excellent Sign.

Lieu. Hem.

Dem. Stronger still, and better.

Lieu. Hem, hem; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan. [*Exit.*]

1 Phy. Now he's i'th' way on't.

Dem. Well go thy ways, thou wilt do something certain.

Leon. And some brave thing, or let mine Ears be cut
He's finely wrought. (off.)

Dem. Let's after him.

Leon. I pray, Sir;

But how this Rogue, when this Cloud's melted in him,
And all discover'd—

Dem. That's for an After-Mirth; away, away, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomie, and Soldiers.

Sel. Let no Man fear to dye: We love to sleep all,
And Death is but the sounder Sleep; all Ages,
And all Hours call us; 'tis so common, easie,
That little Children tread those Paths before us;
We are not sick, nor our Souls prest with Sorrows,
Nor go we out with tedious Tales, forgotten;
High, high we come, and hearty to our Funerals,
And as the Sun that sets, in Blood let's fall.

Lyfi. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot scape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one Smile for us,
Dishonourable Ends we can scape though,
And, worse than those Captivities, we can die,
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us;
These clods of Flesh, that are too massie Burthens,
Our living Souls flie crown'd with living Conquests.

Ptol. They have begun, fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that Man that seeks to save his Life now
By Price, or Promise, or by Fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of Soldier.

Enter a Soldier.

Sel. How now? who charg'd first? I seek a brave Hand
To set me off in Death.

Sol. We are not charg'd, Sir,
The Prince lies still.

Sel. How comes this Larum up then? (him,

Sol. There is one desperate Fellow, with the Devil in
He never durst do this else, has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or six; ventures upon whole Companies.

Ptol. And is not seconded?

Sol. Not a Man follows.

Sel. Not cut i' Pieces?

Sol. Their wonder yet has staid 'em.

Sel. Let's in, and see this Miracle.

Ptol. I admire it.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Leontius, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off; I am sure he's
Did I not tell you how 'twould take? (clouted;

1 Gent. 'Tis admirable.

*Enter Lieutenant with Colours in his Hand, pursuing
three or four Soldiers.*

Lieu. Follow that Blow, my Friend, there's at your
I fight to save me from the Surgeons Miseries. (Coxcombs,

Leon. How the Knave carries 'em?

Lieu. You cannot, Rogues,
Till you have my Diseases, fly my Fury,
Ye Bread and Butter Rogues, do ye run from me?
And my Side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,
Ye Porridge-gutted Slaves, ye Veal-broth Boobies.

Enter Demetrius, Physicians, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant, thou hast done

Dem. Mirrour of Man. (bravely.

Lieu. There's a Flag for ye, Sir,
I took it out o'th' Shop, and never paid for't,
I'll to 'em again, I am not come to th' text yet. (fore.

Dem. No more my Soldier: Beshrew my Heart he is hurt

Leon. Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.

1 Phy. Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.

Dem. Be careful of him.

Lieu. Let me live but two Years,
And do what ye will with me;
I never had but two hours yet of Happiness;
Pray ye give me nothing to provoke my Valour;
For I am ev'n as weary of this fighting—

2 Phy. Ye shall have nothing; come to the Prince's Tent,
And there the Surgeons presently shall search ye,
Then to your Rest.

Lieu. A little handsome Litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.

Leon. Look to him.

Dem. I do believe a Horse begot this Fellow,
He never knew his Strength yet; they are our own.

Leon. I think so, I am cozen'd else; I would but see now
A way to fetch these off, and save their Honours.

Dem. Only their Lives.

Leon. Pray ye take no way of Peace now,
Unless it be with infinite Advantage.

Dem. I shall be rul'd;
Let the Battels now move forward,
Our self will give the Signal:

Enter Trumpet and Herald.

Now Herald, what's your Message?

Her. From my Masters,
This honourable Courtesie, a Parley
For half an hour, no more, Sir.

Dem. Let 'em come on,
They have my Princely Word.

*Enter Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomie, Attendants,
and Soldiers.*

Her. They are here to attend ye.

Dem. Now Princes, your Demands?

Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too much tainture of our Honour:
Peace, and we'll buy it too.

Dem. At what price?

Lyfi. Tribute.

Ptol. At all the charge of this War.

Leon. That will not do.

Sel. *Leontius*, you and I have serv'd together,
And run through many a Fortune with our Swords,
Brothers in Wounds and Health; one Meat has fed us;
One Tent a thousand times from cold Night cover'd us:
Our Loves have been but one; and had we died then,
One Monument had held our Names, and Actions:
Why do you set upon your Friends such prices?
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such Trophies?
Have we forgot to dye? or are our Virtues
Less in Afflictions constant, than our Fortunes?
Ye are deceiv'd, old Soldier.

Leon. I know your Worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your Virtues:
Were these my Wars, or led my Pow'r in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your Memories:
They are my King's Employments; this Man fights now,
To whom I owe all Duty, Faith, and Service;

This Man that fled before ye; call back that,
That bloody Day again, call that Disgrace home,
And then an easie Peace may sheath our Swords up.
I am not greedy of your Lives and Fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow ye.
Honour, the spur of all illustrious Natures,
That made you famous Soldiers, and next Kings,
And not ambitious Envy, strikes me forward.
Will ye unarm, and yield your selves his Prisoners?

Sel. We never knew what that Sound meant: No Gyves
Shall ever bind this Body, but Embraces;
Nor weight of Sorrow here, till Earth fall on me.

Leon. Expect our Charge then.

Lyfi. 'Tis the nobler Courtesie:
And so we leave the Hand of Heav'n to bless us.

Dem. Stay, have you any hope?

Sel. We have none left us,
But that one Comfort of our Deaths together;
Give us but room to fight.

Leon. Win it, and wear it.

Ptol. Call from the Hills those Companies hang o'er us,
Like bursting Clouds; and then break in, and take us.

Dem. Find such a Soldier will forsake Advantage,
And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be noble,
And hang a Light out to ye in this Darkness,
The light of Peace; give up those Cities, Forts,
And all those Frontier Countries to our uses.

Sel. Is this the Peace, Traitors to those that feed us,
Our Gods and People? Give our Countries from us?

Lyfi. Begin the Knell, it sounds a great deal sweeter.

Ptol. Let loose your Servant, Death.

Sel. Fall Fate upon us,
Our Memories shall never stink behind us.

Dem. Seleucus, great Seleucus.

Sol. The Prince calls, Sir.

Dem. Thou stock of Nobleness, and Courtesie,
Thou Father of the War——

Leon. What means the Prince now?

Dem. Give me my Standard here.

Lyfi. His Anger's melted.

Dem.

Dem. You Gentlemen that were his Prisoners,
And felt the Bounty of that noble Nature,
Lay all your Hands, and bear these Colours to him,
The Standard of the Kingdom; take it, Soldier.

Ptol. What will this mean?

Dem. Thou hast won it, bear it off,
And draw thy Men home whilst we wait upon thee.

Sel. You shall have all our Countries.

Lysi. Ptol. All, by Heav'n, Sir.

Dem. I will not have a Stone, a Bush, a Bramble,
No, in the way of Courtesie, I'll start ye;
Draw off, and make a Lane through all the Army,
That these that have subdu'd us, may march through us.

Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such Goodness,
I'll bear your Standard for ye; follow ye.

Dem. I swear it shall be so, march through me fairly,
And thine be this Day's Honour, great *Seleucus*.

Ptol. Mirrour of noble Minds.

Dem. Nay then ye hate me.

Leon. I cannot speak now: [*Ex. with Drums, and Shouts.*
Well, go thy ways; at a sure piece a Bravery
Thou art the best; these Men are won by th' necks now:
I'll send a Post away. [*Ex.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus.

Ant. NO Aptness in her?

Men. Not an immodest Motion,
And yet when she is courted,
Makes as wild-witty Answers.

Ant. This more fires me,
I must not have her thus.

Men. We cannot alter her.

Ant. Have ye put the Youths upon her?

Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a Beauty,
But like so many Welps about an Elephant—

The

The Prince is coming home, Sir.

Ant. I hear that too,

But that's no matter; am I alter'd well?

Men. Not to be known, I think, Sir.

Ant. I must see her.

Enter two Gentlemen, or Lords.

1 Gent. I offer'd all I had, all I cou'd think of,
I try'd her through all points o' th' Compass, I think.

2 Gent. She studies to undo the Court, to plant here
The Enemy to our Age, Chastity;
She is the first, that e'er bauk'd a close Arbour,
And the sweet Contents within: She hates curl'd Heads
And setting up of Beards she swears is Idolatry. (too,

1 Gent. I never knew so fair a Face so froze;
Yet she would make one think——

2 Gent. True by her Carriage,
For she's as wanton as a Kid to th' outside,
As full of Mocks and Taunts: I kiss'd her Hand too,
Walkt with her half an Hour.

1 Gent. She heard me sing,
And sung her self too; she sings admirably;
But still when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To minister enough of those, then presently
With some new flam or other, nothing to th' matter,
And such a Frown, as would sink all before her,
She takes her Chamber; come, we shall not be the last Fools.

2 Gent. Not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange Wench.

Ant. This screws me up still higher.

Enter Celia, and Ladies behind her.

Men. Here she comes, Sir.

Ant. Then be you gone; and take the Women with ye,
And lay those Jewels in her way.

Cel. If I stay longer
I shall number as many Lovers as *Lais* did;
How they flock after me? Upon my Conscience,
I have had a dozen Horses giv'n me this Morning,
I'll ev'n set up a Troop, and turn She-Soldier.
A good discreet Wench now, that were not hide-bound,
Might raise a fine Estate here, and suddenly: (where
For these warm things will give their Souls---I can go no
With-

Without a world of Off'rings to my Excellence:
 I am a Queen, a Goddess, I know not what-----
 And no Constellation in all Heav'n, but I out-shine it;
 And they have found out now I have no Eyes
 Of mortal Lights, but certain Influences,
 Strange virtuous Lightnings, humane Nature starts at,
 And I can kill my twenty in a Morning,
 With as much ease now-----

Ha! What are these? New Projects?
 Where are my honourable Ladies? Are you out too?
 Nay then I must buy the stock, send me good Carding:
 I hope the Prince's Hands be not in this sport;
 I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,
 And that troubles me: All these were Recreations
 Had I but his sweet Company to laugh with me:
 What Fellow's that? Another Apparition?
 This is the lovingst Age: I should know that Face,
 Sure I have seen't before, not long since neither.

Ant. She sees me now: O Heav'n, a most rare Creature!

Cel. Yes, 'tis the same: I will take no notice of ye,
 But if I do not fit ye, let me fry for't;
 Is all this Cackling for your Egg? They are fair ones,
 Excellent rich no doubt too; and may stumble
 A good staid Mind, but I can go thus by 'em;
 My honest Friend; do you set off these Jewels?

Ant. Set 'em off, Lady?

Cel. I mean, sell 'em here, Sir,

Ant. She's very quick; for sale they are not meant sure.

Cel. For Sanctity I think much leis: Good ev'n, Sir.

Ant. Nay noble Lady, stay: 'Tis you must wear 'em:
 Never look strange, they are worthy your best Beauty.

Cel. Did you speak to me?

Ant. To you or to none living:

To you they are sent, to you they're sacrific'd.

Cel. I'll never look a Horse i'th' Mouth that's giv'n
 I thank ye, Sir: I'll send one to reward ye.

Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em?

Cel. Never I:

Nor never care, if it be an honest End,
 That End's the full Reward, and Thanks but flubber it

If it be ill, I will not urge the Acquaintance.

Ant. This has a Soul indeed: Pray let me tell ye——

Cel. I care not if ye do, so you do it handsomly,
And not stand picking of your Words.

Ant. The King sent 'em.

Cel. Away, away, thou art some foolish Fellow,
And now I think thou hast stole 'em too; the King sent 'em?
Alas good Man, wou'dst thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old Man,
A good old Man, they say too: I dare swear
Full many a Year ago he left these Gambols:
Here, take your Trinkets.

Ant. Sure I do not lye, Lady.

Cel. I know thou lyest extreamly, damnably:
Thou hast a lying Face.

Ant. I was never thus ratted.

Cel. But say I shou'd believe: Why are these sent me?
And why art thou the Messenger? Who art thou?

Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider
Who can send such as these, but a King only?
And, to what Beauty can they be Oblations,
But only yours? For me that am the Carrier,
'Tis only fit you know I am his Servant,
And have fulfill'd his Will.

Cel. You are short and pithy;
What must my Beauty do for these?

Ant. Sweet Lady,
You cannot be so hard of Understanding,
When a King's Favour shines upon ye gloriously,
And speaks his Love in these——

Cel. O then Love's the matter;
Sir-reverence Love: Now I begin to feel ye:
And I shou'd be the King's Whore, a brave Title;
And go as glorious as the Sun, O brave still:
The chief Commandress of his Concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his Pleasures.

Ant. A devilish subtil Wench, but a rare Spirit. (dry,

Cel. And when the good old Spunge had suckt my Youth
And left some of his Royal Aches in my Bones:

When

When time shall tell me I have plough'd my Life up,
And cast long Furrows in my Face to sink me.

Ant. You must not think so, Lady.

Cel. Then can these, Sir,
These precious things, the price of Youth and Beauty,
This shop here of Sin-offerings, set me off again?
Can it restore me Chaste, Young, Innocent?
Purge me to what I was? Add to my Memory
An honest and a noble Fame? The King's Device;
The Sin's as Universal as the Sun is,
And lights an everlasting Torch to shame me.

Ant. Do you hold so slight account of a great King's
That all Knees bow to purchase? (Favour,

Cel. Prethee peace:

If thou knew'st how ill-favour'dly thy Tale becomes thee,
And what ill Root it takes——

Ant. You will be wiser.

(into,

Cel. Cou'd the King find no Shape to shift his Pander
But reverend Age? And one so like himself too?

Ant. She has found me out.

Cel. Cozen the World with Gravity?
Prethee resolve me one thing, do's the King love thee?

Ant. I think he do's.

Cel. It seems so by thy Office:
He loveth thy use, and when that's ended, hates thee.
Thou seemest to me a Soldier.

Ant. Yes, I am one.

Cel. And hast fought for thy Country?

Ant. Many a time.

Cel. May be, commanded too?

Ant. I have done, Lady.

Cel. O wretched Man, below the state of Pity!
Canst thou forget thou wert begot in Honour?
A free Companion for a King? A Soldier?
Whose Nobleness dare feel no want, but Enemies?
Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,
To eat the Bread of Bawdry, of base Bawdry?
Feed on the scum of Sin? Fling thy Sword from thee;
Dishonour to the noble Name that nurs'd thee;
Go, beg Diseases: Let them be thy Armours,

Thy

Thy Fights, the flames of Lust, and their foul Issues.

Ant. Why then I am a King, and mine own Speaker.

Cel. And I as free as you, mine own Disposer:

There, take your Jewels; let them give them Lustres
That have dark Lives and Souls; wear 'em your self, Sir,
You'll seem a Devil else.

Ant. I command ye stay.

Cel. Be just, I am commanded.

Ant. I will not wrong ye.

Cel. Then thus low falls my Duty.

Ant. Can ye love me?

Say ay, and all I have——

Cel. I cannot love ye;

Without the breach of Faith I cannot hear ye;

Ye hang upon my Love, like frosts on Lilies:

I can die, but I cannot love: You are answer'd. [*Exit.*]

Ant. I must find apter means, I love her truly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Demetrius, Leontius, Lieutenant, Gentlemen,
Soldiers, and Host.*

Dem. Hither do you say she is come?

Host. Yes Sir, I am sure on't:

For whilst I waited upon ye, putting my Wife in trust,
I know not by what means, but the King found her,
And hither she was brought; how, or to what end——

Dem. My Father found her?

Host. So my Wife informs me.

Dem. *Leontius*, pray draw off the Soldiers,
I wou'd a while be private.

Leon. Fall off Gentlemen, the Prince would be alone.
[*Ex. Leon. and Sol.*]

Dem. Is he so cunning?

There is some trick in this, and you must know it,
And be an Agent too: Which if it prove so——

Host. Pull me to pieces, Sir.

Dem. My Father found her?

My Father brought her hither? Went she willingly?

Host. My Wife says, full of doubts.

Dem.

Dem. I cannot blame her,
No more: There's no trust, no faith in Mankind,
Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, and Soldiers.

Ant. Keep her up close, he must not come to see her:
You are welcome nobly now, welcome home Gentlemen;
You have done a courteous service on the Enemy
Has tyed his Faith for ever; you shall find it;
Ye are not now in's debt, Son. Still your sad Looks?
Leontius, what's the matter?

Leon. Truth Sir, I know not.
We have been merry since we went.

Lieu. I feel it.

Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do you want Mony?
Sure he has heard o' th' Wench.

Dem. Is that a want, Sir? I wou'd fain speak to your

Ant. You may do freely. (Grace.

Dem. And not deserve your Anger?

Ant. That ye may too. (Prisoner,

Dem. There was a Gentlewoman, and sometimes my
Which I thought well of, Sir? Your Grace conceives me.

Ant. I do indeed, and with much Grief conceive ye;
With full as much Grief as your Mother bare you.
There was such a Woman: Wou'd I might as well say,
There was no such, *Demetrius*.

Dem. She was Virtuous,
And therefore not unfit my Youth to love her:
She was as fair——

Ant. Her Beauty I'll proclaim too,
To be as rich as ever reign'd in Woman;
But how she made that good, the Devil knows.

Dem. She was——O Heav'n!

Ant. The Hell to all thy Glories,
Swallow'd thy Youth, made shipwrack of thine Honour:
She was a Devil.

Dem. Ye are my Father, Sir.

Ant. And since ye take a pride to shew your Follies,
I'll muster 'em, and all the World shall view 'em.

Leon. What heat is this? The King's Eyes speak his Anger.

Ant. Thou hast abus'd thy Youth, crown'd to thy Fellow-
Instead of Arts and Arms, a Woman's Kisses, (ship
The

The subtilties, and soft Heats of a Harlot.

Dem. Good Sir, mistake her not.

Ant. A Witch, a Sorceress:

I tell thee but the truth; and hear, *Demetrius*,
Which has so dealt upon thy Blood with Charms,
Dev'lish and dark; so lockt up all thy Virtues; (outs:
So pluckt thee back from what thou sprungst from, Glori-

Dem. O Heav'n, that any Tongue but his durst say this!
That any Heart durst harbour it! Dread Father,
If for the Innocent the Gods allow us
To bend our Knees—

Ant. Away, thou art bewitch'd still;
Though she be dead, her Pow'r still lives upon thee.

Dem. Dead? O sacred Sir: Dead, did you say?

Ant. She is dead, Fool.

Dem. It is not possible: Be not so angry,
Say she is faln under your sad Displeasure,
Or any thing but dead; say she is banish'd,
Invent a Crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.

Ant. Dead by the Law: We found her Hell, and her,
I mean her Charms and Spells, for which she perish'd;
And she confest she drew thee to thy Ruin,
And purpos'd it, purpos'd my Empire's Overthrow.

Dem. But is she dead? Was there no pity, Sir?
If her Youth err'd, was there no Mercy shown her?
Did ye look on her Face, when ye condemn'd her?

Ant. I look'd into her Heart, and there she was hideous.

Dem. Can she be dead? Can Virtue fall untimely?

Ant. She is dead, deservingly she died.

Dem. I have done then.

O matchless Sweetness, whither art thou vanish'd
O thou fair Soul of all thy Sex, what Paradise
Hast thou enrich'd and blest? I am your Son, Sir,
And to all you shall command stand most Obedient,
Only a little time I must intreat you
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,
Nor I long after it. Art thou dead, *Celia*,
Dead, my poor Wench? My joy, pluckt green with violence.
O fair sweet Flower, farewell; Come, thou destroyer
Sorrow, thou melter of the Soul, dwell with me;

Dwell with me solitary Thoughts, Tears, Cryings,
Nothing that loves the Day, love me, or seek me,
Nothing that loves his own Life haunt about me:
And Love, I charge thee, never charm mine Eyes more,
Nor ne'er betray a Beauty to my Curses:

For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,
And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at,
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing--- [Ex. & Gent.

Ant. This Opinion must be maintain'd.

Men. It shall be, Sir.

Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own pleasure
Draw him to th' right again. Wait your Instructions,
And see the Soldier paid, *Leontius*:

Once more ye are welcome home all.

All. Health to your Majesty. [Exit Antig. &c.

Leont. Thou went it along the Journey, how canst thou
tell?

Host. I did, but I am sure 'tis so: Had I staid behind,
I think this had not prov'd.

Leon. A Wench the Reason?

Lieu. Who's that talks of a Wench there?

Leon. All this Discontent about a Wench?

Lieu. Where is this Wench, good Colonel? (sil?)

Leon. Prethee hold thy Peace: Who calls thee to Coun-

Lieu. Why, if there be a Wench—

Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her:

That I'll say for thee, and as fit thou art for her,

Let her be mew'd or stopt. How is it, Gentleman?

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. He's wondrous discontent, he'll speak to no Man.

2 Gent. H'as taken his Chamber close, admits no En-
Tears in his Eyes, and cryings out. (trance;

Host. 'Tis so, Sir,

And now I wish my self half hang'd e'er I went this Jour-

Leon. What is this Woman?

Lieu. Ay.

Host. I cannot tell ye, but handsome as Heav'n.

Lieu. She is not so high I hope, Sir.

Leon. Where is she?

Lieu. Ay, that would be known.

Leon. Why, Sirrah.

Hof. I cannot show ye neither;
The King has now dispos'd of her.

Leon. There lyes the matter:
Will he admit none to come to comfort him?

1 Gent. Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their Hearts
Will never speak.

Lieu. 'Tis the best way if he have her; (Pastime;
For look you, a Man would be loth to be disturb'd in's
'Tis every good Man's case.

Leon. 'Tis all thy living,
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it:
For when these tender Souls meet deep Afflictions,
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,
But drop away as Snow does, from a Mountain,
And in the Torrent of their own Sighs sink themselves:
I will and must speak to him.

Lieu. So must I too:
He promised me a Charge.

Leon. Of what? of Children
Upon my Conscience, thou hast a double Company,
And all of thine own begetting already.

Lieu. That's all one,
I'll raise 'em to a Regiment, and then command 'em:
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em;
Knock 'em o'th' Head, and put in new.

Leon. A rare way;
But for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to see the Prince now?

Lieu. Do you think he's angry?

1 Gent. Extreemly vext.

2 Gent. To the endang'ring of any Man comes near him.

1 Gent. Yet, if thou couldst but win him out,
What e'er thy Suit were,
Believe it granted presently.

Leon. Yet thou must think though,
That in the doing he may break upon ye,
And——

Lieu. If he do not kill me.

Leon. There's the Question.

Lieu. For half a dozen hurts.

Leon. Art thou so valiant?

Lieu. Not absolutely so neither: No it cannot be,
I want my Impostumes, and my things about me,
Yet I'll make danger, Colonel.

Leon. 'Twill be rare sport,
Howe'er it take; give me thy Hand; if thou dost this,
I'll raise thee up a horse Troop, take my Word for't.

Lieu. What may be done by human Man.

Leon. Let's go then.

1 *Gent.* Away before he cool: He will relapse else. [*Ex.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Leucippe.

Ant. Will she not yield?

Leu. For all we can urge to her;
I swore you wou'd marry her, she laugh'd extreamly,
And then she rail'd like Thunder.

Ant. Call in the Magician.

I must, and will obtain her, I am Ashes else.

Enter Magician with a Bowl.

Are all the Philters in? Charms, Powder, Roots?

Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The Invocation of some helping Spirits.

Ant. To your work then, and dispatch.

Mag. Sit still, and fear not.

Leu. I shall ne'er endure these Sights.

Ant. Away with the Woman: go wait without.

Leu. When the Devil's gone, pray call me. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Be sure you make it pow'rful enough.

Mag. Pray doubt not —

[*He Conjures.*]

A S O N G.

Rise from the Shades below,

All you that prove

The helps of looser Love,

Rise, and bestow

Upon this Cup, whatever may compel,
By powerful Charm, and unresisted Spell,
A Heart un-warm'd to melt in Loves desires;
Distil into this Liquor all your Fires,
Heats, Longings, Tears;
But keep back frozen Fears;
That she may know, that has all Pow'r defied,
Art is a Pow'r that will not be denied.

The A N S W E R.

I Obey, I Obey,
And am come to view the Day;
Brought along, all may compel,
All the Earth has, and our Hell:
Here's a little, little Flower,
This will make her sweat an Hour,
Then unto such Flames arise,
A thousand Joys will not suffice.
Here's the Powder of the Moon,
With which she caught Endymion;
The powerful Tears that Venus cry'd,
When the Boy Adonis dy'd.
Here's Medea's Charm, with which
Jason's Heart she did bewitch;
Omphale this Spell put in,
When she made the Libyan spin.
This dull Root pluckt from Lethe Flood,
Purges all pure Thoughts, and good.
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light Feet beat the Ground.

Mag. Now Sir, 'tis full, and whosoever drinks this
Shall violently doat upon your Person,
And never sleep nor eat unsatisfied:
So many hours 'twill work, and work with Violence;
And those expir'd, 'tis done. You have my Ant, Sir.

Enter Leucippe.

Ant. See him rewarded liberally. Leucippe,
Here, take this Bowl, and when she calls for Wine next,

Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it;
Delay no time when she calls next.

Leu. I shall, Sir.

Ant. Let none else touch it on your Life.

Leu. I am charg'd, Sir.

Ant. Now if she have an antidote Art let her 'scape me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, Lieutenant and Gentlemen.

1 Gent. There's the Door, Lieutenant, if you dare do

Leqn. Here's no Man waits. (any thing.)

1 Gent. H'as giv'n a charge that none shall,
Nor none shall come within the hearing of him:
Dare ye go forward?

Lieu. Let me put on my Skull first.
My Head's almost beaten into the pap of an Apple.
Are there no Guns i'th' Door?

Leqn. The Rogue will do it.

And yet I know he has no Stomach to't. (Stones,

Lieu. What Loop-holes are there when I knock for
For those may pepper me; I can perceive none.

Leon. How he views the Fortification.

Lieu. Farewel Gentlemen,
If I be kill'd—

Leon. We'll see thee buried bravely. (softly.)

Lieu. Away, how should I know that then? I'll knock
Pray Heav'n he speak in a low Voice now to comfort me:
I feel I have no Heart to't: — Is't well, Gentlemen?

Colonel, my Troop—

Leon. A little louder.

Lieu. Stay, stay;

Here is a Window, I will see, stand wide.

By— he's charging of a Gun.

Leon. There's no such matter.

There's no Body in this Room.

Lieu. O 'twas a Fire-movel:

Now I'll knock louder; if he say who's there?

As sure he has so much manners, then will I answer him
So finely and demurely. My Troop, Colonel—

[*Knocks louder.*

1 Gent. Knock louder, Fool, he hears not.

Lieu. You Fool, do you.

Do

Do and you dare now.

1 Gent. I do not undertake it. (matters)

Lieu. Then hold your Peace, and meddle with your own

Leon. Now he will knock. (Knocks louder.)

Lieu. Sir, Sir, will't please you hear, Sir?

Your Grace, I'll look again, what's that?

Leon. He's there now.

Lord! How he stares! I ne'er yet saw him thus alter'd:

Stand now, and take the Troop.

Lieu. Wou'd I were in't,

And a good Horse under me. I must knock again,

The Devil's at my Fingers ends: He comes now.

Now Colonel, if I live—

Leon. The Troop's thine own, Boy.

Enter Demetrius with a Pistol.

Dem. What desperate Fool, ambitious of his Ruin?

Lieu. Your Father wou'd desire ye, Sir, to come to

Dem. Thou art no more. (Dinner.)

Lieu. Now, now, now, now.

Dem. Poor Coxcomb;

Why do I aim at thee? [Exit.]

Leon. His Fear has kill'd him.

Enter Leucippe with a Bowl.

2 Gent. I protest he's almost stiff: Bend him and rub

Hold his Nose close, you, if you be a Woman, (him,

Help us a little: Here's a Man near perish'd.

Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.

Look to my Bowl; I'll run in presently

And fetch some Water: Bend him, and set him upwards.

Leon. A goodly Man— [Exit.]

Here's a brave Heart: He's warm again: You shall not

Leave us i'th' lurch so, Sirrah.

2 Gent. Now he breaths too.

Leon. If we had but any Drink to raise his Spirits.

What's that i'th' Bowl? upon my life, good Liquor,

She would not own it else.

1 Gent. He sees.

Leon. Look up Boy.

And take this Cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.

Guide it to his Mouth, he swallows heartily.

2 *Gent.* Oh! Fear and Sorrow's dry ; 'tis off-----

Leon. Stand up Man.

Lieu. Am I not shot?

Leon. Away with him, and cheer him :
Thou hast won thy Troop.

Lieu. I think I won it bravely.

Leon. Go, I must see the Prince, he must not live thus ;
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.

Well, Sir ----- [*Exeunt Gent. and Lieu.*

Enter Leucippe with Water.

Leu. Here, here: Where's the sick Gentleman?

Leon. He's up, and gone, Lady.

Leu. Alas, that I came so late.

Leon. He must still thank ye ;
Ye left that in a Cup here did him Comfort.

Leu. That in the Bowl?

Leon. Yes truly, very much Comfort,
He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.

Leu. Did he drink it all?

Leon. All off.

Leu. The Devil choak him ;
I am undone : H'as twenty Devils in him ;
Undone for ever, left he none?

Leon. I think not.

Leu. No, not a drop: What shall become of me now?
Had he no where else to swoon? a vengeance swoon him:
Undone, undone, undone: Stay, I can lye yet
And swear too at a pinch, that's all my Comfort.
Look to him ; I say look to him, and but mark what follows.

Enter Demetrius. [*Exit.*

Leon. What a Devil ails the Woman? here comes the
With such a sadness on his Face, as Sorrow, (Prince again,
Sorrow her self but poorly imitates.
Sorrow of Sorrows on that Heart that caus'd it.

Dem. Why might she not be false and treach'rous to me?
And found so by my Father? she was a Woman,
And many a one of that Sex, young and fair,
As full of Faith as she, have fall'n, and foully.

Leon. It is a Wench! O that I knew the circumstance.

Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this Ruin,
She

She having lost her Honour, and abused me,
My Father change the forms o'th' Coins, and excuse
His Anger on a Fault she ne'er committed,
Only to keep me safe? Why shou'd I think so?
She never was to me, but all Obedience,
Sweetness, and Love.

Leon. How heartily he weeps now?
I have not wept this thirty Years, and upward;
But now, if I should be hang'd, I cannot hold from't.
It grieves me to the Heart.

Dem. Who's that that mocks me?

Leon. A plague of him that mocks you; I grieve truly,
Truly, and heartily to see you thus, Sir;
And if it lay in my Pow'r, gods are my Witnels,
Whoe'er he be that took your sweet Peace from you;
I am not so old yet, nor want I Spirit

Dem. No more of that, no more Leontius;
Revenge are the Gods: Our part is Suffrance;
Farewel, I shall not see thee long.

Leon. Good Sir, tell me the cause, I know there is a Wo-
Do you hold me faithful? Dare you trust your Soldier?
Sweet Prince, the cause?

Dem. I must not, dare not tell it;
And as thou art an honest Man, enquire not.

Leon. Will ye be merry then?

Dem. I am wondrous merry.

Leon. 'Tis wondrous well: You think now this becomes
Shame on't, it does not, Sir, it shews not handsomely;
If I were thus; you wou'd swear I were an Ass straight;
A wooden Ass; whine for a Wench?

Dem. Prithee leave me.

Leon. I will not leave ye for a Tirc.

Dem. Leontius?

Leon. For that you may have any where for six Pence,
And a dear penny worth too.

Dem. Nay, then you are troublesome. (Sir;

Leon. Not half so troublesome as you are to your self,
Was that brave Heart made to pant for a Placket:
And now i'th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love!
That noble Mind to melt away and moulder

For

For a hey nonny, nonny! Wou'd I had a Glass here,
To shew ye what a pretty Toy ye are turn'd to.

Dem. My wretched Fortune.

Leon. Will ye but let me know her?

I'll once turn Bawd: Go to, they are good Mens Offices,
And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:

And if she be above Ground, and a Woman;
I ask no more; I'll bring her o' my Back, Sir,
By this Hand I will, and I had as lief bring the Devil,
I care not who she be, nor where I have her;

And in your Arms, or the next Bed deliver her, (*Galliard.*
Which you think fittest, and when you have danc'd your

Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected,
O thou art gone, and all my Comfort with thee!
Wilt thou do one thing for me?

Leon. All things i'th' World, Sir,
Of all dangers.

Dem. Swear. *Leon.* I will.

Dem. Come near me no more then.

Leon. How?

Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a Plague-sore to me.

[*Exit.*

Leon. Give you good Ev'n, Sir;
If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.
I will be sorry yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. How now, how does he?

Leon. Nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any Man else,
That hath his nineteen Wits; he has the Bots, I think,
He groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 Gent. Will he speak yet?

Leon. Not willingly:

Shortly he will not see a Man; if ever
I look'd upon a Prince so metamorphos'd,
So juggl'd into I know not what, shame take me;
This 'tis to be in love.

1 Gent. Is that the cause on't?

Leon. What is it not the cause of but Bear-baitings?
And yet it stinks much like it: Out upon't;
What Giants, and what Dwarfs, what Owls and Apes,

What

What Dogs, and Cats it makes us? Men that are possess'd
Live as if they had a Legion of Devils in 'em, (with it,
And every Devil of a several Nature;
Nothing but Hey-pass, re-pass: Where's the Lieutenant?
Has he gather'd up the end on's Wits again?

1 Gent. He is alive: But you that talk of Wonders,
Shew me but such a Wonder as he is now.

Leon. Why? He was ever at the worst a Wonder.

2 Gent. He is now most wonderful; a Blazer now, Sir.

Leon. What ails the Fool? And what Star reigns now,
We have such Prodigies? (Gentlemen,

2 Gent. 'Twill pose your Heav'n-hunters,
He talks now of the King, no other Language,
And with the King as he imagines, hourly.
Courts the King, drinks to the King, dies for the King,
Buys all the Pictures of the King, wears the King's Co-

Leon. Does he not lye i'th' King-street too? (lours.

1 Gent. He's going thither.

Makes Prayers for the King, in sundry Languages,
Turns all his Proclamations into Metre;
Is really in love with the King, most dotingly,
And swears *Adonis* was a Devil to him:

A sweet King, a most comely King, and such a King---

2 Gent. Then down on's Marrow-bones; O excellent
King-----

Thus he begins, Thou Light, and Life of Creatures,
Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour;
And so proceeds to Incision: What think ye of this sorrow?

1 Gent. Will as familiarly kiss the King's Horses
As they pass by him: Ready to ravish his Footmen.

Leon. Why, this is above Ela?

But how comes this?

1 Gent. Nay that's to understand yet,
But thus it is, and this part but the poorest, these.
'Twould make a Man leap over the Moon to see him act

2 Gent. With Sighs as though his Heart would break:
Cry like a breech'd Boy, not eat a bit.

Leon. I must go see him presently,
For this is such a Gig, for certain, Gentlemen,
The Fiend rides on a Fiddle-lick.

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* I think so.

Leon. Can ye guide me to him for half an hour? I am his
To see the Miracle.

1 *Gent.* We sure shall start him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Antigonus and Leucippe.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?

Leu. Now must I lye most confidently.
Yes Sir, she has drunk it off.

Ant. How works it with her?

Leu. I see no alteration yet. *Ant.* There will be,
For he is the greatest Artist living made it.
Where is she now?

Leu. She is ready to walk out, Sir.

Ant. Stark mad, I know she will be.

Leu. So I hope, Sir.

Ant. She knows not of the Prince?

Leu. Of no Man living ———

Ant. How do I look? How do my Cloaths become me?
I am not very grey.

Leu. A very Youth, Sir,
Upon my Maiden-head as smug as *April* :
Heav'n bless that sweet Face, 'twill undo a thousand;
Many a soft Heart must sob yet, e'er that wither,
Your Grace can give Content enough.

Enter Celia with a Book.

Ant. I think so.

Leu. Here she comes, Sir.

Ant. How shall I keep her off me?
Go, and perfume the Room: Make all things ready.

[*Ex. Leu.*]

Cel. No hope yet of the Prince! no Comfort of him!
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad Folks,
No Company but my Afflictions.
This royal Devil again! strange, how he haunts me!
How like a poyson'd Potion his Eyes fright me!
Has made himself handsome too.

Ant. Do you look now, Lady?
You will leap anon.

Cel.

Cel. Curl'd and Perfum'd? I smell him;
He looks on's Legs too, sure he will cut a Caper;
God-a-mercy, dear *December*.

Ant. O do you smile now;
Iknew it would work with you; come hither pretty one.

Cel. Sir. (mc.

Ant. I like those *Courtesies* well; come hither and kiss

Cel. I am reading, Sir, of a short Treatise here,
That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: Has your Grace seen it?
He says here, that an old Man's loose desire
Is like the Glow-worms light, the Apes so wonder'd at:
Which when they gather'd Sticks, and laid upon't,
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.
And in another place he calls their Loves,
Faint smells of dying Flow'rs, carry no Comforts;
They're doting, stinking Fogs, so thick and muddy,
Reason with all his Beams cannot beat through 'em.

Ant. How's this? Is this the Potion? You but fool still?
I know you love me.

Cel. As you are just and honest;
I know I love and honour you: Admire you.

Ant. This makes against me, fearfully against me.

Cel. But as you bring your Pow'r to persecute me,
Your Traps to catch mine Innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your Lusts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated Good, as I hate you, Sir;
And I dare tell it to your Face. What Glory,
Now after all your Conquests got, your Titles,
The ever-living Memories rais'd to you,
Can my Defeat be? My poor wrack, what Triumph?
And when you crown your swelling Cups to Fortune,
What honourable Tongue can sing my Story?
Be as your Emblem is, a glorious Lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your Office is, a god-like Justice,
Into all shedding equally your Virtues. (ness;

Ant. She has drencht me now; now I admire her Good;
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.
Can nothing in the pow'r of Kings perswade ye?

Cel. No, nor that Pow'r command me.

Ant.

Ant. Say I should force ye?
I have it in my Will.

Cel. Your Will's a poor one;
And though it be a King's Will, a despis'd one,
Weaker than Infant's Legs, your Will's in swadling
Clouts,

A thousand ways my Will has found to check ye;
A thousand Doors to 'scape ye, I dare dye, Sir;
As suddenly I dare dye, as you can offer:
Nay, say you had your Will, say you had ravish'd me,
Perform'd your Lust, what had you purchas'd by it?
What Honour won? Do you know who dwells above, Sir,
And what they have prepar'd for Men turn'd Devils?
Did you never hear their Thunder? Start and tremble,
Death sitting on your Blood, when their Fires visit us.
Will nothing wring you then do you think? Sit hard here,
And like a Snail curl round about your Conscience,
Biting and stinging: Will you not rear too late then?
Then when you shake in horror of this Villainy,
Then will I rise a Star in Heav'n, and scorn ye. (neis!

Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now! And love this Sweet-
Will you be my Queen? Can that price purchase ye?

Cel. Not all the World, I am a Queen already,
Crown'd by his Love, I must not lose for Fortune;
I can give none away, sell none away, Sir,
Can lend no Love, am not mine own Exchequer;
For in another's Heart my Hope and Peace lies. (nough

Ant. Your fair Hands, Lady? For yet I am not pure e-
To touch these Lips. In that sweet Peace ye spoke of
Live now for ever, and I to serve your Virtues—

Cel. Why now you show a God! now I kneel to ye;
This Sacrifice of Virgins Joy send to ye: (though but
Thus I hold up my Hands to Heav'n that touch'd ye,
And pray eternal Blessings dwell about ye. (tue;

Ant. Virtue commands the Stars: Rise more than Vir-
Your present Comfort shall be now my business.

Cel. All my obedient Service wait upon ye. (And there
[Ex. severally.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, and Lieutenant.

Leon. Hast thou clean forgot the Wars?

Lieu. Prithee hold thy Peace.

1 Gent. His Mind's much elevated now.

Leon. It seems so.

Sirrah.

Lieu. I am so troubled with this Fellow.

Leon. He will call me Rogue anon.

1 Gent. 'Tis ten to one else. (lov'd thee.

Lieu. O King that thou knew'st I lov'd thee, how I
And where, O King, I barrel up thy Beauty.

Leon. He cannot leave his Sutler's Trade, he woos in't.

Lieu. O never, King.

Leon. By this Hand, when I consider——

Lieu. My honest Friend, you are a little sawcy.

1 Gent. I told you you wou'd have it.

Lieu. When mine own Worth——

Leon. Is flung into the Ballance, and found nothing.

Lieu. And yet a Soldier.

Leon. And yet a sawcy one.

Lieu. One that has follow'd thee.

Leon. Fair and far off.

Lieu. Fought for thy Grace.

Leon. 'Twas for some Grief, you lye Sir.

Lieu. He's the Son of a Whore denies this: Will that

Leon. Yes, very well. (satisfie ye?

Lieu. Shall then that thing that honours thee?

How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still;
And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever.

Leon. Here's a new thing.

2 Gent. He's in a deep dump now. (day?

Leon. I'll fetch him out on't. When's the King's Birth-

Lieu. When e'er it be, that Day I'll dye with Ringing.

And there's the Resolution of a Lover. [Exit,

Leon. A goodly Resolution, sure I take it.

He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his Brains melted;

Could he find no Body to fall in love with, but the King,

The

The good old King, to doat upon him too?
 Stay, now I remember, what the fat Woman warn'd me,
 Bad me remember, and look to him too?
 I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: He's conjur'd,
 Go after him, I pity the poor Rascal;
 In the mean time I'll wait occasion
 To work upon the Prince.

2 *Gent.* Pray do that seriously.

[*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Lords.

Lord. He's very ill.

Ant. I am very sorry for't.

And much agham'd I have wrong'd her Innocence.

Menippus, guide her to the Prince's Lodgings,
 There leave her to his Love again.

Men. I am glad, Sir.

Lord. He will speak to none.

Ant. O I shall break that silence;
 Be quick, take fair attendance.

Men. Yes, Sir, presently.

Ant. He will find his Tongue, I warrant ye; his Health
 I send a Phylick will not fail.

[*Exit.*]

(too;

Lord. Fair work it.

Ant. We hear the Princes mean to visit us
 In way of Truce.

Lord. 'Tis thought so.

Ant. Come; let's in then,
 And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Leontius.

Leon. There's no way now to get in: All the Light stopt
 Nor can I hear a sound of him, pray Heav'n (too;
 He use no violence: I think he has more Soul,
 Stronger, and I hope nobler: Wou'd I cou'd but see once
 This Beauty he groans under, or come to know
 But any circumstance. What noise is that there?

I think I heard him groan: Here are some coming;
A Woman too, I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter Menippus, Celia, and Lords.

Cel. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point,
But I forgive ye: The King might have pickt out too
Some fitter Woman to have try'd his Valour.

Men. 'Twas all the best meant, Lady.

Cel. I must think so,

For how to mend it now: He's here, you tell me?

Men. He's, Madam, and the joy to see you ony
Will draw him out.

Leon. I know that Woman's Tongue,
I think I have seen her Face too: I'll go nearer:
If this be she, he has some cause of Sorrow:
'Tis the same Face; the same most excellent Woman.

Cel. This shou'd be Lord *Leontius*: I remember him.

Leon. Lady, I think ye know me.

Cel. Speak soft, good Soldier:

I do, and know ye worthy, know ye noble;
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
But let me see ye again, I'll satisfy ye:
I am wondrous glad to see those Eyes.

Leon. You have charg'd me.

Cel. You shall know where I am.

Leon. I will not off yet:

She goes to Knock at's Door: This must be she
The Fellow told me of; right glad I am on't.
He will bolt now for certain.

Cel. Are ye within, Sir?

I'll trouble you no more: I thank your courtesie,
Pray leave me now.

All Men. We rest your humble Servants. [*Ex. Men. &c.*]

Cel. So now my Gives are off: Pray Heav'n he be here!
Master, my Royal Sir: Do you hear who calls ye?
Love, my *Demetrius*.

Leon. These are pretty Quail-pipes,
The Cock will crow anon.

Cel. Can ye be drowsie, when I call at your Window?

Leon. I hear him stirring: Now he comes wondring out.

V o L. II.

U

Enter

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. 'Tis *Celia*'s Sound sure:

The sweetness of that Tongue draws all Hearts to it;
There stands the Shape too.

Lieu. How he stares upon her?

Dem. Ha? Do mine Eyes abuse me?

'Tis she, the living *Celia*: Your Hand, Lady?

Cel. What shou'd this mean?

Dem. The very self same *Celia*.

Cel. How do ye, Sir?

Dem. Only turn'd brave.

I heard you were dead, my dear one; compleat,
She is wondrous brave, a wondrous gallant Courtier.

Cel. How he surveys me round? Here has been foul play.

Dem. How came she thus?

Cel. It was a kind of Death, Sir,
I suffer'd in your Absence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.

Dem. 'Tis likely:

How came you hither, *Celia*? Wondrous Gallant:
Did my Father send for ye?

Cel. So they told me, Sir, and on command too.

Dem. I hope you were obedient?

Cel. I was so ever.

Dem. And ye were bravely us'd?

Cel. I wanted nothing:

My Maiden-head to a mote i' th' Sun, he's Jealous:
I must now play the Knave with him, though I die for't,
'Tis in my Nature.

Dem. Her very Eyes are alter'd:
Jewels and rich ones too, I never saw yet——
And what were those came for ye?

Cel. Monstrous Jealous:
Have I liv'd at the rate of these scorn'd Questions?
They seem'd of good sort, Gentlemen.]

Dem. Kind Men?

Cel. They were wondrous kind: I was much beholding
There was one *Menippus*, Sir. (to 'em)

Dem. Ha?

Cel. One *Menippus*,

A notable merry Lord, and a good Companion.

Dem. And one *Charinthus* too?

Cel. Yes, there was such a one.

Dem. And *Timon*?

Cel. 'Tis most true.

Dem. And thou most treacherous:

My Father's Bawds by——they never miss course,
And were these daily with ye?

Cel. Every hour, Sir.

Dem. And was there not a Lady, a fat Lady?

Cel. O yes; a notable good Wench.

Dem. The Devil fetch her.

Cel. 'Tis ev'n the merriest Wench——

Dem. Did she keep with ye too?

Cel. She was all in all; my Bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.

Dem. You are well known here then?

Cel. There is no living here a Stranger, I think.

Dem. How came ye by this brave Gown?

Cel. This a poor one:

Alas, I have twenty richer: Do you see these Jewels?
Why, they are the poorest things, to those are sent me,
And sent me hourly too.

Dem. Is there no Modesty? No Faith in this fair Sex?

Leon. What will this prove to?

For, yet with all my Wits, I understand not.

Dem. Come hither; thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted;
All that I left thee fair, and innocent,
Sweet as thy Youth, and carrying Comfort in't;
All that I hop'd for Virtuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd back, and Bankrupt.

Leon. By'r Lady, this cuts shrewdly. (thee;

Dem. Thou art dead, for ever dead; Sin's surfeit slew
The Ambition of those wanton Eyes betray'd thee;
Go from me, grave of Honour; go thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy Sin, go thou despis'd one;
And where there is no Virtue, nor no Virgin,
Where Chastity was never known, nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but impious Lust, and looser Faces,
Go thither, Child of Blood, and sing my Doating.

Cel. You do not speak this seriously I hope, Sir;
I did but jest with you.

Dem. Look not upon me,
There is more Hell in those Eyes, than Hell harbours;
And when they flame more Torments.

Cel. Dare ye trust me?
You durst once even with all you had: Your Love, Sir?
By this fair Light I am honest.

Dem. Thou subtle *Circe*,
Cast not upon the maiden Light Eclipses:
Curse not the Day.

Cel. Come, come, you shall not do this:
How fain you wou'd seem angry now, to fright me;
You are not in the Field among your Enemies;
Come, I must cool this Courage.

Dem. Out, thou Impudence,
Thou Ulcer of thy Sex; when I first saw thee,
I drew into mine Eyes mine own Destruction,
I pull'd into my Heart that sudden Poison,
That now consumes my dear Content to Cinders:
I am not now *Demetrius*, thou hast chang'd me;
Thou Woman, with thy thousand Wiles hast chang'd me;
Thou Serpent with thy Angel-eyes hast slain me;
And where, before I touch'd on this fair Ruin,
I was a Man, and Reason made, and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of Grief, I grow and wander.

Cel. And as you are noble, do you think I did this?

Dem. Put all the Devils Wings on, and fly from me.

Cel. I will go from ye, never more to see ye:
I will fly from ye, as a Plague hangs o'er me;
And through the progress of my Life hereafter;
Where-ever I shall find a Fool, a false Man,
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd Virtue,
A base suspector of a Virgin's Honour,
A Child that flings away the Wealth he cry'd for,
Him will I call *Demetrius*: That Fool *Demetrius*,
That mad Man a *Demetrius*; and that false Man,
The Prince of broken Faiths, even Prince *Demetrius*.
You think now, I shou'd cry, and kneel down to ye,
Petition for my Peace; let those that feel here

The weight of Evil, wait for such a Favour,
I am above your Hate, as far above it,
In all the Actions of an innocent Life,
As the pure Stars are from the muddy Meteors.
Cry when you know your Folly; howl and curse then,
Beat that unmanly Breast, that holds a false Heart
When ye shall come to know, whom ye have flung from

Dem. Pray ye stay a little. (ye.

Cel. Not your Hopes can alter me;
Then let a thousand black Thoughts muster in ye,
And with those enter in a thousand Doatings;
Those Eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing:
My Innocence for ever haunt and fright ye:
Those Arms together grow in Folds; that Tongue,
That bold bad Tongue that barks out these Disgraces,
When you shall come to know how nobly Virtuous
I have preserv'd my Life, rot, rot within ye.

Dem. What shall I do?

Cel. Live a lost Man for ever.
Go ask your Father's Conscience what I suffer'd,
And through what Seas of hazards I sail'd through:
Mine Honour still advanc'd in spite of Tempests,
Then take your leave of Love; and confess freely,
You were never worthy of this Heart that serv'd ye,
And so farewell ungrateful—— [Exit.

Dem. Is she gone?

Leon. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter.-- [Exit.

Enter Antigonus, and Lords.

Ant. Are ye pleas'd now? Have you got your Heart
Have I restor'd ye that? (again?

Dem. Sir, ev'n for Heav'n sake,
And sacred Truth sake, tell me how ye found her.

Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I try'd her,
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your Fellowship,
And fear'd her too: Which Fear begot that Story
I told ye first: But since, like Gold I touch'd her.

Dem. And how dear Sir?

Ant. Heav'n's holy Light's not purer:
The Constancy, and Goodness of all Women
That ever liv'd, to win the Names of worthy,

This noble Maid has doubled in her. Honour,
 All promises of Wealth, all Art to win her,
 And by all Tongues imploy'd, wrought as much on her
 As one may do upon the Sun at Noon-Day
 By lighting Candles up: Her Shape is Heav'nly,
 And to that Heav'nly Shape her Thoughts are Angels.

Dem. Why did you tell me, Sir?

Ant. 'Tis true, I err'd in't:

But since I made a full proof of her Virtue,
 I find a King too poor a Servant for her.
 Love her, and honour her, in all observe her.
 She must be something more than Time yet tells her:
 And certain I believe him best, enjoys her.
 I would not lose the hope of such a Daughter,
 To add another Empire to my Honour. — [Exit.

Dem. O wretched State! To what end shall I turn me?
 And where begins my Penance? Now, what service
 Will win her Love again? My Death must do it:
 And if that Sacrifice can purge my Follies,
 Be pleas'd, O mighty Love, I die thy Servant. — Exit.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Leontius, and Celia.

Leon. I Know he do's not deserve ye; h'as us'd you poorly:
 And to redeem himself —

Cel. Redeem?

Leon. I know it — there's no way left.

Cel. For Heav'ns fake do not name him,
 Do not think on him Sir, he's so far from me
 In all my Thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.

Leon. But yet I wou'd see him again.

Cel. No, never, never.

Leon. I do not mean to lend him any Comfort;
 But to afflict him, so to torture him,
 That ev'n his very Soul may shake within him:
 To make him know, though he be great and powerful,
 'Tis

'Tis not within his Aim to deal dishonourably,
And carry it off, and with a Maid of your sort.

Cel. I must confess, I cou'd most spitefully afflict him;
Now, now, I cou'd whet my Anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterness, I cou'd shoot through him;
I long to vex him.

Leon. And do it home, and bravely.

Cel. Were I a Man?

Leon. I'll help that weakness in ye:
I honour ye, and serve ye.

Cel. Not only to disclaim me,
When he had seal'd his Vows in Heav'n, sworn to me,
And poor believing I became his Servant;
But most maliciously to brand my Credit,
Stain my pure Name.

Leon. I wou'd not suffer it:
See him I wou'd again, and to his Teeth too.
Od's precious, I wou'd ring him such a Lesson —

Cel. I have done that already.

Leon. Nothing, nothing:
It was too poor a Purge; besides, by this time
He has found his Fault, and feels the Hells that follow it.
That, and your urg'd-on Anger to the highest,
Why, 'twill be such a stroak —

Cel. Say he repent then,
And seek with Tears to soften, I'm a Woman;
A Woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have honour'd him:
I am no more.

Leon. Why, you may deal thereafter.

Cel. If I forgive him, I am lost.

Leon. Hold there then,
The sport will be to what a poor Submission —
But keep you strong.

Cel. I would not see him.

Leon. Yes,
You shall ring his Knell.

Cel. How if I kill him?

Leon. Kill him? why, let him dye.

Cel. I know 'tis fit so.
But why shou'd I, that lov'd him once, destroy him?

O had he scap't this fin, what a brave Gentleman—

Leon. I must confess, had this not faln, a nobler,
A handsomer, the whole World had not show'd ye:
And to his making such a Mind—

Cel. 'Tis certain:

But all this I must now forget.

Leon. You shall not

If I have any Art: Go up, sweet Lady,
And trust my Truth.

Cel. But good, Sir, bring him not.

Leon. I wou'd not for the Honour ye are born to,
But you shall see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.

Cel. You will be near me then.

Leon. I will be with ye.

Yet there's some hope to stop this gap, I'll work hard. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

*Enter Antigonus, Menippus, two Gentlemen, Lieutenants
and Lords.*

Ant. But is it possible this Fellow took it?

2 Gent. It seems so by the violence it wrought with,
Yet now the Fit's ev'n off.

Men. I beseech your Grace.

Ant. Nay, I forgive thy Wife with all my Heart,
And am right glad she drank it not her self,
And more glad that the Virtuous Maid escap'd it, (dier,
I wou'd not for the World 'thad hit: But that this Sol-
Lord how he looks, that he should take this Vomit;
Can he make Rimes too?

2 Gent. H'as made a thousand, Sir,
And plays the Burthen to 'em on a Jews-trump.

Ant. He looks as though he were besift: Do you love

Lieu. Yes surely ev'n with all my Heart. (me, Sir?

Ant. I thank ye;

I am glad I have so good a Subject: But pray ye tell me,
How much did ye love me, before ye drank this Matter?

Lieu. Ev'n as much as a sober Man might; and a Sol-
That your Grace owes just half a Year's Pay to. (dier
Ant.

Ant. Well remembred;
And did I seem so young and amiable to ye?

Lieu. Methought you were the sweetest Youth-----

Ant. That's excellent.

Lieu. Ay truly, Sir: And ever as I thought on ye,
I wish'd, and wish'd-----

Ant. What didst thou wish, prethee?

Lieu. Ev'n, that I had been a Wench of fifteen for ye,
A handsom Wench, Sir.

Ant. Why? God a-mercy Soldier:
I seem not so now to thee.

Lieu. Not all out:
And yet I have a Grudging to your Grace still.

Ant. Thou wast never in Love before?

Lieu. Not with a King,
And hope I shall never be again: Truly, Sir,
I have had such Plunges, and such Bickrings,
And as it were such runnings atilt within me,
For whatsoever it was provok'd me toward ye.

Ant. God a-mercy still.

Lieu. I had it with a vengeance,
It plaid his Prize.

Ant. I would not have been a Wench then,
Though of this Age.

Lieu. No sure, I should have spoil'd ye.

Ant. Well, go thy ways, of all the lusty Lovers
That e'er I saw---wilt have another Potion?

Lieu. If you will be another thing, have at ye.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha: Give me thy Hand, from hence-
forth thou art my Soldier,
Do bravely, I'll love thee as much.

Lieu. I thank ye;
But if you were mine Enemy, I would not wish it ye:
I beseech your Grace, pay me my Charge.

2 Gent. That's certain, Sir;
H'as bought up all that e'er he found was like ye,
Or any thing you have lov'd, that he could purchase;
Old Horses, that your Grace had ridden blind, and foundr'd;
Dogs, rotten Hawks, and which is more than all this,
Has worn your Grace's Gauntlet in his Bonnet.

Ant.

Ant. Bring in your Bills: Mine own Love shall be fa-
And Sirrah, for this Potion you have taken, (tisfy'd;
I'll point ye out a Portion ye shall live on.

Men. 'Twas the best draught that e'er ye drunk.

Lieu. I hope so.

Ant. Are the Princes come toth' Court?

Men. They are all, and lodg'd, Sir.

Ant. Come then, make ready for their Entertainment,
Which presently we'll give: Wait you on me, Sir.

Lieu. I shall love Drink the better whilst I live, Boys.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius, and Leontius.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear *Leontius*;
Let me but dye before her.

Leon. Wou'd that wou'd do it:
If I knew where she lay now, with what honesty,
You having flung so main a Mischief on her,
And on so innocent and sweet a Beauty,
Dare I present your Visit?

Dem. I'll repent all:
And with the greatest Sacrifice of Sorrow,
That ever Lover made.

Leon. 'Twill be too late, Sir:
I know not what will become of you.

Dem. You can help me.

Leon. It may be to her sight: What are you nearer?
She has sworn she will not speak to ye, look upon ye;
And to love ye again, O she cries out, and thunders,
She had rather Love—There is no hope—

Dem. Yes, *Leontius*,
There is a hope, which though it draw no Love to it,
At least will draw her to lament my Fortune,
And that hope shall relieve me.

Leon. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye:
Say I should bring ye—

Dem. Do not trifle with me?

Leon.

Leon. I will not trifle; both together bring ye,
You know the wrongs ye' done.

Dem. I do confess 'em.

Leon. And if you shou'd then jump into your Fury,
And have another Querk in your Head.

Dem. I'll dye first.

Leon. You must say nothing to her; for 'tis certain,
The Nature of your Crime will admit no Excuse.

Dem. I will not speak, mine Eyes shall tell my Penance.

Leon. You must look wondrous sad too.

Dem. I need not look so,
I am truly Sadness self.

Leon. That Look will do it:
Stay here, I'll bring her to you instantly:
But take heed how you bear your self: Sit down there,
The more humble you are, the more she'll take Com-
passion.

Women are per'ulous Thing to deal upon. *[Exit.*

Dem. What shall become of me? to curse my Fortune,
Were but to curse my Father; that's too Impious;
But under whatsoever Fate I suffer,
Bless, I beseech thee Heav'n, her harmless Goodness.

Enter Leontius and Celia.

Leon. Now arm your self.

Cel. You have not brought him?

Leon. Yes faith,
And there he is: You see in what poor plight too,
Now you may do your will, kill him, or save him.

Cel. I will go back.

Leon. I will be hang'd then, Lady:
Are you a Coward now?

Cel. I cannot speak to him.

Dem. O me.

Leon. There was a Sigh to blow a Church down;
So, now their Eyes are fixt, the small Shot plays,
They will come toth' Battery anon.

Cel. He weeps extreamly.

Leon. Rail at him now.

Cel. I dare not.

Leon. I am glad on't.

Cel.

Cel. Nor dare believe his Tears.

Dem. You may, blest Beauty,
For those thick streams that troubled my Repentance,
Are crept out long ago.

Leon. You see how he looks.

Cel. What have I to do how he looks? how lookt he
When with a poison'd Tooth he bit mine Honour? (then,
It was your Counsel too, to scorn and slight him.

Leon. Ay, if ye saw fit cause; and you confest too,
Except this Sin, he was the bravest Gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest: I take nothing from ye,
Nor from your Anger; use him as you please:
For to say truth, he has deserv'd your Justice;
But still consider what he has been to you.

Cel. Pray do not blind me thus.

Dem. O Gentle Mistress,
If there were any way to expiate
A Sin so great as mine, by Intercession,
By Prayers, by daily Tears, by dying for ye;
O what a Joy would close these Eyes that love ye.

Leon. They say Women have tender Hearts, I know not,
I am sure mine melts.

Cel. Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your Wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish ye a fit Beauty to your Virtues:
Mine is too poor, in peace I part thus from you;
I must look back: Gods keep your Grace: He's here still.
[Exit.

Dem. She has forgiven me.

Leon. She has directed ye:
Up, up, and follow like a Man: Away, Sir,
She lookt behind her twice: Her Heart dwells here, Sir;
Ye drew Tears from her too: She cannot freeze thus;
The Door's set open too, are ye a Man?
Are ye alive? do ye understand her meaning?
Have ye Blood and Spirit in ye?

Dem. I dare not trouble her.

Leon. Nay, and you will be nipt i'th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down; I dare not, I cannot:

Strike now or never: Faint Heart, you know what,
Sir——

Be govern'd by your Fear, and quench your Fire out.
A Devil on't, stands this Door ope for nothing?
So get ye together, and be naught: Now to secure all,
Will I go fetch out a more sovereign Plaister. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomi
Lieutenant, Gentlemen, and Lords.*

Ant. This Peace is fairly made.

Sel. Wou'd your Grace wish us
To put in more: Take what you please, we yield it;
The Honour done us by your Son constrains it,
Your noble Son.

Ant. It is sufficient, Princes;
And now we are one again, one Mind, one Body,
And one Sword shall strike for us.

Lys. Let Prince *Demetrius*
But lead us on: For we are his vow'd Servants;
Against the Strength of all the World we'll buckle.

Prol. And ev'n from all that Strength we'll catch at
Victory.

Sel. O had I now recover'd but the Fortune
I lost in *Antioch*, when mine Uncle perish'd;
But that were but to surfeit me with Blessings.

Lys. You lost a sweet Child there.

Sel. Name it no more, Sir;
This is no time to entertain such Sorrows;
'Will your Majesty do us the Honour, we may see the
And wait upon him? (Prince,

Enter Leontius.

Ant. I wonder he stays from us:
How now, *Leontius*, where's my Son?

Sel. Brave Captain.

Lys. Old valiant Sir.

Leon. Your Graces are welcome:
Your Son, and't please you, Sir, is new cashier'd yonder,
Cast

Cast from his Mistress Favour: And such a coil there is;
Such fending, and such proving; she stands off,
And will by no means yield to Composition:
He offers any Price; his Body to her.

Sel. She is a hard Lady, denies that caution.

Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave: Faith
Princes,

'Twere a good point of Charity to piece 'em;
For less than such a Pow'r will do just nothing:
And if you mean to see him, there it must be,
For there will he grow, 'till he be transplanted.

Sel. Beseech your Grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that Beauty dares deny him,
That scornful Beauty.

Ptol. I should think it worse now;
Ill brought up Beauty.

Ant. She has too much reason for't;
Which with too great a Grief, I shame to think of.
But we'll go see this Game.

Lys. Rather this Wonder.

Ant. Be you our Guide, *Leontius*, here's a new Peace.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. V.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Cel. Thus far you shall perswade me, still to honour ye,
Still to live with ye, Sir, or near about ye;
For not to lye, you have my first and last Love:
But since you have conceiv'd an Evil against me,
An Evil that so much concerns your Honour,
That Honour aim'd by all at for a Pattern:
And though there be a false Thought, and confess'd too,
And much Repentance fall'n in show'rs to purge it;
Yet, while that great Respect I ever bore ye,
Dwells in my Blood, and in my Heart that Duty;
Had it but been a Dream, I must not touch ye.

Dem. O you will make some other happy?

Cel. Never,

Upon

Upon this Hand I'll seal that Faith.

Dem. We may kiss,
Put not those out o' th' Peace too.

Cel. Those I'll give ye,
So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *ne ultra*,
I will be merry with ye; Sing, Discourse with ye,
Be your poor Mistress still: In Truth I love ye.

Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyfimachus,
Ptolomic, Lieutenant, and Gentlemen.

Dem. Stay, who are these?

Lyf. A very handsome Lady.

Leon. As e'er you saw.

Sel. Pity her Heart's so cruel. (hear us.

Lyf. How does your Grace? He stands still, will not

Ptol. We come to serve ye, Sir, in all our Fortunes.

Lyf. He bows a little now; he's strangely alter'd.

Sel. Ha? Pray ye a word, *Leontius*, pray ye a word with
Lyfimachus? You both knew mine *Enantbe*, (ye,
I lost in *Antioch*, when the Town was taken,
Mine Uncle slain, *Antigonus* had the sack on't?

Lyf. Yes, I remember well the Girl.

Sel. Methinks now

That Face is wondrous like her: I have her Picture;
The same, but more Years on her; the very same.

Lyf. A Cherry to a Cherry is not liker.

Sel. Look on her Eyes.

Leon. Most certain she is like her:

Many a time have I dandled her in these Arms, Sir,
And I hope who will more.

Ant. What's that ye look at, Princes?

Sel. This Picture, and that Lady, Sir.

Ant. Ha! they are near:

They only err in time.

Lyf. Did you mark that Blush there?
That came the nearest.

Sel. I must speak to her.

Leon. You'll quickly be resolv'd.

Sel. Your Name, sweet Lady?

Cel. *Enantbe*, Sir: And this to beg your Blessing.

Sel.

Sel. Do you know me?

Cel. If you be the King *Seleucus*,
I know you are my Father.

Cel. Peace a little,
Where did I lose ye?

Sel. At the Sack of *Antioch*,
Where my good Uncle dy'd, and I was taken,
By a mean Soldier taken: By this Prince,
This noble Prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his Servant.

Sel. My Joys are now too full: Welcome *Enantbe*,
Mine own, my dearest, and my best *Enantbe*.

Dem. And mine too desperate.

Sel. You shall not think so,
This is a Peace indeed.

Ant. I hope it shall be,
And ask it first.

Cel. Most Royal, Sir, ye have it.

Dem. I once more beg it thus.

Sel. You must not be deny'd, Sir.

Cel. By me, I am sure he must not: Sure he shall not;
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
And from this hour, no envious Spight e'er part us.

All. The Gods give happy Joys; all Comforts to ye.

Dem. My new *Enantbe*.

Ant. Come, beat all the Drums up,
And all the noble Instruments of War:
Let 'em fill all the Kingdom with their Sounds;
And those the brazen Arch of Heav'n break through,
While to the Temple we conduct these two.

Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And ever worthy of those Lines they sprung;
May their fair Issues walk with Time along.

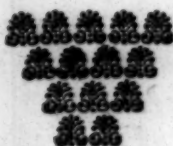
Lieu. And hang a Coward now; and there's my Song.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by the Lieutenant.

I *Am not cur'd yet throughly; for believe
I feel another Passion that may grieve,
All over me I feel it too: And now
It takes me cold, cold, cold, I know not how:
As you are good Men help me, a Carowse
May make me love you all, all here i' th' House,
And all that come to see me, doatingly:
Now lend your Hands; and for your Courtesie,
The next Imployment I am sent upon,
I'll swear you are Physicians, the War's none.*



EPICURE

Spoken by the Lieutenant

I am not one of your philosophers, for believe
I feel another Passion than my Grains;
All over me I feel it torn and rent;
I take me cold, cold, cold, I shiver not now;
As you are good Men help me, a Carriage
May make me love you all, all kind of Horses
And all that come to see me, eagerly;
Now lend your Hands; and for your Gratitude
The next Impulse I am sent you
I'll swear you are Physicians, the 14th of a year

1666
1667
1668
1669
1670

2

Vol. II



The Faithful Shepherdess
Vol. 2. p. 2

THE
F A I T H F U L
SHEPHERDESS.



Printed in the Year 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Perigot, *a Shepherd in Love with Amoret.*
Thenot, *a Shepherd in Love with Clorin.*
Daphnis, *a modest Shepherd.*
Alexis, *a wanton Shepherd.*
God of a River.
Satyr.
Priest.
Old Shepherd.
A sullen discontented Shepherd.

W O M E N.

Amoret, *the faithful Shepherdess, in Love with Perigot.*
Clorin, *a holy Shepherdess.*
Amarillis, *a Shepherdess in Love with Perigot.*
Cloe, *a wanton Shepherdess.*

SCENE THESSALY.

THE

THE
Faithful Shepherdes.

ACT I. SCENE I

*Enter Clorin a Sheperd-ss, having Buried her
Love in an Arbour.*

CLORIN.



HAILE, holy Earth, whose cold Arms do
inbrace

The truest Man that ever fed his Flocks
By the fat Plains of Fruitful *Thessaly*,
Thus I salute thy Grave, thus do I pay
My early Vows, and Tribute of mine Eyes

To thy still loved Ashes; thus I free
My self from all insuing Heats and Fires
Of Love: All Sports, Delights and jolly Games
That Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth Brows be begirt
With youthful Coronals, and lead the Dance;
No more the Company of fresh fair Maids
And wanton Shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry Pipes
Under some shady Dell, when the cool Wind
Plays on the Leaves: All be far away,
Since thou art far away; by whose dear Side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh Flow'rs
For Summer's Queen, whilst ev'ry Shepherd's Boy
Puts on his lusty Green, with gaudy Hook,

And hanging Scrip of finest Cordevan.
 But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
 And all are dead but thy dear Memory;
 That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
 While there are Pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.
 And here will I, in honour of thy Love,
 Dwell by thy Grave, forgetting all those Joys,
 That former times made precious to mine Eyes,
 Only remembring what my Youth did gain
 In the dark, hidden virtuous use of Herbs:
 That will I practise, and as freely give
 All my Endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
 Of all green Wounds I know the Remedies
 In Men or Cattle, be they stung with Snakes,
 Or charm'd with pow'rful Words of wicked Art,
 Or be they Love-sick, or through too much Heat
 Grown wild or lunatick, their Eyes or Ears
 Thickned with misty Film of dulling Rheum;
 These I can cure, such secret Virtues lies
 In Herbs, applyed by a Virgin's Hand.
 My Meat shall be what these wild Woods afford,
 Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose Checks
 The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty Fruit
 Pull'd from the fair head of the straight grown Pine;
 On these I'll feed with free Content, and rest,
 When Night shall blind the World, by thy Side blest

Enter a Satyre.

Sat. Through yon same bending Plain
 That flings his Arms down to the Main,
 And through these thick Woods have I run,
 Whose bottom never kist the Sun
 Since the lusty Spring began,
 All to please my Master *Pan*,
 Have I trotted without rest
 To get him Fruit; for at a Feast
 He entertains, this coming Night,
 His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright:
 But behold a fairer Sight!
 By that Heav'nly Form of thine,
 Brightest fair thou art Divine,

[*He stands amaz'd.*

Sprung

Sprung from great Immortal Race
 Of the Gods: For in thy Face
 Shines more awful Majesty,
 Than dull weak Mortality
 Dare with misty Eyes behold,
 And live: Therefore on this Mould,
 Lowly do I bend my Knee,
 In Worship of thy Deity;
 Deign it, Goddess, from my Hand,
 To receive what e'er this Land
 From her fertile Womb doth send
 Of her choice Fruits; and but lend
 Belief to that the Satyre tells,
 Fairer by the famous Wells,
 To this present Day ne'er grew,
 Never better nor more true.
 Here be Grapes whose lusty Blood
 Is the Learned Poets good,
 Sweeter yet did never crown
 The Head of *Bacchus*; Nuts more brown
 Then the Squirrels Teeth that crack 'em;
 Deign, O fairest fair, to take 'em.
 For these Black-ey'd *Driope*
 Hath oftentimes commanded me,
 With my clasped Knee to climb;
 See how well the lusty time
 Hath deckt their rising Cheeks in red,
 Such as on your Lips is spread;
 Here be Berries for a Queen,
 Some be red, some be green,
 These are of that luscious Meat,
 The great God *Pan* himself doth eat:
 All these, and what the Woods can yield,
 The hanging Mountain, or the Field,
 In freely offer, and e'er long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,
 Till when humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great *Pan* do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep Glade,
 Under a broad Beech's Shade:

I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery Sun.

[Exit,

Clo. And all my Fears go with thee.
What Greatness or what private hidden Pow'r
Is there in me, to draw Submission
From this rude Man and Beast? Sure I am Mortal:
The Daughter of a Shepherd, he was Mortal:
And she that bore me Mortal: Prick my Hand
And it will bleed; a Feaver shakes me,
And the self same Wind that makes the young Lambs
Makes me acold: My Fear says I am Mortal: (shrink,
Yet I have heard, my Mother told it me,
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin Flow'r uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No Goblin, Wood-god, Fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyre, or other Pow'r that haunts the Groves,
Shall hurt my Body, or by vain Illusion
Draw me to wander after idle Fires;
Or Voices calling me in dead of Night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through Mire and standing Pools, to find my Ruin:
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth Humanity, whose Heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a Pow'r
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil Bloods, all Appetites
That break their confines: Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest Guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

*Enter an Old Shepherd, with four Couple of Shepherds
and Shepherdesses.*

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy Festival
In Honour of our great God, and his Rights
Perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste
And uncorrupted Fires: That as the Priest,
With pow'rful Hand shall sprinkle on your Brows
His pure and holy Water, ye may be
From all hot flames of Lust, and loose Thoughts free.
Kneel Shepherds, kneel, here comes the Priest of *Pan.*
Enter

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away,
Whatsoever this great Day,
Or the past Hours gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden Blood:
From the high rebellious Heat
Of the Grapes, and strength of Meat;
From the wanton quick Desires,
They do kindle by their Fires,
I do wash you with this Water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter.
From your Liver and your Veins,
Thus I take away the stains.
All your Thoughts be smooth and fair,
Be ye fresh and free as Air.
Never more let lustful Heat
Through your purged Conduits beat,
Or a plighted Troth be broken,
Or a wanton Verse be spoken
In a Shepherdess's Ear;
Go your ways, ye are all clear.

[They rise and sing in Praise of Pan.]

The S O N G.

*Sing his Praises that doth keep
Our Flocks from harm,
Pan the Father of our Sheep,
And Arm in Arm
Tread we softly in a Round,
While the hollow neighb'ring Ground
Fills the Musick with her Sound.*

*Pan, O great God Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us Chast and Free,
As the young Spring,
Ever be thy Honour spoke,
From that place the Morn is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.*

*[Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.
Peri.]*

Peri. Stay, gentle *Amaret*, thou fair brow'd Maid,
Thy Shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his Soul's good.

Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, Shepherd, and thy Tongue be still
The same it ever was; as free from ill,
As he whose Conversation never knew
The Court or City: Be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my Affection,
Or mingle my clean Thoughts with foul Desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my Flocks,
That being left alone without a Guard,
The Wolf, or Winter's Rage, Summer's great Heat,
And want of Water, rots; or what to us
Of Ill is yet unknown, full speedily,
And in their general Ruin let me feel.

Amo. I pray thee, gentle Shepherd, wish not so,
I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul. *Peri.* O you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing Morn, or that fair Star,
That guides the wandring Seamen through the Deep,
Straighter than straightest Pine upon the steep
Head of an aged Mountain, and more white
Than the new Milk we strip before Day-light
From the full freighted Bags of our fair Flocks:
Your Hair more beauteous than those hanging Locks
Of young *Apollo*.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost,
You're sail'd too far already from the Coast
Of our Discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I shou'd not love alone, I shou'd not lose
Those many Passions, Vows, and holy Oaths,
I've sent to Heav'n? Did you not give your Hand,
Even that fair Hand in Hostage? Do not then
Give back again those Sweet's to other Men,
You your self vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as Maidens Modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,

Once

Once more I give my Hand ; be ever free
From that great Foe to Faith, foul Jealousie.

Peri. I take it as my best Good, and desire
For stronger Confirmation of our Love,
To meet this happy Night in that fair Grove,
Where all true Shepherds have rewarded been
For their long Service : Say sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear Friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent Night may do,
Coupled with this Day's Heat to move your Blood :
Maids must be fearful ; sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough ; for yet I see a Stain
Stick in your Liver, go and purge again.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple Truth,
My self and my Affections are as pure
As those chaste Flames that burn before the Shrine
Of the great *Dian* : Only my Intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our Troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste Imbraces,
And ceremonious tying of our selves :
For to that holy Wood is consecrate
A virtuous Well, about whose flowry Banks
The nimble-footed Fairies dance their Rounds,
By the pale Moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen Children, so to make them free
From dying Flesh, and dull Mortality ;
By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
And giv'n away his Freedom, many a Troth
Been plight, which neither Envy, nor old Time
Cou'd ever break, with many a chaste Kiss giv'n,
In hope of coming Happiness ; by this
Fresh Fountain many a blushing Maid
Hath crown'd the Head of her long loved Shepherd
With gawdy Flow'rs, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his Love, and dear Captivity ;
There grow all Herbs fit to cool looser Flames
Our sensual Parts provoke, chiding our Bloods,
And quenching by their Pow'r those hidden Sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our Sense
To open Fires, so virtuous is that Place.

Then,

Then, gentle Shepherdess, believe and grant,
In Troth it fits not with that Face to scant
Your faithful Shepherd of those chaste Desires
He ever aim'd at, and——

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd, farewell ; this coming Night
Shall crown thy chaste Hopes with long wish'd Delight.

Peri. Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good
Thou hast giv'n thy poor Shepherd: Fairest Bud
Of Maiden Virtues, when I leave to be
The true Admirer of thy Chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted Name
Of the wild Woodman, or affect some Dame
Whose often Prostitution hath begot
More foul Diseases, than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his Burnings, while the Dog
Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing Fog
And deadly Vapour from his angry Breath,
Filling the lower World with Plague and Death. [*Ex. Amo.*

Enter Amarillis.

Ama. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair Maid, you may.

Ama. Then softly thus, I love thee, *Perigot*,
And wou'd be gladder to be lov'd again,
Than the cold Earth is in his frozen Arms
To clip the wanton Spring: Nay do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee! Thou that art
The prime of our young Grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty Shepherds; what dull Eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee Wastle, Run, or cast the Stone,
With nimble Strength and fair Delivery,
And hath not sparkled Fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring Veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy Voice?
Then do not blame me, Shepherd, if I be
One to be numbred in this Company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair Shepherdess, much Pity I can lend

To your Complaints; but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, my self and my best Hopes,
Are giv'n already: Do not love him then
That cannot love again: On other Men
Bestow those Heats more free, that may return
You Fire for Fire, and in one Flame equal burn.

Ama. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my Affection, most unkind of Men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art
To give another Nature to my Cheeks,
Or were I common Mistress to the Love
Of every Swain, or cou'd I with such ease
Call back my Love, as many a Wanton doth,
Thou migh'st refuse me, Shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixt and set, let it not be
A sport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuse
The Love of silly Maid.

Peri. Fair Soul, ye use
These words to little end: For know, I may
Better call back that time was Yesterday,
Or stay the coming Night, than bring my Love
Home to my self again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays;
This present Night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste Fair that enjoys my Soul,
In yonder Grove, there to make up our Loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again,
The neighbouring Plains have many a comely Swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was,
Bestow that Love on them, and let me pass.
Farewel, be happy in a better Choice. [Exit.]

Ama. Cruel, thou'st struck me deader with thy Voice,
Than if the angry Heav'ns with their quick Flames
Had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no, I must enjoy thee, Boy,
Though the great Dangers 'twixt my Hopes and that
Be infinite: There is a Shepherd dwells
Down by the Moor, whose Life hath ever shown
More sullen Discontent then *Saturn's* Brow,
When he sits frowning on the Births of Men:

One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
 And never joys, unless it be in breaking
 The holy plighted Troths of mutual Souls:
 One that lusts after every sev'ral Beauty,
 But never yet was known to love or like,
 Were the Face fairer or more full of Truth,
 Than *Phæbe* in her Fulness, or the Youth
 Of smooth *Lyaus*; whose nigh starved Flocks
 Are always scabby, and infect all Sheep
 They feed withal; whose Lambs are ever last,
 And die before their waining, and whose Dog
 Looks like his Master, lean, and full of Scurf,
 Not caring for the Pipe or Whistle: This Man may,
 If he be well wrought, do a Deed of Wonder,
 Forcing me Passage to my long Desires:
 And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
 As my quick Thoughts cou'd wish for.

Enter Shepherd.

Shep. Fresh Beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
 Thus to be Partner of your Loneness: 'Twas
 My Love, that ever-working Passion, drew
 Me to this place, to seek some Remedy
 For my sick Soul: Be not unkind and fair,
 For such the mighty *Cupid* in his Doom
 Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
 To my consuming Fires, that so I may
 Injoy my long Desires, and so allay
 Those Flames, that else would burn my Life away.

Ama. Shepherd, were I but sure thy Heart were sound
 As thy Words seem to be, means might be found
 To cure thee of thy long Pains: For to me
 That heavy youth-consuming Misery,
 The love-sick Soul endures, never was pleasing;
 I could be well content with the quick easing
 Of thee and thy hot Fires, might it procure
 Thy Faith and farther Service to be sure.

Shep. Name but that great Work, Danger, or what can
 Be compass'd by the Wit or Art of Man,
 And, if I fail in my Performance, may
 I never more kneel to the rising Day.

Ama. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd; this same Night,
 That

That now comes stealing on, a gentle Pair
Have promis'd equal Love, and do appoint
To make yon Wood the place where Hands and Hearts
Are to be ty'd for ever: Break their meeting
And their strong Faith, and I am ever thine.

Shep. Tell me their Names, and if I do not move,
By my great Pow'r, the center of their Love
From his fixt being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair Eyes I thus adore.

Ama. Come, as we go, I'll thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy Work. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the Times, or Men, that thus,
After his holy Feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger Company
Of jolly Shepherds: 'Twas not then held good,
For lusty Grooms to mix their quicker Blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of Man, cold and dull Chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my Fold
Drive not a Flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy Eyes of Wealth-alluring Swain:
Yet if I may believe what others say,
My Face has Soil enough, nor can they lay
Justly too strict a Coyness to my charge;
My Flocks are many, and the Downs as large
They feed upon; then let it ever be
Their Coldness, not my Virgin Modesty
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever Man but I
Thus truly taken with Uncertainty?
Where shall that Man be found that loves a Mind
Made up in Constancy, and dares not find
His Love rewarded? Here, let all Men know,
A Wretch that lives to love his Mistress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay, where hast thou been,
Or whither goest thou? Here be Woods as green

As

As any, Air likewise as fresh and sweet,
 As where smooth *Zepirus* plays on the fleet
 Face of the curled Streams, with Flow'rs as many
 As the young Spring gives, and as choice as any;
 Here be all new Delights, cool Streams and Wells,
 Arbours o'er-grown with Woodbuds, Caves, and Dells,
 Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
 Or gather Rushes, to make many a Ring
 For thy long Fingers; tell thee Tales of Love,
 How the pale *Phæbe* hunting in a Grove,
 First saw the Boy *Endimion*, from whose Eyes
 She took eternal Fire that never dies;
 How she convey'd him softly in a Sleep,
 His Temples bound with Poppy, to the steep
 Head of old *Latmus*, where she stoops each Night,
 Gilding the Mountain with her Brother's Light,
 To kiss her sweetest. *The.* Far from me are these
 Hot flashes, bred from wanton Heat and Ease;
 I have forgot what Love and loving meant:
 Rimes, Songs, and merry Rounds, that oft are sent
 To the soft Ear of Maids, are strange to me:
 Only I live t' admire a Chastity,
 That neither pleasing Age, smooth Tongue, or Gold,
 Cou'd ever break upon, so sure the Mould
 Is that her Mind was cast in; 'tis to her
 I only am reserv'd; she is my Form I stir
 By, breath and move, 'tis she and only she
 Can make me Happy, or give Misery.

Cloe. Good Shepherd, may a Stranger crave to know
 To whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her Virtue learn to square
 And level out your Life; for to be Fair
 And nothing virtuous, only fits the Eye
 Of gaudy Youth, and swelling Vanity.
 Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
 She that hath long since bury'd her chaste Love,
 And now lives by his Grave, for whose dear Soul
 She hath vow'd her self into the holy Roll
 Of strict Virginity; 'tis her I so admire,
 Not any looser Blood or new Desire.

Cloe.

Cloe. Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend,
I must have quicker Souls, whose words may tend
To some free Action: Give me him dare love
At first Encounter, and as soon dare prove.

The S O N G.

*Come Shepherds, come,
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.*

*Green Woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any,
Those dear Kisses, and those many
Sweet Embraces that are giv'n,
Dainty Pleasures, that wou'd ev'n
Raise in coldest Age a fire,
And give Virgin Blood Desire.*

*Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.*

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: Better be my speed,
Thou God of Blood. But certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er cou'd be
Brought to kiss any, hold Discourse, or Sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving Faces,
And cou'd be well content to covet Graces,
Were they not got by Boldness; in this thing
My Hopes are frozen; and but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I wou'd sooner chuse
A Man made out of Snow, and freer use
An Eunuch to my Ends: But since he's here,
Thus I attempt him. Thou of Men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live: Here boldly take
My Hand in Pledge, this Hand, that never yet
Was giv'n away to any: And but sit

Y

Down

Cloe.

Down on this rushy Bank, whilst I go pull
 Fresh Blossoms from the Boughs, or quickly cull
 The choicest Delicates from yonder Mead,
 To make thee Chains or Chaplets, or to spread
 Under our fainting Bodies, when delight
 Shall lock up all our Senses. How the sight
 Of those smooth rising Cheeks renew the Story
 Of young *Adonis*, when in Pride and Glory
 He lay infolded 'twixt the beating Arms
 Of willing *Venus*: Methinks stronger Charms
 Dwell in those speaking Eyes, and on that Brow
 More sweetness than the Painters can allow
 To their best Pieces: Not *Narcissus*, he
 That wept himself away, in memory
 Of his own Beauty, nor *Silvanus* Boy,
 Nor the twice ravish'd Maid, for whom old *Troy*
 Fell by the Hand of *Pyrrhus*, may to thee
 Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead Tree
 To a young fruitful Olive. *Daph.* I can love,
 But I am loth to say so, least I prove
 Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy thou wou'dst say.
 My dearest *Daphnis*, blush not, if the Day
 To thee and thy soft Heats be Enemy,
 'Then take the coming Night; fair Youth, 'tis free
 To all the World, Shepherd I'll meet thee then
 When darkness hath shut up the Eyes of Men,
 In yonder Grove: Speak, shall our meeting hold?
 Indeed ye are too bashful, be more bold,
 And tell me Ay. *Daph.* I'm content to say so,
 And wou'd be glad to meet, might I but pray so
 Much from your fairness, that you wou'd be true.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh Maid, adieu:
 Yet one word more, since you have drawn me on
 To come this Night, fear not to meet alone
 That Man that will not offer to be ill,
 Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
 Of this World's goodness: Do not fear him then,
 But keep your pointed time; let other Men

Set up their Bloods to sale, mine shall be ever,
Fair as the Soul it carries, and unchast never.

[Exit.

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty Bloods, I should pick out these things
Whose Veins like a dull River far from Springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For Stream or Motion, though the strong Winds hit
With their continual Pow'r upon his Sides?
O happy be your Names that have been Brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine:
And far more heavy be thy Grief and Time,
Thou lazy Swain, that may'st relieve my Needs,
Than his, upon whose Liver always feeds
A hungry Vulture.

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Can such Beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the Eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better Part contemplates, giving Rein
And wished Freedom to the labouring Vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your Retirement, why ye go
Thus all alone? Methinks the Downs are sweeter,
And the young company of Swains far meeter,
Than those forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not your self to loneness, and those Graces
Hid from the Eyes of Men, that were intended
To live amongst us Swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd, in all my Life I have not seen
A Man in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thy self art: I cou'd tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. O lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefac'd Morning, when from *Tirbon's* Bed
Thou risest ever Maiden. *Alex.* If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these Flashes be,

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Speak

Speak and be satisfied. O guide her Tongue,
My better Angel; force my Name among
Her modest Thoughts, that the first word may be—

Cloe. *Alexis*, when the Sun shall kiss the Sea,
Taking his Rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy Wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, Shepherd. *Alex.* If I stay behind,
An everlasting Dulness, and the Wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the Stream
Of *Rhine* or *Volga*, while the Sun's hot Beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than Ice: Oh how I burn
And rise in Youth and Fire! I dare not stay.

Cloe. My Name shall be your Word.

Alex. Fly, fly, thou Day. [Exit.]

Cloe. My Grief is great if both these Boys shou'd fail:
He that will use all Winds must shift his Sail. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter an old Shepherd with a Bell ringing; and the Priest
of Pan following.*

Priest. **S**hepherds all, and Maidens fair,
Fold your Flocks up, for the Air
'Gins to thicken, and the Sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the Dew-drops how they kiss
Ev'ry little Flower that is:
Hanging on their Velvet Heads,
Like a Rope of Chrystal Beads.
See the heavy Clouds low falling,
And bright *Hesperus* down calling
The dead Night from under Ground,
At whose rising Mists unsound,
Damps, and Vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton Face
Of these Pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both Bud and Bloom;
Therefore, from such Danger, lock
Ev'ry one his loved Flock,

And

And let your Dogs lye loose without,
 Left the Wolf come as a scout
 From the Mountain, and, e'er day,
 Bear a Lamb or Kid away;
 Or the crafty thievish Fox,
 Break upon your simple Flocks:
 To secure your selves from these,
 Be not too secure in ease;
 Let one Eye his watches keep,
 While the t'other Eye doth sleep;
 So you shall good Shepherds prove,
 And for ever hold the love
 Of our great God. Sweetest Slumbers
 And soft Silence fall in numbers
 On your Eye-lids: So farewell;
 Thus I end my Ev'nings knell.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clorin the Shepherdess, sorting of Herbs, and
 telling the natures of them.*

Clo. Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
 Helpt by the great Pow'r of the virtuous Moon
 In her full Light; O you Sons of Earth,
 You only Brood, unto whose happy Birth
 Virtue was giv'n, holding more of Nature
 Than Man her first Born and most perfect Creature,
 Let me adore you; you that only can
 Help or kill Nature, drawing out that span
 Of Life and Breath ev'n to the end of time;
 You that these Hands did crop, long before prime
 Of Day; give me your Names, and next your hidden
 This is the *Clote* bearing a yellow Flow'r, (Pow'r.
 And this black Horehound; both are very good
 For Sheep or Shepherd, bitten by a Wood-
 Dog's venom'd Tooth; these *Ramuns* Branches are,
 Which, stuck in Entries, or about the Bar
 That holds the Door fast, kill all Inchantments, Charms,
 Were they *Medea's* Verses that do harms
 To Men or Cattle; these for Frenzy be
 A speedy and a sov'reign Remedy,
 The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
 Such sympathy with Man's good they do hold;

This Tormentil, whose Virtue is to part
 All deadly killing Poyson from the Heart;
 And here *Narcissus* Root, for Swellings best:
 Yellow *Lecimacus*, to give sweet Rest
 To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes
 All busie Gnats, and every Fly that hums:
 For Leprosie, Darnell, and Sellondine,
 With Calamint, whose Virtues do refine
 The Blood of Man, making it free and fair
 As the first hour it breath'd, or the best Air.
 Here other two, but your rebellious use
 Is not for me, whose Goodness is abuse;
 Therefore foul Standergrass, from me and mine
 I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine,
 You that intice the Veins and stir the heat
 To civil Mutiny, scalding the seat
 Our Reason moves in, and deluding it
 With Dreams and wanton Fancies, till the fit
 Of burning Lust be quencht; by Appetite,
 Robbing the Soul of Blessedness and Light.
 And thou light *Varvin* too, thou must go after,
 Provoking easie Souls to Mirth and Laughter;
 No more shall I dip thee in Water now,
 And sprinkle every Post, and every Bough
 With thy well-pleasing Juice, to make the Grooms
 Swell with high Mirth, as with Joy all the Rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
 Her Sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
 Give Heat or Happiness to the Shepherd's side,
 Doth only to her worthy self abide.
 Thou blessed Star, I thank thee for thy Light,
 Thou by whose Pow'r the darkness of sad Night
 Is banish'd from the Earth, in whose dull place
 Thy chaster Beams play on the heavy Face
 Of all the World, making the blue Sea smile,
 To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
 Thy Brother of his brightness, giving Day
 Again from *Chaos*, whiter than that way

That

That leads to *Jove's* high Court, and chaster far
Than Chastity it self, yon blessed Star
That nightly shines: Thou, all the Constancy
That in all Women was, or e'er shall be,
From whose fair Eye-balls flies that holy Fire,
That Poets stile the Mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle Breast
A Soul of greater Price, and far more blest
Then that quick pow'r, which gives a difference,
'Twixt Man and Creatures of a lower Sense.

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden, all the verdant Grass
The Spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
Of any Foot, only the dappled Deer
Far from the feared sound of crooked Horn
Dwells in this Fastness. *The.* Chaster than the Morn,
I have not wandred, or by strong Illusion
Into this virtuous Place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come, believe me fair,
To seek you out, of whose great good the Air
Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound
Breaks against Heav'n, and drives into a sound
Th' amazed Shepherd, that such Virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a Man.

Clo. If any Art I have, or hidden Skill
May cure thee of Disease or festred Ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem impossible of Remedy,
I dare yet undertake it. *The.* 'Tis no pain
I suffer through Disease, no beating Vein
Conveys Infection dangerous to the Heart,
No Part imposthum'd to be cur'd by Art,
This Body holds; and yet a feller Grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
Dwells on my Soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous Virgin.

Clo. Then Shepherd, let me sue
To know thy Grief; that Man yet never knew
The way to Health, that durst not shew his Sore.

The. Then fairest, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more,

Y 4

Thou

Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
 And offer'd sacrilegious foul Disgrace
 To the sweet rest of these interred Bones;
 For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
 Thou and thy idle Passions, that the sight
 Of Death and speedy Vengeance may not fright
 Thy very Soul with horror. *The.* Let me not
 (Thou all Perfection) merit such a blot
 For my true zealous Faith. *Clo.* Dar'st thou abide
 To see this holy Earth at once divide
 And give her Body up? For sure it will,
 If thou pursu'st with wanton Flames to fill
 This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
 Whilst I with Praise appease his Ghost below,
 That else would tell thee what it were to be
 A Rival in that virtuous Love that he
 Embraces yet. *The.* 'Tis not the white or red
 Inhabits in your Cheek that thus can wed
 My Mind to Adoration; nor your Eye,
 Though it be full and fair, your Forehead high,
 And smooth as *Pelop's* Shoulder; not the Smile
 Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
 The easie Soul, your Hands and Fingers long
 With Veins inamell'd richly, nor your Tongue,
 Though it spoke sweeter than *Arion's* Harp,
 Your Hair wove into many a curious warp,
 Able in endless error to infold
 The wandering Soul, nor the true perfect Mould
 Of all your Body, which as pure doth show
 In Maiden whiteness as the *Alpsien* Snow.
 All these, were but your Constancy away,
 Wou'd please me less, than a black stormy day
 The wretched Seaman toiling through the Deep.
 But while this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
 Though all the Plagues that are begotten were
 In the great Womb of Air, were settled here,
 In opposition, I wou'd, like the Tree,
 Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
 Even in the Arm of Danger. *Clo.* Wouldst thou have
 Me raise again, fond Man, from silent Grave,

Those

Those sparks that long ago were buried here,
 With my dead Friend's cold Ashes? *The.* Dearest dear,
 I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant;
 Stand strongly to your Vow, and do not faint;
 Remember how he lov'd ye, and be still
 The same Opinion speaks ye; let not Will,
 And that great God of Women, Appetite,
 Set up your Blood again; do not invite
 Desire and Fancy from their long Exile,
 To set them once more in a pleasing Smile:
 Be like a Rock made firmly up 'gainst all
 The Pow'r of angry Heav'n, or the strong fall
 Of Neptune's Battery; if ye yield, I die
 To all Affection; 'tis that Loyalty
 Ye tie unto this Grave I so admire;
 And yet there's something else I wou'd desire,
 If you wou'd hear me, but withal deny.
O Pan, what an uncertain Destiny
 Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
 For if I longer stay, this double fire
 Will lick my Life up. *Clo.* Do, let time wear out
 What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewel thou Soul of Virtue, and be blest
 For ever, while that here I wretched rest.
 Thus to my self; yet grant me leave to dwell
 In kenning of this Arbour; yon same Dell
 O'ertopt with mourning Cypress and sad Ewe
 Shall be my Cabin, where I'll early rue,
 Before the Sun hath kiss'd this Dew away,
 The hard uncertain Chance which Fate doth lay
 Upon this Head. *Clo.* The Gods give quick release
 And happy cure unto thy hard Disease. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. I do not love this Wench that I shou'd meet,
 For ne'er did my unconstant Eye yet greet
 That Beauty, were it sweeter or more fair,
 Than the new Blossoms, when the Morning Air
 Blows gently on them, or the breaking Light,
 When many Maiden Blushes to our sight

Shoot

Shoot from his early Face: Were all these set
 In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
 The least Love from me; some desire it might,
 Or present burning: All to me in sight
 Are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown,
 Virgin, or careless Wanton, I can crown
 My Appetite with any; swear as oft,
 And weep, as any, melt my words as soft
 Into a Maiden's Ears, and tell how long
 My Heart has been her Servant, and how strong
 My Passions are: Call her unkind and cruel,
 Offer her all I have to gain the Jewel
 Maidens so highly prize: Then loath, and fly:
 This do I hold a blessed Destiny.

Enter Amarillis.

(thee,

Amar. Hail Shepherd, *Pan* blest both thy Flock and
 For being mindful of thy word to me.

Sull. Welcome, fair Shepherdess, thy loving Swain
 Gives thee the self same wishes back again,
 Who 'till this present hour ne'er knew that Eye,
 Cou'd make me cross mine Arms, or daily dye
 With fresh consumings: Boldly tell me then,
 How shall we part their faithful Loves, and when?
 Shall I bely him to her, shall I swear
 His Faith is false, and he loves ev'ry where?
 I'll say he mock'd her th' other Day to you,
 Which will by your confirming shew as true,
 For he is off so pure an honesty,
 To think, because he will not, none will lye:
 Or else to him I'll slander *Amoret*,
 And say, she but seems Chast; I'll swear she met
 Me 'mongst the shady Sycamores last Night,
 And loosely offer'd up her flame and spright
 Into my Bosom, made a wanton Bed
 Of Leaves and many Flow'rs, where she spread
 Her willing Body to be press'd by me;
 There have I carv'd her Name on many a Tree,
 Together with mine own; to make this show
 More full of seeming, *Hobinell* you know,
 Son to the aged Shepherd of the Glen,
 Him I have sort'd out of many Men,

To

To say he found us at our private sport,
And rouz'd us 'fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I've promis'd to the Boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a Toy,
As Ginns to catch him Birds, with Bow and Bolt,
To shoot at nimble Squirrels in the Holt;
A pair of painted Buskins, and a Lamb,
Soft as his own Locks, or the Down of Swan;
This I have done to win ye, which doth give
Me double Pleasure. Discord makes me live. (prevail

Amar. Lov'd Swain, I thank ye, these Tricks might
With other rustick Shepherds, but will fail
Ev'n once to stir, much more to overthrow
His fixed Love from Judgment, who doth know
Your Nature, my End, and his Chosen's Merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his Spirit,
Which I have found: Give second, and my Love
Is everlasting thine. *Sull.* Try me and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of Lovers meet straight way,
Soon as they fold their Flocks up with the Day,
In the thick Grove bordering upon yon Hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a Well,
And, but that matchless Spring which Poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow
About the sides, all Herbs which Witches use,
All Simples good for Medicines or Abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy Nuptial Day,
With all their Colours, there the Month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green,
There's not a Grass on which was ever seen
The falling Autumn, or cold Winter's Hand;
So full of Heat and Virtue is the Land
About this Fountain, which doth slowly break
Below yon Mountain's foot, into a Creek
That waters all the Valley, giving Fish
Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherd's Dish.
This holy Well, my Grandame that is dead,
Right wise in Charms, hath often to me said,
Hath pow'r to change the Form of any Creature,
Being thrice dipt o'er the Head, into what Feature,

Or

Or Shape 'twou'd please the Letter down to crave,
 Who must pronounce this Charm too, which she gave
 Me on her Death-bed; told me what, and how,
 I shou'd apply unto the Patient's Brow,
 That wou'd be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,
 Before I trusted them into this deep.

All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
 This secret of her Art, if crost in Love.

I'll this attempt; now Shepherd, I have here
 All her Prescriptions, and I will not fear
 To be my self dipt: Come, my Temples bind
 With these sad Herbs, and when I sleep you find,
 As you do speak your Charm, thrice down me let,
 And bid the Water raise me *Amoret*;
 Which being done, leave me to my affair
 And e'er the Day shall quite it self outwear,
 In will return unto my Shepherd's Arm,
 Dip me again, and then repeat this Charm,
 And pluck me up my self, whom freely take,
 And the hot't Fire of thine Affection slake.

Sull. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
 I long the truth of this Well's Pow'r to see. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the Covert is
 Where I appointed *Cloe*; do not miss,
 Thou bright-ey'd Virgin, come, O come my fair,
 Be not abus'd with Fear, nor let cold Care
 Of honour stay thee from the Shepherd's Arm,
 Who would as hard be won to offer harm
 To thy chaste Thoughts, as whitens from the Day,
 Or yon great Round to move another way.
 My Language shall be honest, full of Truth,
 My Flames as smooth and spotless as my Youth:
 I will not entertain that wandering Thought,
 Whose easie current may at length be brought
 To a loose vastness. *Alexis within.* *Cloe!*

Daph. 'Tis her Voice,
 And I must answer, *Cloe!* Oh the choice
 Of dear Embraces, chaste and holy Strains
 Our Hands shall give! I charge you all my Veins
 Through

Through which the Blood and Spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient Heats, and stay
Those mutinous Desires that else would grow
To strong Rebellion: Do not wilder shew
Than blushing Modesty may entertain:

Alexis within. Cloe!

Daph. There sounds that blessed Name again,
And I will meet it: Let me not mistake,

Enter Alexis.

This is some Shepherd! sure I am awake;
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give my self more Knowledge. *Alex.* Oh my Fire,
How thou consum'st me? *Cloe,* answer me,
Alexis, strong *Alexis,* high and free,
Calls upon *Cloe.* See mine Arms are full
Of Entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden Fruit which too too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy Eye: Thou stay'st too long,
I am impatient of these mad Delays;
I must not leave unsought these many ways
That lead into this Center, till I find
Quench for my burning Lust. I come, unkind. [*Exit Alex.*

Daph. Can my Imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine Eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these Sightings but bold
Illusion? Sure such Fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true Love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous Thought with error.
But be they far from me with their fond terror:
I am resolv'd my *Cloe* yet is true. [*Cloe within.*

Cloe, hark, *Cloe:* Sure this Voice is new,
Whose shrillness like the sounding of a Bell,
Tells me it is a Woman: *Cloe,* tell
Thy blessed Name again. *Cloe within.* Here.
Oh what a grief is this to be so ne'er,
And not encounter?

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met,
Draw close into the Covert, lest the Wet

Which

Which falls like lazy Mists upon the Ground
 Soke through your startups. *Daph.* Fairest, are you found?
 How have we wandred, that the better part
 Of this good Night is perisht? oh my Heart!
 How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kiss
 Those lilly Hands, how to receive the bliss
 That charming Tongue gives to the happy Ear
 Of him that drinks your Language! but I fear
 I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
 And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
 These hot behaviours; where regard of Fame,
 Honour and Modesty, a virtuous Name,
 And such Discourse as one fair Sister may
 Without offence unto the Brother say,
 Shou'd rather have been tendred: But believe,
 Here dwells a better Temper; do not grieve
 Then, ever kindest, that my first Salute
 Seasons so much of Fancy, I am mute
 Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
 Suting to your sweet Thoughts and Modesty.
 Indeed I will not ask a Kiss of you,
 No not to wring your Fingers, nor to sue
 To those blest pair of fixed Stars for Smiles,
 All a young Lover's cunning, all his wiles,
 And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
 Be Strangers; only to your Chastity
 I am devoted ever. *Cloe.* Honest Swain,
 First let me thank you, then return again
 As much of my Love: No thou art too cold,
 Unhappy Boy, not tempred to my mold,
 Thy Blood falls heavy downward, 'tis not fear
 To offend in boldness wins; they never wear
 Deserv'd favours that deny to take,
 When they are offer'd freely: Do I wake
 To see a Man of his Youth, Years and Feature,
 And such a one as we call goodly Creature,
 Thus backward? What a World of precious Art
 Were meerly lost, to make him do his part?
 But I will shake him off, that dares not hold;
 Let Men that hope to be belov'd be bold.

Daphnis,

Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our Lives and Fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of Hands and holy Vow,
Never to break again: Walk thou that way,
Whilst I in zealous Meditation stray.
A little this way; when we both have ended
These rights and duties, by the Woods befriended,
And secrecy of Night, retire and find
An aged Oak, whose hollownes may bind
Us both within his Body, thither go,
It stands within yon Bottom.

Daph. Be it so. [Exit *Daphne*.

Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou Idle Shamfac'dness. *Alex. within.* *Cloe!* *Cloe.* 'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder. *Alex. Cloe!* *Cloe.* Now,
Great *Pan* for *Syrinx* sake bid speed our Plow. [Exit *Cloe*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, with Amarillis in a Sleep.

Sull. FROM thy Forehead thus I take
These Herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy Well,
Thrice with pow'rful Magick Spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipt; thus with my Cord
Of blasted Hemp, by Moon-light twin'd,
I do thy sleepy Body bind,
I turn thy Head into the East,
And thy Feet into the West,
Thy left Arm to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North:
I take thy Body from the Ground,
In this deep and deadly S wound,
And into this holy Spring
I let thee slide down by my String.
Take this Maid thou holy Pit,
To thy bottom, nearer yet,
In thy Water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her Feet;

Thus

Thus I let her lower yet,
 That her Ankles may be wet;
 Yet down lower, let her Knee
 In thy Waters washed be;
 There stop : Fly away
 Every thing that loves the Day.
 Truth that hath but one Face,
 Thus I charm thee from this Place.
 Snakes that cast your Coats for new,
 Camelions that alter hue,
 Hares that yearly Sexes change,
Proteus altring oft and strange,
Hecate with Shapes three,
 Let this Mayden changed be,
 With this holy Water wet,
 To the Shape of *Amoret* :
Cynthia work thou with my Charm,
 Thus I draw thee free from harm
 Up out of this blessed Lake,
 Rise both like her and awake.

[*She awakes.*]

Amar. Speak Shepherd, am I *Amoret* to fight ?
 Or hast thou mist in any Magick Rite;
 For want of which any Defect in me,
 May make our practices discover'd be ?

Sull. By yonder Moon, but that I here do stand,
 Whose Breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose
 Let thee down dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet, (Hand
 I shou'd my self take thee for *Amoret*;
 Thou art in Cloaths, in Feature, Voice and Hue
 So like, that Sense cannot distinguish you.

Amar. Then this Deceit, which cannot crossed be,
 At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
 Hither she needs must come by Promise made,
 And sure his Nature never was so bad,
 To bid a Virgin meet him in the Wood,
 When Night and Fear are up, but understood
 'Twas his part to come first: Being come, I'll say,
 My constant Love made me come first and stay :
 Then will I lead him further to the Grove, I
 But stay you here, and if his own true Love

Shall

Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong Path,
Which say her Lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence, if need there be,
Here is another Charm, whose Pow'r will free
The dazl'd Sense, read by the Moon's beams clear,
And in my own true Shape make me appear.

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant Heart
Longs to behold her in whose Shape thou art.

Per. This is the place, fair *Amoret*, the hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every Sylvan Pow'r
Delights to be about yon sacred Well,
Which they have blest with many a pow'rful Spell;
For never Traveller in dead of Night,
Nor strayed Beasts have faln in, but when fight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the Ground:
But I will farther seek, lest *Amoret*
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.

My Amoret, Amoret.

[*Exit.*

Amar. *Perigot.* *Per.* My Love.

Amar. I come, my Love.

[*Exit.*

Sull. Now she hath got

Her own Desires, and I shall Gainer be
Of my long lookt for hopes as well as she.
How bright the Moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her Glory in this little Grove,

Enter Amoret.

To some new lov'd Shepherd. - Yonder is
Another *Amoret*. Where differs this
From that? but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit:
Herbs, Woods, and Springs, the pow'r that in you lies,
If mortal Men cou'd know your properties!

Amo. Methinks it is not Night, I have no fear,
Walking this Wood, of Lion, or the Bear,
Whose Names at other times have made me quake,
When any Shepherdess in her Tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a Wood
Have torn true Lovers that together stood

Methinks there are no Goblins, and Mens talk,
That in these Woods the nimble Fairies walk,
Arc Fables; such a strong Heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*.

My *Perigot*, who's that, my *Perigot*?

Sull. Fair Maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*.

Sull. But I can tell ye news of *Perigot*:

An hour together under yonder Tree

He sat with wreathed Arms and call'd on thee,
And said, Why *Amoret* stay'st thou so long?

Then starting up, down yonder Path he flung,
Lest thou hadst mist thy way: Were it Day-light,
He cou'd not yet have born him out of sight.

Amo. Thanks gentle Shepherd, and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way:
As fast as my weak Legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll seek him out; and for thy Courtesie
Pray *Pan* thy Love may ever follow thee. [Exit.

Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluckt her Garments up, and tript away,
And with a Virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the Beams of Light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the Moon gave none,
But what it had from her: She was alone
With me, if then her Presence did so move,
Why did not I assay to win her Love?
She wou'd not sure have yielded unto me;
Women love only Opportunity
And not the Man; or if she had deny'd,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have try'd
Who had been stronger: O vain Fool, to let
Such blest Occasion pass; I'll follow yet,
My Blood is up, I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis, and Cloe.

I come sweet *Amoret*. Soft who is here?
A pair of Lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now Lust is up, alike all Women be.

Now

Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the Love of me,
Cloe, I know, e'er this wou'd weary be.

Cloe. *Alexis*, let us rest here, if the Place
Be private, and out of the common Trace
Of ev'ry Shepherd: For I understood
This Night a number are about the Wood:
Then let us chuse some Place, where out of sight
We freely may enjoy our stoln Delight.

Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found,
No Shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd Ground;
No Maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies and Fawns, and *Satyrs* do it keep:
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our Pleasures miss.

Cloe. Then lye by me, the sooner we begin,
The longer e'er the Day descry our Sin.

Sull. Forbear to touch my Love, or by yon Flame,
The greatest Pow'r that Shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st under this holy Tree
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

Alex. If *Pan* himself should come out of the Lawns,
With all his Troops of *Satyrs* and of Fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two Eyes,
A greater Oath than thine, I would not rise.

Sull. Then from the cold Earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy Life and Love.

Cloe. Hold, gentle Shepherd. *Sull.* Fairest Shepherdess,
Come you with me, I do not love ye less
Than that fond Man, that would have kept you there
From me of more Desert. *Alex.* O yet forbear
To take her from me; give me leave to die
By her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way and she another.

Sat. Now whilst the Moon doth rule the Sky,
And the Stars, whose feeble Light
Give a pale Shadow to the Night,
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me
To walk this Grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the Wood,
Where never mortal Foot hath stood,

Keeps Dancing, Musick, and a Feast
 To entertain a lovely Guest:
 Where he gives her many a Rose,
 Sweeter than the Breath that blows
 The Leaves; Grapes, Berries of the best,
 I never saw so great a Feast.
 But to my charge: Here must I stay,
 To see what Mortals lose their way,
 And by a false Fire seeming bright,
 Train them in and leave them right:
 Then must I watch if any be
 Forcing of a Chastity;
 If I find it, then in haste
 Give my wreathed Horn a blast,
 And the Fairies all will run,
 Wildly dancing by the Moon,
 And will pinch him to the Bone,
 Till his lustful Thoughts be gone.

Alex. O death! *Sat.* Back again about this Ground,
 Sure I hear a mortal Sound;
 I bind thee by this pow'rful Spell,
 By the Waters of this Well,
 By the glimm'ring Moon Beams bright,
 Speak again, thou mortal Wight.

Alex. Oh! *Sat.* Here the foolish Mortal lies,
 Sleeping on the Ground: Arise.
 The poor Wight is almost dead,
 On the Ground his Wounds have bled,
 And his Cloaths foul'd with his Blood:
 To my Goddess in the Wood
 Will I lead him, whose Hands pure
 Will help this mortal Wight to cure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe again.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon thaggy Man, my Breast
 Doth pant, each Bush, methinks, should hide a Beast:
 Yet my desire keeps still above my fear,
 I would fain meet some Shepherd, knew I where:
 For from one cause of fear I am most free,
 It is impossible to ravish me,

I am so willing. Here upon this Ground
 I left my Love all bloody with his Wound ;
 Yet till that fearful Shape made me be gone,
 Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one,
 But now both lost : *Alexis*, speak or move,
 If thou hast any Life, thou 'rt yet my Love.
 He's dead, or else is with his little might
 Crept from the Bank for fear of that ill Spright.
 Then where art thou that struck'st my Love? O stay,
 Bring me thy self in change, and then I'll say
 Thou hast some Justice. I will make thee trim
 With Flow'rs and Garlands that were meant for him;
 I'll clip thee round with both mine Arms, as fast
 As I did mean he should have been imbrac'd.
 But thou art fled. What Hope is left for me?
 I'll run to *Daphnis* in the hollow Tree,
 Who I did mean to mock, though Hope be small,
 To make him bold; rather than none at all,
 I'll try him ; his Heart, and my Behaviour too
 Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [Exit.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. This was the Place, 'twas but my feeble fight,
 Mixt with the horror of my Deed, and Night,
 That shap'd these Fears, and made me run away,
 And lose my beauteous hardly gotten Prey.
 Speak, gentle Shepherdess, I am alone,
 And tender Love for Love : But she is gone
 From me, that having struck her Lover dead,
 For silly Fear left her alone, and fled.
 And see, the wounded Body is remov'd
 By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot, and Amarillis in the Shape of Amoret.
 But these Fancies must be quite forgot,
 I must lye chose. Here comes young *Perigot*
 With subtle *Amarillis* in the Shape
 Of *Amoret*. Pray Love he may not scape.

Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, shew me some place,
 Where I may rest my Limbs, weak with the chace
 Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Per. Beshrew my tardy Steps: Here shalt thou rest

Upon this holy Bank, no deadly Snake
 Upon this Turf her self in folds doth make.
 Here is no Poison for the Toad to feed:
 Here boldly spread thy Hands, no venom'd weed
 Dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creep
 Over thy Face when thou art fast asleep;
 Here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,
 No slough of falling Star did ever hit
 Upon this Bank; let this thy Cabin be,
 This other set with Violets for me.

Amar. Thoudost not love me, *Perigot.* *Per.* Fair Maid,
 You only love to hear it often said;

You do not doubt. *Amar.* Believe me but I do.

Per. What, shall we now begin again to woo?
 'Tis the best way to make your Lover last,
 To play with him, when you have caught him fast.

Amar. By *Pan* I swear, I loved *Perigot*,
 And by yon Moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Per. By *Pan* I swear, and if I falsely swear,
 Let him not guard my Flocks, let Foxes tear
 My earliest Lambs, and Wolves whilst I do sleep
 Fall on the rest, a Rot among my Sheep.
 I love thee better than the careful Ewe
 The new-yea'd Lamb that is of her own hue;
 I dote upon thee more than the young Lamb
 Doth on the Bag that feeds him from his Dam.
 Were there a sort of Wolves got in my fold,
 And one ran after thee, both young and old
 Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
 To save thee, whom I love above my Life.

Amar. How shall I trust thee, when I see thee chuse
 Another Bed, and dost my Side refuse? (shewn

Per. 'Twas only that the chaste Thoughts might be
 'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, *Perigot* will shew his pow'r, that he
 Can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,
 Rise nimbly from her Couch, and come to his.
 Here take thy *Amoret*, imbrace and kiss. (shou'd

Per. What means my Love? *Amar.* To do as Lovers
 That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.

There's

There's ne'er a Shepherdess in all the Plain
Can kiss thee with more Art, there's none can fain
More wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbear, dear Soul, to try,
Whether my Heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one Thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as Chastity
Is amongst Women? *Perigot*, there's none,
That with her Love is in a Wood alone,
And wou'd come home a Maid; be not abus'd
With thy fond first Belief, let time be us'd:
Why dost thou rise? *Per.* My true Heart thou hast slain.

Amar. Faith *Perigot*, I'll pluck thee down again.

Per. Let go, thou Serpent, that into my Breast
Hast with thy cunning div'd; art not in jest?

Amar. Sweet Love, lie down. *Per.* Since this I live to see,
Some bitter North Wind blast my Flocks and me.

Amar. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.

Per. O be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.

Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind,
Though other shows we have poor Men to blind.

Per. Then here I end all Love, and lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy Face that hath my Youth mis-led,
I end my Life, my Blood be on thy Head.

Amar. O hold thy Hands, thy *Amoret* doth cry.

Per. Thou counsell'st well, first *Amoret* shall dye,
That is the Cause of my eternal Smart. [*Her runs after her,*

Amar. O hold.

Per. This Steel shall pierce thy lustful Heart.

The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her

Sull. Up and down every where,
I strew the Herbs to purge the Air:
Let your Odour drive hence
All Mists that dazle Sense.
Herbs and Springs whose hidden might
Alters Shapes, and mocks the Sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to:
Let her flye, let her scape,
Give again her own Shape.

*The Faithful Shepherdess.**Enter Amarillis in her own Shape.*

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle Swain, thou dost mistake,
 She whom thou follow'dst fled into the Brake,
 And as I crost thy way I met thy Wrath,
 The only fear of which ne'er slain me hath.

Per. Pardon, fair Shepherdess, my Rage and Night
 Were both upon me, and beguil'd my Sight;
 But far be it from me to spill the Blood
 Of harmless Maids that wander in the Wood. [*Exit Ama.*

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step in yonder Path,
 P. or hopeless *Amoret* twice trodden hath
 To seek her *Perigot*, yet cannot hear
 His Voice; my *Perigot*, she loves thee dear
 That calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how fair
 She shows, and yet her Breath infects the Air.

Amo. My *Perigot*. *Per.* Here. *Amo.* Happy.

Per. Hapless first:

It lights on thee, the next Blow is the worst. [*Strikes her.*

Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my Love, thou art unjust.

Per. Death is the best reward that's due to Lust. [*Exit Per.*

Sull. Now shall their Love be crost, for being struck,
 I'll throw her in the Fount, lest being took
 By some Night-traveller, whose honest Care
 May help to cure her. Shepherdess prepare
 Your self to die. *Amo.* No Mercy I do crave,
 Thou canst not give a worse Blow than I have;
 Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
 He struck my Soul, and not my Body through.
 Tell him, when I am dead, my Soul shall be
 At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sull. In this Fount be thy Grave; thou wert not meant
 Sure for a Woman, thou art so Innocent.

[Flings her into the Well.]

She cannot scape, for underneath the Ground,
 In a long hollow the clear Spring is bound,
 Till on yon Side where the Morn's Sun doth look,
 The struggling Water breaks out in a Brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with Amoret in his Arms.

God. What pow'rful Charms my Streams do bring
 Back again unto their Spring, With

With such Force, that I their God,
Three times striking with my Rod,
Cou'd not keep them in their Ranks?
My Fishes shoot into the Banks,
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the Weeds.
Here's a Mortal almost dead,
Faln into my River-head,
Hallow'd so with many a Spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a Female young and clear,
Cast in by some Ravisher.
See upon her Breast a Wound,
On which there is no Plaister bound.
Yet she's warm, her Pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of Life and Heat.
If thou be'st a Virgin pure,
I can give a present Cure:
Take a Drop into thy Wound
From my watry Locks more round
Than Orient Pearl, and far more pure
Than unchast Flesh may endure.
See she pants, and from her Flesh
The warm Blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted Maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my Banks I pluck this Flow'r
With holy Hand, whose virtuous Pow'r
Is at once to heal and draw.
The Blood returns. I never saw
A fairer Mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly Slumber: Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my Sense, giv'n me new Breath,
And brought me back out of the Arms of Death?

God. I have heal'd thy Wounds. *Amo.* Ay me!

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee:

I am this Fountain's God; below
My Waters to a River grow,
And 'twixt two Banks with Osiers set,
That only prosper in the Wet,

Through

Through the Meadows do they glide,
 Wheeling still on ev'ry Side,
 Sometimes winding round about,
 To find the even'st Channel out.
 And if thou wilt go with me,
 Leaving mortal Company,
 In the cool Streams shalt thou lye,
 Free from harm as well as I:
 I will give thee for thy Food,
 No Fish that useth in the Mud,
 But Trout and Pike that love to swim
 Where the Gravel from the Brim,
 Through the pure Streams may be seen:
 Orient Pearl fit for a Queen,
 Will I give thy Love to win,
 And a Shell to keep them in:
 Not a Fish in all my Brook
 That shall disobey thy Look,
 But when thou wilt come sliding by,
 And from thy white Hand take a Fly.
 And to make thee understand,
 How I can my Waves command,
 They shall bubble whilst I sing
 Sweeter than the Silver Spring.

The S O N G.

*Do not fear to put thy Feet
 Naked in the River sweet;
 Think not Leach, or Newt, or Toad,
 Will bite thy Foot, when thou hast trod;
 Nor let the Water rising high,
 As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
 And sob, but ever live with me,
 And not a Wave shall trouble thee.*

Amo. Immortal Pow'r, that rul'st this holy Flood,
 I know my self unworthy to be woo'd
 By thee a God: For e'er this, but for thee
 I shou'd have shown my weak Mortality:

Besides,

Besides, by holy Oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a Shepherd Swain,
Whose comely Face, I know the Gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true.

Fairest Virgin, now adieu,
I must make my Waters fly,
Lest they leave their Channels dry,
And Beasts that come unto the Spring
Miss their Morning's Watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour People sate
On my Banks, and from the fold
Two white Lambs of three Weeks old
Offer'd to my Deity:
For which this Year they shall be free
From raging Floods, that as they pass
Leave their Gravel in the Grass:
Nor shall their Meads be o'erflown,
When their Grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy Kindness to me shown,
Never from thy Banks be blown
Any Tree, with windy force,
Cross thy Streams, to stop thy course:
May no Beast that comes to drink,
With his Horns cast down thy Brink;
May none that for thy Fish do look,
Cut thy Banks to dam thy Brook;
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade
In thy cool Streams Wife nor Maid,
When the Spawns on Stones do lye,
To wash their Hemp, and spoyle the Frye.

God. Thanks Virgin, I must down again,
Thy Wound will put thee to no Pain;
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy Hand was laid upon.

[*Exit.*

Amo. And I unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Perigot.

Per. SHE is untrue, unconstant, and unkind,
 She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-west
 And raise the Sea to Mountains, let the Trees (Wind,
 That dare oppose thy raging Fury, leese
 Their firm Foundation, creep into the Earth,
 And shake the World, as at the monstrous birth
 Of some new Prodigy, whilst I constant stand,
 Holding this trusty Boar-spear in my Hand,
 And falling thus upon it.

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing Hand, thou art too hot
 Against thy self; believe me comely Swain,
 If that thou dy'st, not all the show'rs of Rain
 The heavy Clouds send down can wash away
 That foul unmanly Guilt, the World will lay
 Upon thee. Yet thy Love untainted stands:
 Believe me, she is constant, not the Sands
 Can be so hardly number'd as she won:
 I do not trifle, Shepherd, by the Moon,
 And all those lesser Lights our Eyes do view,
 All that I told thee, *Perigot*, is true:
 Then be a free Man, put away Despair,
 And Will to dye, smooth gently up that fair
 Dejected Fore-head: Be as when those Eyes
 Took the first heat. *Per.* Alas he double dies,
 That would believe, but cannot; 'tis not well
 Ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
 With many worse Companions: But oh Death,
 I am not yet inamour'd of this Breath
 So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain
 In forcing in a Wound, nor after gain
 Of many Days, can hold me from my Will:
 'Tis not my self, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little, but one hour,
 And if I do not show thee, through the Pow'r

Of

Of Herbs and Words I have, as dark as Night,
My self turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in Sight,
Her very Figure, and the Robe she wears,
With tawny Buskins, and the Hook she bears
Of thine own Carving, where your Names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The *Prim-rose* Chaplet, Taudry-lace and Ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that Revenging Steel.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope
To give it Entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor Hour; go, you shall find me next
Under your shady Beech, ev'n thus perplext,
And thus believing. *Amar.* Bind, before I go,
Thy Soul by *Pan* unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy Life,
Till my return.

Per. By *Pan*, and by the strife
He had with *Phæbus* for the Mastery,
When Golden *Mydas* judg'd their *Minstrelsy*,
I will not. [Exeunt.]

Enter Satyre with Alexis hurt.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of Woe,
Through still silence of the Night,
Guided by the Glo-worm's Light,
Hither am I come at last,
Many a Thicket have I past,
Not a Twig that durst deny me,
Not a Bush that durst descry me,
To the little Bird that sleeps
On the tender Spray: Nor creeps
That hardy Worm with pointed Tail,
But if I be under Sail,
Flying faster than the Wind,
Leaving all the Clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender Head
In some hollow Tree or Bed

Of feeded Nettles: Not a Hare
 Can be started from his Fare
 By my footing, nor a wish
 Is more sudden, nor a Fish
 Can be found with greater ease,
 Cut the vast unbounded Seas,
 Leaving neither Print nor Sound,
 Than I, when nimbly on the Ground,
 I measure many a League an Hour:
 But behold the happy Pow'r,
 That must ease me of my charge,
 And by holy Hand enlarge
 The Soul of this sad Man, that yet
 Lies fast bound in deadly fit;
 Heav'n and great *Pan* sucker it!
 Hail thou Beauty of the Bower,
 Whiter than the Paramour
 Of my Master, let me crave
 Thy Virtuous help to keep from Grave
 This poor Mortal that here lies,
 Waiting when the Destinies
 Will undo his Thread of Life:
 View the Wound by cruel Knife
 Trencht into him

Clor. What art thou call'st me from my holy Rights,
 And with thy feared name of Death affrights
 My tender Ears? Speak me thy Name and Will.

Sat. I am the *Satyre* that did fill
 Your Lap with early Fruit, and will,
 When I hap to gather more,
 Bring ye better and more store:
 Yet I come not empty now,
 See a Blossome from the Bow,
 But beshrew his Heart that pull'd it,
 And his perfect sight that cull'd it
 From the other springing Blooms;
 For a sweeter Youth the Grooms
 Cannot shew me, nor the Downs,
 Nor the many Neighbouring Towns;
 Low in yonder Glade I found him,
 Softly in mine Arms I bound him,

Hither

Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a Trance, his Wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such Youth may
Spring and perish in a Day.

Clor. Satyre, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude,
Though thou be'st outward rough and tawny hude:
Thy Manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself, born only Heir
To all Humanity. Let me see the Wound:
This Herb will stay the Current, being bound
Fast to the Orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers, and Swellings, and such inward Pain,
As the cold Air hath forc'd into the Sore:
This to draw out such putrifying Gore
As inward falls.

Sat. Heav'n grant it may be good.

Clor. Fairly wipe away the Blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous Spring
On his Temples; turn him twice
To the Moon Beams, pinch him thrice,
That the labouring Soul may draw
From his great Eclipse. *Sat.* I saw
His Eye-lids moving. *Clor.* Give him Breath:
All the danger of cold Death
Now is vanisht; with this Plaister,
And this Uction, do I master
All the festred ill that may
Give him Grief another Day.

Sat. See he gathers up his Spright
And begins to hunt for Light;
Now he gapes and breaths again:
How the Blood runs to the Vein
That erst was empty! *Alex.* O my Heart,
My dearest, dearest *Cloe*, O the smart
Runs through my Side: I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my Bowels, sharper than the Sting
Of *Scorpion*.

Pan preserve me, what are you?
Do not hurt me, I am true

To

To my *Cloe*, though she fly,
And leave me to this Destiny.

There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white Hand to help her Friend:
But I am much mistaken, for that Face
Bears more Austerity and modest Grace,
More reproving and more awe
Than these Eyes yet ever saw
In my *Cloe*. Oh my Pain
Eagerly renews again.

Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all Hearts Desires
Provoking Thoughts that stir up lusty Fires,
Commerce with wanton Eyes, strong Blood, and Will
To execute, these must be purg'd, until
The Vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great *Pan* to keep you from the like Decay,
And I shall undertake your Cure with ease,
Till when this virtuous Plaister will displease
Your tender Sides; give me your Hand, and rise:
Help him a little, *Satyre*, for his Thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I have lost much Blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter, 'twas not Good.
Mortal, you must leave your Wooing,
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much Grief behind it,
They best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his Sore.
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Sat. Shepherd, see what comes of Kissing,
By my Head 'twere better missing.
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble Wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the Green,
Or to steal from the great Queen

Of *Fairies*, all her Beauty,
I would do it, so much Duty
Do I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thank thee, honest *Satyre*; if the Cries
Of any other, that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prethee do thy Will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will, and when the Weather
Serves to angle in the Brook,
I will bring a silver Hook,
With a Line of finest Silk,
And a Rod as white as Milk,
To deceive the little Fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this Bower may ever dwell
Spring, and Summer. *Clor.* Friend, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Enter Amoret, seeking her Love.

Amo. This Place is ominous, for here I lost
My Love, and almost Life, and since have crost
All these Woods over, never a Nook or Dell,
Where any little Bird or Beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him, never a bending Brow
Of any Hill or Glade, the Wind sings through,
Nor a green Bank, nor Shade where Shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse
Their *Valentines*, that I have miss'd, to find
My Love in. *Perigot*, Oh too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? Was my Love alone
To thee worthy this scorn'd Recompence? 'Tis well,
I am content to feel it: But I tell
Thee Shepherd, and these lusty Woods shall hear,
Forfaken *Amoret* is yet as clear
Of any stranger Fire, as Heav'n is
From foul Corruption, or the deep Abyss
From Light and Happiness; and thou may'st know
All this for Truth, and how that fatal Blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my Life, but from Suspect of thine,

V o L. II.

A a

Or

Or Fury more than Madness; therefore here,
 Since I have lost my Life, my Love, my Dear,
 Upon this cursed Place, and on this Green,
 That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
 A sight of so great Pity, that each Eye
 Shall daily spend his Spring in Memory
 Of my untimely Fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind,
 Nor is it through the working of my Mind,
 That this shows *Amoret*; forsake me all
 That dwell upon the Soul, but what Men call
 Wonder, or more then Wonder, Miracle,
 For sure so strange as this the Oracle
 Never gave answer of, it passeth Dreams,
 Or Madmens Fancy, when the many Streams
 Of new Imaginations rise and fall:
 'Tis but an hour since these Ears heard her call
 For Pity to young *Perigot*; while he,
 Directed by his Fury bloodily
 Lanch'd up her Breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
 And if Belief may credit what was told,
 After all this, the Melancholly Swain
 Took her into his Arms being almost slain,
 And to the bottom of the holy Well
 Flung her, for ever with the Waves to dwell.
 'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,
 And living yet, the great Pow'rs will not let
 Their virtuous Love be cross'd. Maid, wipe away
 Those heavy drops of Sorrow, and allay
 The Storm that yet goes high, which not deprest,
 Breaks Heart and Life, and all before it rest:
 Thy *Perigot*——*Amo.* Where, which is *Perigot*?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, god wot,
 Thee and thy Fortune, go and comfort him,
 And thou shalt find him underneath a Brim
 Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run, Heav'n grant me I may win,
 His Soul again.

[*Exit Amoret.*

Enter

The Faithful Shepherdess.

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Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,

Ye are too fleet, 'tis two Hours yet to Day.

I have perform'd my Promise, let us sit

And warm our Bloods together till the fit

Come lively on us. *Amar.* Friend, you are too keen,

The Morning riseth and we shall be seen,

Forbear a little. *Sul.* I can stay no longer.

Amar. Hold Shepherd hold, learn not to be a wronger

Of your Word, was not your Promise laid,

To break their Loves first?

Sul. I have done it, Maid.

Amar. No, they are yet unbroken, met again,

And are as hard to part yet, as the stain

Is from the finest Lawn. *Sul.* I say they are

Now at this present parted, and so far,

That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swain, 'tis not so,

For do but to yon hanging Mountain go,

And there believe your Eyes.

Sul. You do but hold

Off with Delays and Trifles; farewell cold

And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for Men;

Thus I salute thee Virgin.

Amar. And thus then

I bid you follow, catch me if you can.

[*Exit.*

Sul. And if I stay behind I am no Man.

[*Ex. running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night do not steal away: I woo thee yet

To hold a hard Hand o'er the rusty Bit

That guides the lazy Team: Go back again,

Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen Wain

Round as a Ring, and bring a second Night

To hide my Sorrows from the coming Light;

Let not the Eyes of Men stare on my Face,

And read my falling, give me some black place

Where never Sun-Beam shot his wholesom Light,

That I may sit and pour out my sad spright

Like running Water, never to be known

After the forced Fall and Sound is gone.

Enter Amoret looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the Bottom: Speak if thou be here,
My *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy Dear
Calls on thy loved Name.

Per. What art thou d'r'st
Tread these forbidden Paths, where Death and Care
Dwell on the Face of Darknes?

Amo. 'Tis thy Friend,
Thy *Amoret*, come hither, to give end
To these Consumings; look up, gentle Boy,
I have forgot those Pains and dear Annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy Love again; why hast thou rent
Those curled Locks, where I have often hung
Ribands, and Damask-Roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than Nosegays on a Bridal Day?
Why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy Face
Down by thy Bosom, letting fall apace
From those too little Heav'ns upon the Ground
Show'rs of more Price, more Orient, and more round
Than those that hang upon the Moon's pale Brow?
Cease these Complainings, Shepherd, I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me.
Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my Fair.
O you great working Pow'rs of Earth and Air,
Water and forming Fire, why have you lent
Your hidden Virtues of so ill Intent?
Ev'n such a Face, so fair, so bright of Hue
Had *Amoret*; such Words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her Tongue; such was her Eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding Shaft; all is the same,
The Robe and Buskins, painted Hook, and Frame
Of all her Body. O me, *Amoret*!

Amo. Shepherd, what means this Riddle? Who hath
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me
'That I am grown another? Look and see

The

The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my Wrist
That curious Bracelet thou thy self didst twist
From those fair Tresses: Know'st thou *Amoret*?
Hath not some newer Love forc'd thee forget
Thy Ancient Faith?

Per. Still nearer to my Love;
These be the very Words she oft did prove
Upon my Temper, so she still wou'd take
Wonder into her Face, and silent make
Signs with her Head and Hand, as who wou'd say,
Shepherd, remember this another Day.

Amo. Am I not *Amoret*? Where was I lost?
Can there be Heav'n, and Time, and Men, and most
Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the Vows and Protestations dead,
The Hands held up, the Wishes, and the Heart,
Is there not one remaining, nor a part
Of all these to be found? Why then I see
Men never knew that Virtue, Constancy.

Per. Men ever were most blessed, till cross Fate
Brought Love and Women forth, Unfortunate
'To all that ever tasted of their Smiles,
Whose Actions are all double, full of Wiles:
Like to the subtile Hare, that 'fore the Hounds
Mares many Turnings, Leaps, and many Rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the Scent
Of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to Prevent
Their speedy coming on that seek her Fall,
The Hands of cruel Men, more Bestial,
And of a Nature more refusing Good
Than Beasts themselves, or Fishes of the Flood.

Per. Thou art all these, and more than Nature meant,
When she created all, Frowns, Joys, Content;
Extream Fire for an Hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy Poison, or the Sea,
Upon whose Face sits a continual Frost:
Your Actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a Woman's Mind.

Amo. Can there be any Age, or Days, or Time,
 Or Tongues of Men, guilty so great a Crime
 As wronging simple Maid? O *Perigot*,
 Thou that wast Yesterday without a blot,
 Thou that wast every good, and every thing
 That Men call blessed; thou that wast the Spring
 From whence our looser Grooms drew all their best;
 Thou that wast always just, and always blest
 In Faith and Promise; thou that hadst the Name
 Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same
 Ev'n from thy Cradle; thou that wast that all
 That Men delighted in; Oh what a Fall
 Is this, to have been so, and now to be
 The only best in Wrong and Infamy,
 And I to live to know this! And by me
 That lov'd thee dearer than mine Eyes, or that
 Which we esteem'd our Honour, Virgin State;
 Dearer than Swallows love the early Morn,
 Or Dogs of Chase the sound of merry Horn;
 Dearer than thou canst love thy new Love, if thou hast
 Another, and far dearer than the last;
 Dearer than thou canst love thy self, though all
 The Self-love were within thee that did fall
 With that coy Swain that now is made a Flow'r,
 For whose dear sake *Eecho* weeps many a Show'r.
 And am I thus rewarded for my Flame?
 Lov'd worthily to get a Wanton's Name?
 Come, thou forsaken Willow, wind my Head,
 And noise it to the World my Love is Dead.
 I am forsaken, I am cast away,
 And left for every lazy Groom to say,
 I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
 Than the quick Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
 When the hot Sun beats on it. Tell me yet,
 Canst thou not love again thy *Amoret*?

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed Name,
 I must not know thee, fling thy wanton Flame
 Upon some lighter Blood, that may be hot
 With Words and feigned Passions: *Perigot*

Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd Brow.

Amo. Then hear me Heav'n, to whom I call for right,
And you fair twinkling Stars that crown the Night;
And hear me Woods, and silence of this Place,
And ye sad Hours that move a fullen pace;
Hear me ye Shadows that delight to dwell
In horrid Darknes, and ye pow'rs of Hell,
Whilst I breath out my last; I am that Maid,
That yet untainted *Amoret*, that play'd
The careless Prodigal, and gave away
My Soul to this young Man, that now dares say
I am a Stranger, not the same, more wild;
And thus with much Belief I was beguil'd.
I am that Maid, that have delay'd, deny'd,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that try'd
To win me, but this Swain, and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many with no less
Soul of Affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the Lad
That feeds his Flocks down Westward; Lambs and Doves
By young *Alexis*; *Daphnis* sent me Gloves,
All which I gave to thee: Nor these, nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to Grieve, and not to Die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet Room
Where every Slave is free, and every Breast
That living breeds new Care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor *Amoret*.

Per. Thou must.

Was ever any Man so loth to trust
His Eyes as I? Or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to *Amoret*?
For whose dear sake, I promise if there be
A living Soul within thee, thus to free
Thy Body from it. [He hurts her again.]

Amo. So, this Work hath end:
Farewel and live, be constant to thy Friend

That loves thee next.

Enter Satyre, Perigot runs off.

Sat. See the Day begins to break,
And the Light shoots like a streak
Of subtle Fire, the Wind blows cold,
While the Morning doth unfold;
Now the Birds begin to rouse,
And the Squirrel from the Boughs
Leaps, to get him Nuts and Fruit;
The early Lark, that earst was mute,
Carolls to the rising Day,
Many a Note and many a Lay:
Therefore here I end my Watch,
Lest the wandring Swain should catch
Harm, or loose himself. *Amo.* Ah me!

Sat. Speak again, what e'er thou be,
I am ready, speak I say:
By the dawning of the Day,
By the pow'r of Night and *Pan*,
I inforce thee speak again.

Amo. O I am most unhappy.

Sat. Yet more Blood!
Sure these wanton Swains are Wood.
Can there be a Hand or Heart,
Dare commit so vile a part
As this Murder? By the Moon,
That hid her self when this was done,
Never was a sweeter Face:
I will bear her to the Place
Where my Goddess keeps; and crave
Her to give her Life, or Grave.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one Patient takes his Rest secure
I steal abroad to do another Cure.
Pardon, thou buried Body of my Love,
That from thy Side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive

My

My first made Vow, the wildest of the Wood
Tear me, and o'er my Grave let out my Blood;
I go by Wit to cure a Lover's Pain
Which no Herb can; being done, I'll come again. [*Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor Shepherd, in this Shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair *Clorin's* Cabin, die:
O hapless Love, which being answer'd, ends;
And as a little Infant cries and bends
His tender Brows, when rowling of his Eye
He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh
Which he wou'd have, yet give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else: Such my Affection, let
On that which I shou'd loath, if I cou'd get.

Enter Clorin

Clor. See where he lyes; did ever Man but he
Love any Woman for her Constancy
To her dead Lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her Friend,
And he himself must needs the Cause destroy,
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor Shepherd, Heav'n grant I at once may free
Thee from thy Pain, and keep my Loyalty.
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy Brightness doth amaze!
So *Phæbus* may at Noon bid Mortals gaze,
Thy glorious Constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy self for me?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless Constancy?

Clor. Thou holy Shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy *Clorin*, now dare undertake. [*He starts up.*

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
Yet any part in Woman left in thee,
To make thee light; think yet before thou speak.

Clor. See what a holy Vow for thee I break.
I, that already have my Fame far spread,
For being constant to my Lover dead.

The.

The. Think yet, dear *Clorin*, of your Love, how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all I'll lose for thee.

The. Think but how blest
A constant Woman is above the rest.

Clor. And offer up my self, here on this Ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
His Heart with Malice, against Woman more,
That hated all the Sex, but thee, before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die, than to behold this Change in thee?
Yet, yet, return, let not the Woman sway.

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her Fame.

The. Thou hast not ventur'd, but brought certain Shame.
Your Sex's Curse, foul Falshood, must and shall,
I see, once in your Lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now: Yet turn.

Clor. Be just to me:
Shall I at once both lose my Fame and thee?

The. Thou hadst no Fame, that which thou didst like
Was but thy Appetite that sway'd thy Blood (good
For that time to the best: For as a blast
That through a House comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper Room;
So did thy Appetite, and not thy Zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn.

Clor. Thou dost but try me if I would
Forsake thy dear Imbraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive: But do not fear.

The. I do condemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that Grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that Face
Is gone, and thou like others; false Maid, see,
This is the gain of foul Inconstancy. [Exit.

Clor. 'Tis done, great *Pan*, I give thee thanks for it;
What Art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by Wit.

Enter

Enter Thenot again.

The. Will ye be constant yet? Will ye remove
Into the Cabin to your buried Love?

Clor. No let me die, but by thy Side remain.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy Strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this Tree,
And pine and die for thee with more Delight,
Than I have Sorrow now to know thee light.

Clor. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou Art of Womens Race, and full of Guilt.
Farewel all hope of that Sex; whilst I thought
There was one Good, I fear'd to find one Naught:
But since their Minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine Eye.

Clor. Blest be ye Pow'rs that give such quick Redress,
And for my Labours sent so good Success.
I rather chuse, though I a Woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd.

Priest. **S**hepherds, rise and shake off Sleep,
See the blushing Morn doth peep
Through the Window, while the Sun
To the Mountain Tops is run,
Gilding all the Vales below
With his rising Flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up ye lazy Grooms, and fill
Bag and Bottle for the Field;
Clasp your Cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter North-east Wind.
Call the Maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a Friend all Day;

Then

Then reward your Dogs, and pray

Pan to keep you from Decay:

So unfold and then away.

What, not a Shepherd stirring? Sure the Grooms
Have found their Beds too easie, or the Rooms
Fill'd with such new Delight, and Heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry Sheep, and Day;
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and Neglect lays on a Shepherd's Name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a Swain
This Night hath known his Lodging here, or lain
Within these Cotes: The Woods, or some near Town,
That is a Neighbour to the bord'ring Down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty Sport,
Or spiced Wassel-Boul, to which resort
All the young Men and Maids of many a Cote,
Whilst the trim Minstrel strikes his merry Note.

Priest. God pardon Sin, show me the way that leads
To any of their Haunts.

Old. This to the Meads,
And that down to the Woods.

Priest. Then this for me;
Come Shepherd let me crave your Company. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clorin in her Cabin, Alexis with her.

Clor. Now your Thoughts are almost pure,
And your Wound begins to cure:
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.

Alex. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy Maid:
I find my former wandring Thoughts well staid
Through thy wise Precepts, and my outward Pain,
By thy choice Herbs, is almost gone again:
Thy Sex's Vice and Virtue are reveal'd
At once, for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clor. May thy Grief more appease,
Relapses are the worst Disease.
Take heed how you in Thought offend,
So Mind and Body both will mend.

Enter Satyre with Amoret.

Amo. Bee'st thou the wildest Creature of the Wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my Blood,

And

And dying, know I cannot injur'd be,
I am a Maid, let that Name fight for me.

Sat. Fairest Virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy Body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.
See fair Goddess, in the Wood
They have let out yet more Blood.
Some Savage Man hath struck her Breast,
So soft and white, that no wild Beast
Durst a touch'd asleep, or wake:
So sweet, that *Adder*, *Newte*, or *Snake*,
Would have lain from Arm to Arm,
On her Bosom to be warm
All a Night, and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap Herbs to her Breast;
A Man sure is a kind of Beast.

Clor. With spotless Hand, on spotless Breast
I put these Herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, will abide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the Wound:
Shepherdess thou art not found,
Full of Lust.

Sat. Who would have thought it,
So fair a Face!

Clor. Why that hath brought it.

Amo. For ought I know or think, these Words, my
Yet *Pan* so help me as my Thoughts are Chast. (last:

Clor. And so may *Pan* bless this my Cure,
As all my Thoughts are just and pure;
Some Uncleanneſs nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my Medicines work.
Satyre, search if thou canst find it.

Sat. Here away methinks I wind it,
Stronger yet: Oh here they be,
Here, here, in a hollow Tree,
Two fond Mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unsound.

Enter

Stronger yet: Oh here they be
Here, here, in a hollow Tree,
Two fond Mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unsound,
Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.

Sat. By the Fingers thus I wring ye,
To my Goddess thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in,
I sented them, they're full of sin.

Clor. Hold *Satyre*, take this Glas,
Sprinkle over all the Place,
Purge the Air from lustful Breath,
To save this Shepherdess from Death,
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her Wound, for fear the Pain increase.

Sat. From this Glas I throw a drop
Of Chrystal Water on the top
Of every Grass, on Flow'rs a pair:
Send a Fume, and keep the Air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
'Till this Virgin's Wound be drest.

Clor. *Satyre* help to bring her in.

Sat. By *Pan*, I think she hath no sin,
She is so light: lye on these Leaves.
Sleep that mortal Sense deceives,
Crown thine Eyes, and ease thy Pain,
May'st thou soon be well again.

Clor. *Satyre*, bring the Shepherd near,
Try him if his Mind be clear.

Sat. Shepherd come.

Daph. My Thoughts are pure.

Sat. The better Trial to endure.

Clor. In this Flame his Finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted Flesh to burn.
See it gives back, let him go
Farewel Mortal, keep thee so.

Sat. Stay fair Nymph, flye not so fast,
We must try if you be chaste:

Here's

Here's a Hand that quakes for fear,
Sure she will not prove so clear.

Clor. Hold her Finger to the Flame,
That will yield her Praise or Shame.

Sat. To her Doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender Hand,
And the Taper darting sends
His hot Beams at her Fingers ends.
O thou art foul within, and hast
A Mind, if nothing else, unchast.

Alex. Is not that *Cloe*? 'tis my Love, 'tis she:
Cloe, Fair Cloe.

Cloe. My *Alexis.* *Alex.* He.

Cloe. Let me embrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,
Lest her Sight disturb his Sense.

Alex. Take not her, take my Life first.

Clor. See, his Wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the Wood,
'Till I have stopt these Streams of Blood.
Soon again he Ease shall find,
If I can but still his Mind.

This Curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing Air away.

Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever; 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe Desire, and forward Will
To fly the Company of all but ill.
What shall be counsell'd now, shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first Desire
We had to find them?

Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the Morning's Mist do not beguile
My sight with Shadows, sure I see a Swain;
One of this jolly Troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young Shepherd, to be
Thus without care, leaving thy Flocks alone, [known,
And following what Desire and present Blood
Shapes out before thy burning Sense, for good,
Having

Having forgot what Tongue hereafter may
 Tell to the World thy falling off, and say
 Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
 Spurning at Virtue, and a virtuous Name,
 And like a glorious desp'rate Man that buys
 A Poison of much Price, by which he dies,
 Dost thou lay out for Lust, whose only gain
 Is foul Disease, with present Age and Pain,
 And then a Grave? These be the Fruits that grow
 In such hot Veins that only beat to know
 Where they may take most Ease, and grow Ambitious
 Through their own wanton Fire, and Pride delicious.

The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this Night,
 What the smooth Face of Mirth was, or the sight
 Of any Looseness; Musick, Joy and Ease
 Have been to me as bitter Drugs to please
 A Stomach lost with weakness, not a Game
 That I am skill'd at throughly: Nor a Dame,
 Went her Tongue smoother than the feet of Time,
 Her Beauty ever living, like the Rhime
 Our blessed *Tyrtus* did sing of yore,
 No, were she more enticing than the store
 Of fruitful Summer, when the loaden Tree
 Bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,
 'Twere but to me like Thunder 'gainst the Bay,
 Whose Lightning may inclose, but never stay
 Upon his charmed Branches; such am I
 Against the catching Flames of Woman's Eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred?

The. 'Twas a Vow
 That drew me out last Night, which I have now
 Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
 Fresh Pasture to my Sheep, that they may live.
Priest. 'Tis good to hear ye Shepherd, if the Heart
 In this well sounding Musick bear his part.
 Where have you left the rest?

The. I have not seen,
 Since yesternight we met upon this Green
 To fold our Flocks up, any of that Train;
 Yet have I walk'd those Woods round, and have lain

All this same Night under an aged Tree,
Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,
Or Shepherdess, or drew into mine Ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The Nightingale among the thick-leav'd spring
That sits alone in Sorrow, and doth sing
Whole Nights away in mourning, or the Owl,
Or our great Enemy that still doth howl
Against the Moon's cold Beams.

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after falling.

The. Father, 'tis my care.

[*Exit* Thenot.]

Enter Daphnis.

Old Shep. Here comes another Straggler, sure I see
A shame in this young Shepherd. *Daphnis!*

Daph. He.

(been,

Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have
Long before this, grazing upon the Green
Their yet imprison'd Flocks?

Daph. Thou holy Man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the Ear of Shepherd: Oh my Heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy Tidings! You all know the Bow'r
Where the chaste *Clorin* lives, by whose great Pow'r
Sick Men and Cattle have been cur'd,
There lovely *Amoret*, that was assur'd
To lusty *Perigor*, bleeds out her Life,
Forc'd by some Iron Hand and fatal Knife;
And by her young *Alexis*.

Enter Amarillis, running from her Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be

Ever a Neighbour-brook, or hollow Tree,
Receive my Body, close me up from Lust
That follows at my Heels; be ever just,
Thou God of Shepherds, *Pan*, for her dear sake
That loves the Rivers brinks, and still doth shake

In cold remembrance of thy quick Pursuit:
 Let me be made a Reed, and ever mute,
 Nod to the Waters fall, while ev'ry Blast
 Sings through my slender Leaves that I was chaste.

Priest. This is a Night of wonder: *Amarill*
 Be comforted, the holy Gods are still
 Revengers of these Wrongs.

Amar. Thou blessed Man,
 Honour'd upon these Plains, and lov'd of *Pan*,
 Hear me, and save from endle's Infamy,
 My yet unblasted Flow'r, Virginity.
 By all the Garlands that have crown'd that Head,
 By thy chaste Office, and the Marriage Bed
 That still is blest by thee, by all the Rights
 Due to our God, and by those Virgin Lights
 That burn before his Altar, let me not
 Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
 That never shall be purg'd. I am not now
 That wanton *Amarillis*! here I vow
 To Heav'n, and thee grave Father, if I may
 'Scape this unhappy Night, to know the Day,
 To live a Virgin, never to endure
 The Tongues, or Company of Men impure.
 I hear him come, save me.

Priest. Retire a while
 Behind this Bush, 'till we have known that vile
 Abuser of young Maidens.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
 Most loved *Amarillis*, let the Chase
 Grow calm and milder, fly me not so fast,
 I fear the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
 Thy golden Buskins; turn again and see
 Thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
 Able to give thee all Content and Ease.
 I am not bashful, Virgin, I can please
 At first Encounter, hug thee in mine Arm,
 And give thee many Kisses, soft and warm,
 As those the Sun prints on the smiling Check
 Of Plums or mellow Peaches; I am sleek

And

And smooth as *Neptune*, when stern *Eolus*
Locks up his surly Winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active Youth; why dost thou fly?
Remember *Amarillis*, it was I
That kill'd *Alexis* for thy sake, and set
An everlasting Hate 'twixt *Amoret*
And her beloved *Perigot*; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the Well, where she must lye
'Till Time shall leave to be; then turn again,
Turn with thy open Arms, and clip the Swain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I say:
I must not be deluded.

Priest. Monster, stay.

Thou that art like a Canker to the State
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Through every honest Bosom, forcing still
The Veins of any that may serve thy Will,
'Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful Hand
To seize upon this Virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here.

Sull. Good Holiness, declare

What had the Danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her, tell me by your Art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart?

Priest. Lust, and a branded Soul.

Sull. Yet tell me more,

Hath not our Mother Nature, for her store
And great increase, said it is good and just,
And wills that every living Creature must
Beget his like?

Priest. Ye are better read than I,

I must confess, in Blood and Lechery.

Now to the Bow'r, and bring this Beast along,
Where he may suffer Penance for his wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perigot with his Hand bloody.

Per. Here will I wash it in this Morning's Dew,
Which she on every little Grass doth strew
In Silver drops against the Sun's appear:
'Tis Holy Water, and will make me clear.

My Hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged Love,
 If thy chaste Spirit in the Air yet move,
 Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
 All full of Guilt, thy Blood upon his Hand;
 And though I struck thee undeservedly,
 Let my Revenge on her that injur'd thee
 Make less a Fault which I intended not,
 And let these Dew drops wash away my Spot.
 It will not cleanse. O to what sacred Flood
 Shall I resort to wash away this Blood?
 Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin* dwells
 In a low Cabin of cut Boughs, and heals
 All Wounds: To her I will my self address,
 And my rash Faults repentantly confess;
 Perhaps she'll find a means, by Art or Pray'r,
 To make my Hand, with chaste Blood stained, fair:
 That done, not far hence, underneath some Tree
 I'll have a little Cabin built, since she
 Whom I ador'd is dead; there will I give
 My self to strictness, and like *Clorin* live. [Exit.

*The Curtain is drawn, Clorin appears sitting in the Cabin,
 Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloc
 on the other, the Satyre standing by.*

Clor. Shepherd, once more your Blood is staid,
 Take example by this Maid,
 Who is heal'd e'er you be pure,
 So hard it is lewd Lust to cure.
 Take heed then how you turn your Eye
 On each other lustfully:
 And Shepherdess, take heed lest you
 Move his willing Eye thereto;
 Let no Wring, nor Pinch, nor Smile
 Of yours, his weaker Sense beguile.
 Is your Love yet True and Chast,
 And for ever so to last?

Alex. I have forgot all vain Desires,
 All looser Thoughts, ill temper'd Fires.
 True Love I find a pleasant Fume,
 Whose mod'rate Heat can ne'er consume.

Cloc.

Cloe. And I a new Fire feel in me,
Whose chaste Flame is not quencht to be.

Clor. Join your Hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her Cabin, thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth: For my unhallowed Hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred Place.

Clorin, come forth, and do a timely Grace
To a poor Swain.

Clor. What art thou that dost call?

Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.

Per. I dare not.

Clor. Satyre, see
Who it is that calls on me.

Sat. There at hand some Swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody Hand.

Per. Come *Clorin,* bring the holy Waters clear,
To wash my Hand.

Clor. What wonders have been here
To Night! Stretch forth thy Hand, young Swain,
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy Water.

Per. Still you pour,
But my Hand will never scour.

Clor. Satyre, bring him to the Bow'r,
We will try the Sovereign Pow'r
Of other Waters.

Sat. Mortal, sure
Tis the Blood of Maiden pure
That stains thee so.

The Satyre leadeth him to the Bow'r, where he spieth Amoret; kneeling down, she knoweth him.

Per. Whate'er thou be,
Beest thou her Spright, or some Divinity,
That in her Shape thinks good to walk this Grove,
Pardon poor *Perigot*.

Amo. I am thy Love,
Thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy Love:
Strike once more on my naked Breast, I'll prove

As constant still. O cou'dst thou love me yet;
How soon shou'd I my former Grievs forget!

Per. So over-great with Joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me; hast thou still pow'r to forgive?

Ano. Whilst thou hast pow'r to love, or I to live;
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me.

Per. And when thou lov'st alone
And not I, Death, or some lingring pain
That's worse, light on me.

Clor. Now your stain
This perhaps will cleanse again;
See the Blood that earst did stay,
With the Water drops away.
All the Pow'rs again are pleas'd,
And with this new Knot are pleas'd.
Join your Hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd.

Clor. Go back again what e'er thou art, unless
Smooth Maiden Thoughts possess thee; do not press
This hallow'd Ground. Go *Satyre*, take his Hand,
And give him present Trial.

Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by Fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this Place.
Hold thy Hand up; never was
More untainted Flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of Bliss.

Clor. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this Place?

Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy Face
Where all good dwells that is: Next, for to try
The truth of late Report was giv'n to me:
Those Shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the Wounds they have may yet endure
The open Air, or stay a longer Cure.
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty Wretches, through whose spight

All this Confusion fell: For to this Place,
Thou holy Maiden, have I brought the Race
Of these Offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their Lives.

Clor. Fume all the Ground,
And sprinkle holy Water, for unsound
And foul Infection gins to fill the Air,
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of Censurs fill'd with Frankincense and Mirrh,
Together with cold Camphyr: Quickly stir
Thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the Place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred Sins
Of those Offenders; let them not come nigh,
For full of itching Flame and Leprosie
Their very Souls are, that the Ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of Black
And so unheard of Venom; hye thee fast,
Thou holy Man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike Monsters, let them never more
Be known upon these Downs, but long before
The next Sun's rising, put them from the sight
And Memory of every honest Wight.
Be quick in Expedition, lest the Sores
Of these weak Patients break into new Gores. [*Ex. Priest.*]

Per. My dear, dear *Amoret*, how happy are
Those blessed Pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting Love, too strong
For Time, or Steel, or Envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your Hurts? Alas poor Heart,
How much I was abus'd; give me the Smart,
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe.
It is enough dear Friend, leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give Hands and Hearts again.

Per. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest Day
Cool Christal of the Fountain, to allay

My eager thirst: May this Band never break
Hear us O Heav'n.

Amo. Be constant.

Per. Else *Pan* wreak,
With double Vengeance, my Disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the Company
Of Men, or any more behold those Eyes.

Amo. Thus Shepherd with a Kiss all Envy dyes.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright Maid, I have perform'd your will; the
In whom such Heat and black Rebellions reign (*Swain*
Hath undergone your Sentence, and Disgrace :
Only the Maid I have reserv'd, whose Face
Shews much amendment, many a Tear doth fall
In sorrow of her Fault; great Fair recal
Your heavy doom, in hope of better Days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy Spirit, that near drowned lyes
In self confusing care that never dyes.

Clor. I am content to Pardon, call her in;
The Air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge it self, how bright the Day doth show
After this stormy Cloud? go *Satyre*, go,
And with this Taper boldly try her Hand.
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the Gods themselves. [*Satyre brings Amarillis in.*

Sat. Come forward Maiden, do not lurk,
Nor hide your Face with Grief and Shame;
Now or never get a Name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy Life that was impure :
Hold your Hand unto the Flame;
If thou beest a perfect Dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale Fire will be thy Friend.
See the Taper hurts her not.
Go thy ways, let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy Blood.
Thank the Gods, and still be good.

Clor.

Clor. Young Shepherdess, now ye are brought again
To Virgin State, be so, and so remain
To thy last Day, unless the faithful Love
Of some good Shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one, that ever strives to give
A blessed Memory to after Time,
Be Famous for your Good, not for your Crime.
Now holy Man, I offer up again
These Patients full of Health, and free from Pain:
Keep them from after ills, be ever near
Unto their Actions, teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through, from Suspect,
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of Duty in themselves, correct the Blood
With thrifty Bits and Labour, let the Flood,
Or the next neighbouring Spring give Remedy
To greedy Thirst, and travel not the Tree
That hangs with wanton Clusters, let not Wine,
Unless in Sacrifice, or Rites Divine,
Be ever known of Shepherds, have a care
Thou Man of holy Life. Now do not spare
Their Faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many Pains and Sweat
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the Downs.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy Clowns
That feed their Heifers in the budded Brooms:
Teach the young Maidens strictness, that the Grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing Youth;
Banish all Complements, but single Truth,
From every Tongue, and every Shepherd's Heart,
Let them still use Perswading, but no Art:
Thus, holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these,
All the best Goods and Comforts that may please.

Alex. And all those Blessings Heav'n did ever give,
We pray upon this Bow'r may ever live. (Hand

Priest. Kneel ev'ry Shepherd, while with pow'rful
I bless your After-Labours, and the Land
You feed your Flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
From Misfortune, and amend you,

Keep

Keep you from those Dangers still,
 That are follow'd by your will;
 Give ye Means to know at length
 All your Riches, all your Strength,
 Cannot keep your Foot from falling
 To lewd Lust, that still is calling
 At your Cottage, till his pow'r
 Bring again that Golden Hour
 Of Peace and Rest to every Soul.
 May his Care of you controul
 All Diseases, Sores or Pain,
 That in after Time may reign,
 Either in your Flocks or you;
 Give ye all Affections new,
 New Desires, and Tempers new,
 That ye may be ever true.
 Now rise and go, and as ye pass away,
 Sing to the God of Sheep; that happy Lay,
 That honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
 That was the Soul and God of Melody.

The S O N G.

All ye Woods, and Trees, and Bow'rs,
All ye Virtues and ye Pow'rs
That inhabit in the Lakes,
In the pleasant Springs or Brakes,
Moue your Feet
To our Sound,
Whilst we greet
All this Ground,
With his Honour and his Name
That defends our Flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
Let us sing,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,

Ever

*Ever honour'd, ever young,
Thus great Pan is ever sung.*

[*Exeunt.*]

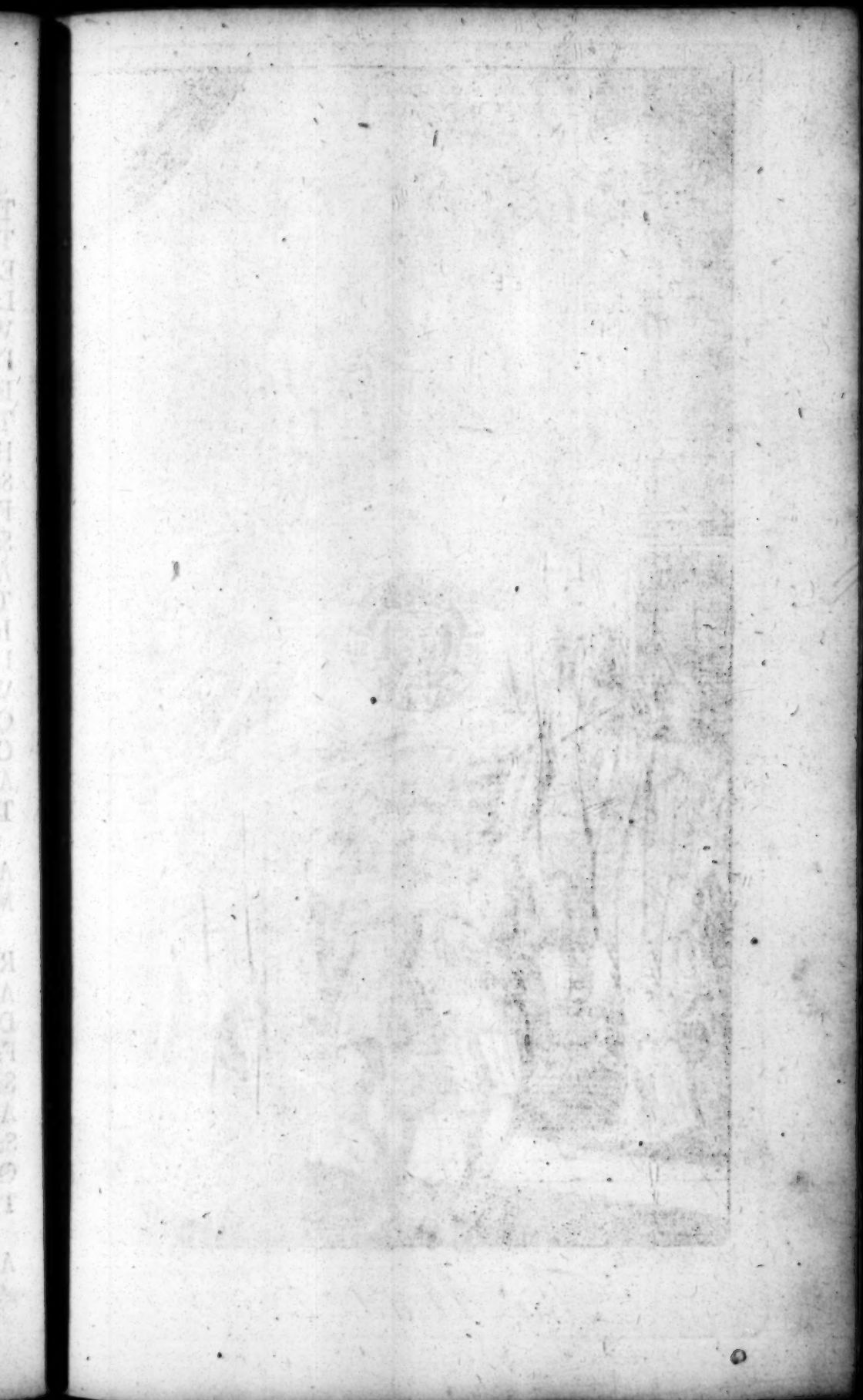
Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most pow'rful Maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of Stars, and Golden tress'd
Like *Apollo*, tell me Sweetest
What new Service now is meetest
For the *Satyre*? shall I stray
In the middle Air, and stay
The sayling Rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the Moon, and gently make
Sute to the pale Queen of Night
For a Beam to give thee Light?
Shall I dive into the Sea,
And bring thee Coral, making way
Through the rising Waves that fall
In snowy Fleeces? dearest, shall
I catch the wanton Fawns, or Flyes,
Whose woven Wings the Summer dyes
Of many Colours? get thee Fruit?
Or steal from Heav'n old *Orpheus* Lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these Woods adore.

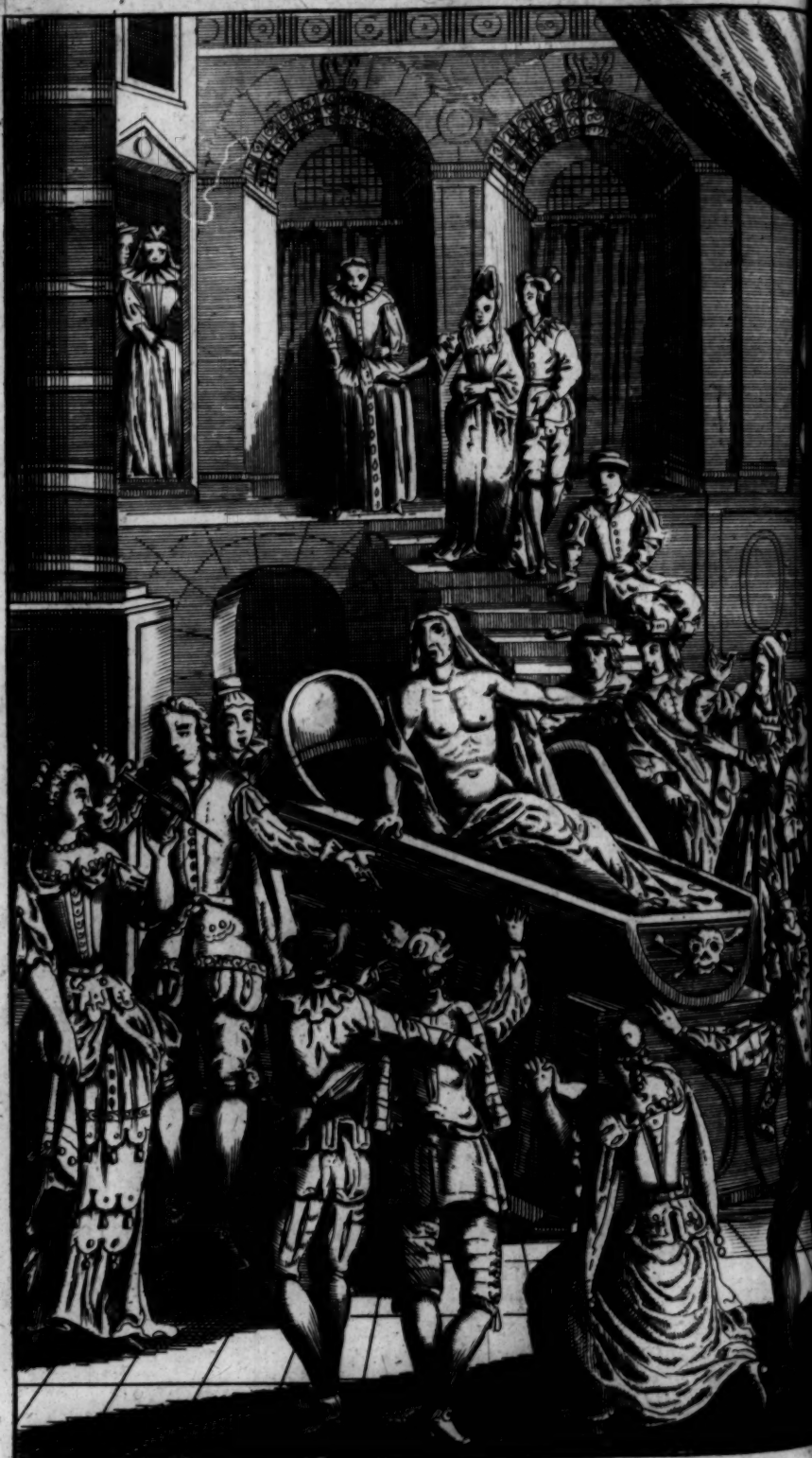
Clor. No other Service, *Satyre*, but thy Watch
About these Thickets, lest harmless People catch
Mischief or sad Mischance.

Sat. Holy Virgin, I will dance
Round about these Woods as quick
As the breaking Light, and prick
Down the Lawns, and down the Vales
Faster then the Wind-mill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the Comforts of the Day,
Such as *Phæbus* Heat doth send
On the Earth, may still befriend
Thee and this Arbour.

Clor. And to thee,
All thy Master's Love be free.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





Boitard del.

The Mad Lover

Vol. 2. 7

THE
MAD LOVER.

A
Tragi-Comedy:

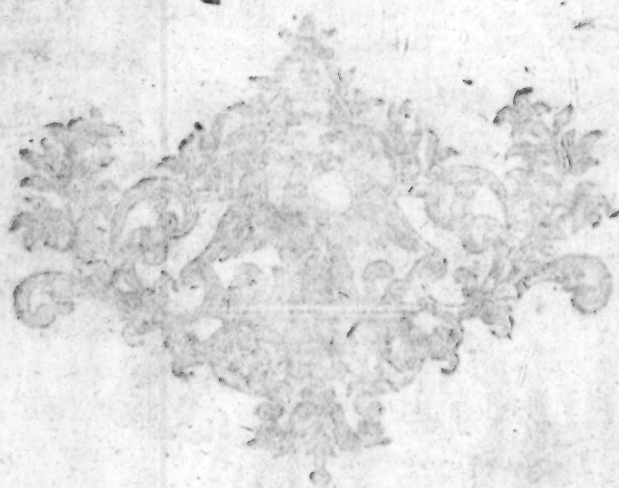


Printed in the Year 1711.

THE
MAD LOVER.

A

Tragicomedy.



Printed in the Year 1711.

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PROLOGUE.

TO please all's impossible, and to despair
Ruins our selves, and damps the Writers Care:
Would we knew what to do, or say, or when
To find the Minds here equal with the Men:
But we must venture; now to Sea we go,
Fair Fortune with us, give us Room, and blow;
Remember you're all Vent'urers; and in this Play
How many Twelve-pences ye have stow'd this Day:
Remember for return of your Delight, [Spight,
We launch, and plough through storms of Fear, and
Give us your Fore-winds fairly, fill our Wings,
And steer us right; and as the Saylor sings,
Loaden with Wealth, on wanton Seas, so we
Shall make our Home-bound-voyage cheerfully;
And you our noble Merchants, for your Treasure
Share equally the Fraught, we run for Pleasure.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

A Storax, *King of Paphos.*

A Memnon, *the General and the Mad Lover.*

Polydor, *Brother to Memnon, beloved of Calis.*

Eumenes, } *two eminent Soldiers.*
Polybius, }

Chilax, *an old merry Soldier.*

Siphax, *a Soldier in Love with the Princess.*

Stremon, *a Soldier that can sing.*

Demagoras, *Servant to the General.*

Chirurgeon.

Fool.

Page.

Courtiers.

W O M E N.

Calis, *Sister to the King, and Mistress to Memnon.*

Cleanthe, *Sister to Siphax.*

Lucippe, *one of the Princess's Women.*

Priest of Venus, an old Wanton.

A Nun.

Cloe, *a Camp Baggage.*

SCENE PAPHOS.

THE

THE
MAD LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Flourish. Enter Astorax King of Paphos, his Sister Calis, Train, and Cleanthe, Lucippe, Gentlewomen, at one Door; at the other Eumenes, a Soldier.

EUMENES.



Health to my Sovereign.

King. Eumenes, welcome:

Welcome to *Paphos*, Soldier, to our Love,
And that fair Health ye wish us, through
(the Camp

May it disperse it self, and make all happy;
How does the General, the valiant *Memnon*,
And how his Wars, *Eumenes*?

Eum. The Gods have giv'n you (Royal Sir) a Soldier,
Better ne'er fought a Danger, more approv'd
In way of War, more Master of his Fortunes,
Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his Deeds to Victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.

King. O Soldier,
Thou speak'st a Man indeed; a General's General,

V O L. II.

Ce

A

A Soul conceiv'd a Soldier.

Eum. Ten set Battels.

Against the strong Usurper *Diocles*
 (Whom long Experience had begot a Leader,
 Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your *Memnon*
 Won, and won gloriously, distrest and shook him
 Even from the head of all his Hopes to nothing:
 In three, he beat the Thunder-bolt his Brother,
 Forc'd him to wall himself up: There not safe,
 Shook him with warlike Engines like an Earthquake,
 Till like a Snail he left his Shell, and crawl'd
 By Night and hideous Darkness to Destruction:
 Disarm'd for ever rising more: Twelve Castles,
 Some thought impregnable; Towns twice as many;
 Countries that like the Wind knew no command
 But Savage wildness, hath this General
 With loss of Blood and Youth, through Storms and Tem-
 Call'd to your fair Obedience. (pests,

King. O my Soldier,

That thou wert now within my Arms! what Drums
 Are those that beat, *Eumenes*? [Drums within.

Eum. His, my Sovereign;
 Himself i'th' Head of Conquest drawing home,
 An old Man now to offer up his Glories,
 And endless Conquest, at your Shrine.

King. Go all,

And entertain him with all Ceremony;
 We'll keep him now a Courtier.

Eum. Sir, a strange one,
 Pray God his Language bear it; by my Life, Sir,
 He knows no Complement, nor curious casting
 Of Words into fit Places e'er he speak 'em:
 He can say Fight well Fellow, and I'll thank thee:
 He that must eat, must fight; bring up the Rear there,
 Or charge that Wing of Horse home. [Flourish.

King. Go too, go too.

*Enter, Memnon, with a train of Courtiers, and
 Soldiers, two Captains, Chilax, &c.*
 Valiant and Wise are twins, Sir: Welcome, welcome,
 Welcome my fortunate and famous General,

High

High in thy Prince's Favour, as in Fame,
Welcome to Peace, and Paphos.

Mem. Thank your Grace,
And wou'd to God my dull Tongue had that Sweetness
To thank you as I shou'd; but pardon me,
My Sword and I speak roughly, Sir: Your Battels,
I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring ye
That lazy end you wish for, Peace, so fully,
That no more name of War is: Who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'll thank him.
Soldier and Soldier's Mate these twenty five years,
At length your General, (as one whose Merit
Durst look upon no less,) I have waded through
Dangers wou'd damp these soft Souls, but to hear of.
The Maiden-heads of thousand Lives hang here, Sir,
Since which time, Prince, I know no Court but Marshal,
No oylie Language, but the shock of Arms,
No dalliance but with Death; No lofty Measures
But weary and sad Marches, Cold and Hunger,
Larums at midnight Valours self would shake at,
Yet I ne'er shrunk: Balls of consuming Wildfire,
That lickt Men up like Lightning, have I laugh't at,
And tost 'em back again like Childrens trifles.
Upon the edges of my Enemies Swords (ing,
I have marcht like Whirl-winds, Fury at this Hand wait-
Death at my right; Fortune my forlorn Hope,
When I have grapled with Destruction,
And tug'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, Night and Mischief,
Frighted to see a new Day break in Blood;
And ev'ry where I conquer'd; and for you, Sir,
Mothers have wanted Wombs to make me Famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers; Those that griev'd ye,
I have taken order for i'th' Earth: Those Fools
That shall hereafter——

King. No more Wars, my Soldier:
We must now treat of Peace, Sir.

[King takes Memnon aside and talks with him.]

Cle. How he talks,
How gloriously.

Cal. A goodly timber'd Fellow,
Valiant no doubt.

Cle. If Valour dwell in vaunting;
In what a Phrase he speaks, as if his Actions
Cou'd be set off in nothing but a Noise?
Sure h'as a Drum in's Mouth.

Cal. I wonder, Wenches,
How he wou'd speak to us.

Cle. Nothing but Larum,
Tell us whose Throat he cut, shew us his Sword,
And bless it for sure biting.

Lucip. And 't like your Grace,
I do not think he knows us what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his Followers
Affirm he never saw a Woman that exceeded
A Sutler's Wife yet, or in Execution
Old bed-rid Beldames without Teeth or Tongues,
That wou'd not fly his Fury? How he looks.

Cle. This way devoutly.

Cal. Sure his Lordship's viewing
Our Fortifications.

Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his Battery.

Cal. Still his Eye
Keeps quarter this way: *Venus* grant his Valour
Be not in Love.

Cle. If he be, presently
Expect a Herald and a Trumpet with ye
To bid ye render; we two Perdu's pay for't else.

King. I'll leave ye to my Sister, and these Ladies,
To make you welcome fuller. My good Soldier
We must now turn your Sternness into Courtship;
When ye have done there, to your fair Repose Sir: [*Flour.*
I know you need it *Memnon*; welcome, Gentlemen.

[*Exit King.*

Lucip. Now he begins to march: Madam, the *Van's* yours,
Keep your Ground sure, 'tis for your Spurs.

Men. O *Venus*.

[*He kneels amaz'd, and forgets to speak.*

Cal. How he stares on me.

Cle.

Cle. Knight him Madam, knight him,
He will grow to th' Ground else.

Eum. Speak Sir, 'tis the Princess.

i Cap. Ye shame your self, speak to her.

Cal. Rise and speak, Sir.

Ye are welcome to the Court, to me, to all, Sir.

Lucip. Is he not Deaf?

Cal. The Gentleman's not well.

Eum. Fie, noble General.

Lucip. Give him fresh Air, his Colour goes; how do ye?
The Princess will be glad, Sir.

Mem. Peace, and hear me.

Cle. Command a Silence there.

Mem. I love thee, Lady.

Cal. I thank your Lordship heartily: Proceed, Sir.

Lucip. Lord how it stuck in's Stomach like a Surfeit.

Cle. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked,
What a fine spoken Man he is.

Lucip. A choice one, of singular variety in Carriage.

Cle. Yes, and I warrant you he knows his distance.

Mem. With all my Heart I love thee.

Cal. A hearty Gentleman,

And I were e'en an arrant Beast, my Lord,

But I lov'd you again.

Mem. Good Lady kiss me.

Cle. Ay marry, *Mars*, there thou can'st close up to her.

Cal. Kiss you at first, my Lord? 'Tis no fair fashion,
Our Lips are like Rosebuds, blown with Mens Breaths,
They lose both Sap and Savour; there's my Hand, Sir.

Eum. Fie, fie, my Lord, this is too rude.

Mem. Unhand me,

Consume me if I hurt her; good sweet Lady
Let me but look upon thee.

Cal. Do.

Mem. Yet——

Cal. Well Sir,

Take your full view.

Lucip. Bless your Eyes, Sir.

Cal. Mercy,

Is this the Man they talkt of for a Soldier,

So absolute and excellent? O the Gods,
 If I were given to that Vanity
 Of making sport with Men for Ignorance,
 What a most precious Subject had I purchas'd?
 Speak for him, Gentlemen: Some one that knows
 What the Man ails; and can speak Sense.

Cle. Sure, Madam,
 This Fellow has been a rare Hare-finder.
 See how his Eyes are set.

Cal. Some one go with me,
 I'll send him something for his Head; poor Gentleman,
 He's troubled with the Staggers.

Lucip. Keep him dark,
 He will run March mad else, the fumes of Battels
 Ascend into his Brains.

Cle. Clap to his Feet
 An old Drum-head, to draw the Thunder downward:

Cal. Look to him Gentlemen: Farewel, Lord, I am
 We cannot kiss at this time, but believe it (sorry
 We'll find an hour for all. God keep my Children
 From being such sweet Soldiers; softly, Wenches,
 Lest we disturb his Dream. [*Exeunt Calis, and Ladies.*

Eum. Why this is monstrous.

1 *Capt.* A strange Forgetfulness, yet still he holds it.

2 *Capt.* Though he ne'er saw a Woman of great Fashion
 Before this Day, yet methinks 'tis possible
 He might imagine what they are, and what
 Belongs unto 'em: Meer Report of others.

Eum. Pish, his Head had other Whimfies in't: My Lord,
 Death I think y'are struck dumb; my good Lord Ge-

1 *Capt.* Sir.

Mem. That I do love ye, Madam; and so love ye,
 An't like your Grace.

2 *Capt.* He has been studying this Speech.

Eum. Who do ye speak to, Sir?

Mem. Why where's the Lady,
 The Woman, the fair Woman?

1 *Capt.* Who?

Mem. The Princess,
 Give me the Princess.

Eum.

Eum. Give ye Counsel rather
To use her like a Princess : Fy my Lord,
How have you born your self, how nakedly
Laid your Soul open, and your Ignorance
To be a sport to all. Report and Honour
Drew her to do you Favours, and you bluntly,
Without confid'ring what, or who she was,
Neither collecting Reason, nor Distinction.

Mem. Why, what did I, my Masters?

Eum. All that shews

A Man unhandsom, undigested Dough.

Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?

Eum. Dumb and senseless,

As though ye had been cut out for your Father's Tomb,
Or stuck a Land-mark; when she spoke unto you,
Being the Excellence of all our Island,
Ye star'd upon her, as ye had seen a Monster.

Men. Was I so foolish? I confess, *Eumenes*,
I never saw before so brave an Outside.
But did I kneel so long?

Eum. Till they laught at ye,
And when you spoke, I am ashamed to tell ye
What 'twas, my Lord; how far from Order;
Bless me, is't possible the wild noise of War,
And what she only teaches shou'd poss'ess ye?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full Discretion
Being at flood still in ye: And in Peace,
And manly Conversation, smooth and civil,
Where Gracefulness and Glory twyn together,
Thrust your self out an Exile?
Do you know, Sir, what State she carries?
What great Obedience waits at her Beck continually?

Mem. She ne'er commanded
A hundred thousand Men, as I have done,
Nor ne'er won Battel; say I wou'd have kist her.

Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one.

Mem. Why, she is a Woman, is she not?

Eum. She is so.

Mem. Why, very well; what was she made for then?
Is she not young, and handsome, bred to breed?

Do not Men kiss fair Women? if they do,
 If Lips be not unlawful ware; why a Princess
 Is got the same way that we get a Beggar,
 Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way
 She must be handled e'er she get another,
 That's Rudeness, is it not?

2 *Capt.* To her 'tis held so, and Rudeness in that high

Mem. 'Tis Reason, (degree----

But I will be more punctual; pray what thought she?

Eum. Her Thoughts were merciful, but she laugh'd
 Pitying the poorness of your Compliment, (at ye,
 And so she left ye. Good Sir, shape your self
 To understand the Place and noble Persons
 You live with now.

1 *Capt.* Let not those great Deserts
 The King hath laid up of ye, and the People,
 Be blasted with ill bearing.

Eum. The whole Name of Soldier then will suffer,

Mem. She's a sweet one,
 And good Sirs leave your Exhortations,
 They come untimely to me; I have Brains
 That beat above your reaches: She's a Princess,
 That's all; I have kill'd a King, that's greater.
 Come let's to Dinner, if the Wine be good,
 You shall perceive strange Wisdom in my Blood.

[*Exeunt all but Chilax.*

Chi. Well, wou'd thou wert i' the Wars again
 Old *Memnon*, there thou wou'dst talk to th' purpose,
 And the proudest of all these Court Cameleons
 Wou'd be glad to find it Sense too: Plague of this
 Dead Peace, this Bastard breeding, lowzy, lazy Idleness,
 Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our Livings
 Out of old rotten Ends: These twenty five Years
 I have serv'd my Country, lost my Youth and Blood,
 Expos'd my Life to Dangers more than Days;
 Yet let me tell my Wants, I know their Answers,
 The King is bound to right me, they good People
 Have but from Hand to Mouth. Look to your Wives
 Your young trim Wives, your high-day Wives, your
 For if the Soldiers find not Recompence, (Marchpanes,
 As

As yet there's none a hatching; I believe,
 You Men of Wares, the Men of Wars will nick ye,
 For starve nor beg thy must not; my small Means
 Are gone *in fumo*: Here to raise a better,
 Unless it be with lying, or Dog flattering,
 At which our Nation's excellent; observing Dog-days,
 When this good Lady broils and wou'd be basted
 By that good Lord, or such like Moral Learnings,
 Is here Impossible: Well; I will rub among 'em
 If any thing for Honestly be gotten,
 Though't be but Bread and Cheese, I can be satisfied:
 If otherwise the Wind blow, stiff as I am
 Yet I shall learn to Shuffle: There's an old Lass
 That shall be nameless yet alive, my last hope,
 Has often got me my Pocket full of Crowns.
 If all fail—Jack-Daws, are you alive still? (prosper.
 Then I see the Coast clear, when Fools and Boys can

Enter Fool, and Page.

Page. Brave Lieutenant.

Fool. Hail to the Man of Worship.

Cbi. You are fine Sirs,
 Most passing fine at all Points.

Fool. As ye see, Sir,
 Home-bred and handsome, we cut not out our Clothes,
 At half sword as your Taylors do, and pink 'em (Sir,
 With Pikes and Partizans, we live retir'd, Sir,
 Gentleman like, and jealous of our Honours. (you,

Cbi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy, Peace plays with
 As the Wind plays with Feathers, dances ye,
 You grind with all Gusts, Gallants.

Page. We can bounce, Sir,
 When you Soldados bend i'th' Hams, and frisk too.

Fool. When twenty of your Trip-coats turn their
 And your cold Sallets without Salt or Vinegar (I pippets,
 Be wambling in your Stomachs; Hemp and Hobnails
 Will bear no price now, Hangings and old Harness
 Are like to over-run us. *Page.* Whores and hot Houses.

Fool. Surgeons and Syringes ring out your Saints-bells.

Page. Your Jubile, your Jubile.

Fool. *Prob Deum.*

How

How our St. *Georges* will bestride the Dragons,
The red and ramping Dragons.

Page. Advance't Fool-----

Fool. But then the Sting i'th' tail, Boy:

Page. *Tanto Melior.*

For so much the more Danger, the more Honour.

Chi. You're very pleasant with our Occupation, Gentle-
Which very like amongst these fiery Serpents (men
May light upon a Blind-worm of your Blood,
A Mother or a Sister.

Fool. Mine's past saddle,
You should be sure of her else: But say, Sir *Huon*,
Now the Drums dubbs, and the Sticks turn'd Bed-staves,
All the old Foxes hunted to their Holes,
The Iron Age return'd to *Erebus*,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thrust out o'th' Kingdom by the Head and Shoulders,
What Trade do you mean to follow?

Chi. That's a Question.

Fool. Yes a learned Question if ye mark it,
Consider and say on.

Chi. Fooling as thoudost, that's the best Trade, I take it.

Fool. Take it straight then,
For fear your Fellows be before ye; hark ye, Lieutenant,
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings,
When all's done ye must Fool, Sir.

Chi. Well, I must then.

Fool. But do you know what Fooling is? true Fooling,
The Circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle Knave that shows his Teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a Dog-Face, or can abuse his Fellow,
Is not a Fool at first Dash; you shall find, Sir,
Strange turnings in this Trade; to Fool is nothing
As fooling has been, but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best Men fool their Friends,
For all Men get by fooling, meerly fooling,
Desert does nothing, valiant, wise, virtuous,
Are things that walk by without Bread or Breeches.

Chi. I partly credit that.

Fool.

Fool. Fine Wits, fine Wits, Sir,
There's the young Boy, he does well in his way too,
He cou'd not live else in his Master's absence;
He tyes a Lady's Garters so, so prettily,
Say his Hand slip, but say so.

Cbi. Why let it slip then,

Fool. 'Tis ten to one the Body shall come after,
And he that works deserves his Wages.

Cbi. That's true.

Fool. He riddles finely to a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Expounds Dreams like a Propet, dreams himself too,
And wishes all Dreams true; they cry Amen,
And there's a *Memorandum*: He can sing too
Bawdy enough to please old Ladies: He lies rarely,
Pawns ye a sute of Clothes at all points, fully,
Can pick a Pocket if ye please, or Casket;
Lisps when he list to catch a Chamber-maid,
And calls his Hostess Mother, these are things now,
If a Man mean to live: To fight and swagger,
Beaten about the Ears with bawling Sheepskins,
Cut to the Soul for Summer: Here an Arm lost,
And there a Leg; his honourable Head
Seal'd up in Salves and Cereclothes, like a Packet,
And so sent over to an Hospital, stand there, charge there,
Swear there, whore there, dead there,
And all this sport for Cheese and Chines of Dog-flesh,
And Mony when two *Wednesdays* meet together,
Where to be louzy is a Gentleman,
And he that wears a clean Shirt has his Shrowd on.

Cbi. I'll be your Scholar, come, if I like Fooling.

Fool. You cannot chuse but like it, fight you one Day
I'll Fool another; when your Surgeon's paid,
And all your Leaks stopt, see whose Slops are heaviest,
I'll have a Shilling for a Can of Wine,
When you shall have two Sergeants for a Counter.

Boy. Come learn of us Lieutenant, hang your Iron up,
We'll find you cooler Wars.

Cbi. Come let's together,
I'll see your Tricks, and as I like 'em.-----

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, and Captains.

Mem. Why was there not such Women in the Camp
Prepar'd to make me know 'em? (then

Eum. 'Twas no place, Sir. (Creatures

1 *Capt.* Why shou'd they live in Tumults? they are
Soft, and of sober Natures.

Mem. Cou'd not your Wives,
Your Mothers, or your Sisters, have been sent for
To Exercise upon?

Eum. We thank your Lordship.

2 *Capt.* But do you mean?

Mem. I do mean.

2 *Capt.* What, Sir?

Mem. To see her,
And see thee hang'd too an thou anger'st me,
And thousands of your Throats cut; get ye from me,
Ye keep a prating of your points of Manners,
And fill my Head with lowzy Circumstances,
Better have Ballads in't, your courtly Worships,
How to put off my Hat, you, how to turn me,
And you, forsooth, to blow my Nose discreetly;
Let me alone, for I will love her, see her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.

Eum. She's the Princess.

Mem. Why let her be the Devil, I have spoke
When Thunder durst not check me, I must Love,
I know she was a thing kept for me.

Eum. And I know, Sir;
Though she were born yours, yet your strange Behaviour
And want-----

Mem. Thou liest.

Eum. I do not.

Mem. Ha!

Eum. I do not lie, Sir,
I say you want fair Language, nay 'tis certain
You cannot say Good-morrow

Mem. Ye Dog-whelps,
The proudest of your prating Tongues—

Eum. Do, kill us,
Kill us for telling Truth: For my part, General,

I wou'd not live to see Men make a May-game
Of him I have made a Master; kill us quickly,
Then ye may-----

Mem. What?

Eum. Do what you list, draw your Sword childishly
Upon your Servants that are bound to tell ye;
I am weary of my Life.

1 Capt. And I.

2 Capt. And all, Sir.

Eum. Go to the Princess, make her sport, cry to her
I am the glorious Man of War.

Mem. Pray ye leave me,
I am sorry I was angry, I'll think better,
Pray no more Words.

Eum. Good Sir.

Mem. Nay then.

2 Capt. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt Eum. and Capt.*
Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Cal. How came he hither? see for Heav'n's sake, Wen-
What Face, and what Postures he puts on, (ches,
I do not think he is perfect.

[*Memnon walks aside, full of strange Gestures.*

Cle. If your Love
Have not betray'd his little Wits, he's well enough,
As well as he will be.

Cal. Mark how he muses.

Lucip. H's a Battalia now in's Brains, he draws out,
Have at ye Harpers. (now

Cle. See, see, there the Fire fails.

Luc. Look what an Alphabet of Faces he runs through.

Cle. O Love, Love, how amorously thou look'st
In an old rusty Armour.

Cal. I'll away, for by my Troth I fear him.

Luc. Fear the Gods, Madam,
And never care what Man can do; this Fellow,
With all his Frights about him, and his Furies,
His Larums, and his Launces, Swords, and Targets,
Nay case him up in Armour Cap-a-pe,
Yet durst I undertake within two hours,
If he durst Charge, to give him such a Shake,

Should shake his Valour off, and make his Shanks to ake.

Cle. For shame no more.

Cal. He muses still.

Cle. The Devil——

Why shou'd this old dry'd Timber chopt with Thunder—

Cal. Old Wood burns quickest.

Luc. Out, you wou'd say, Madam,

Give me a green Stick that may hold me Heat,
And smoak me soundly too; He turns, and sees ye.

[*Memnon comes to her.*]

Cle. There's no avoiding now, have at ye.

Mem. Lady,

The more I look upon ye——

[*Stays her.*]

Cle. The more you may, Sir.

Cal. Let him alone.

Mem. I wou'd desire your Patience.

The more I say I look, the more——

[*Stays her.*]

Luc. My Fortune,

'Tis very apt, Sir.

Mem. Women, let my Fortune

And me alone I wish ye, pray come this way,
And stand you still there, Lady.

Cal. Leave the Words, Sir, and leap into the Meaning.

Mem. Then again:

I tell you I do love ye.

Cal. Why?

Mem. No Questions: Pray no more Questions.

I do love you, infinitely: Why do you smile?

Am I ridiculous?

Cal. I am monstrous fearful; no, I joy you love me.

Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't, I do love you;
Stand still, do not trouble me, you Women;
He loves you Lady, at whose Feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their Freedoms, he whose Valour
Has over-run whole Kingdoms.

Cal. That makes me doubt, Sir,
'Twill over-run me too.

Mem. He whose Sword.

Cle. Talk not so big, Sir, you will fright the Princess.

Mem. Ha. *Lucippe.* No forsooth.

Cal.

Cal. I know ye have done Wonders ;

Mem. I have and will do more and greater, braver ;
And for your Beauty Miracles, name that Kingdom
And take your Choice.

Cal. Sir, I am not Ambitious.

(love,

Mem. Ye shall be, 'tis the Child of Glory: she that I
Whom my Desires shall magnifie, time Stories,
And all the Empires of the Earth.

Cle. I wou'd fain ask him——

Luc. Prithee be quiet, he will beat us both else.

Cle. What will ye make me then, Sir?

Mem. I will make thee

Stand still and hold thy peace; I have a Heart, Lady.

Cal. Ye were a Monster else.

Mem. A loving Heart,
A truly loving Heart.

Cal. Alas, how came it?

Mem. I wou'd you had it in your Hand, sweet Lady,
To see the truth it bears you.

Cal. Do you give it.

Luc. That was well thought upon.

Cle. 'Twill put him to't, Wench.

Cal. And you shall see I dare accept it, Sir,
Take't in my Hand and view it : If I find it
A loving and a sweet Heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.

Mem. No more, I'll send it to ye,
As I have Honour in me, you shall have it.

Cle. Handsomely done, Sir, and perfum'd by all means,
The Weather's warm, Sir.

Mem. With all Circumstance.

Luc. A Napkin wrought most curiously.

Mem. Divinely.

Cle. Put in a Goblet of pure Gold.

Mem. Yes, in *Jacinth*,
That she may see the Spirit through.

Luc. Ye have greas'd him
For chewing Love again in haste.

Cle. If he should do it.

(do it!

Cal. If Heav'n should fall we should have Larks; he

Cle.

Cle. See how he thinks upon't.

Cal. He will think these three Years
E'er he prove such an Ass : I like't his Offer,
There was no other way to put him off else.

Mem. I will do it——

Lady, expect my Heart.

Cal. I do, Sir.

Mem. Love it, for 'tis a Heart that——and so I leave ye.
[*Exit Memnon.*]

Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else I think he means it.

Cal. He must be stark mad
Or else he will never do it, 'tis Vain-Glory
And want of Judgement that provokes this in him ;
Sleep and Society cures all : His Heart ?
No, no, good Gentleman, there's more belongs to't,
Hearts are at higher prices ; let's go in
And there examine him a little better.
Shut all the Doors behind for fear he follow ;
I hope I have lost a Lover, and am glad on't. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Memnon alone.

Mem. 'TIS but to dye, Dogs do it, Ducks with dabling,
Birds sing away their Souls, and Babies sleep 'em.
Why do I talk of that : 's treble Vantage ?
For in the other World she is bound to have me ;
Her Princely Word is past : My great Desert too
Will draw her to come after presently ;
'Tis Justice, and the Gods must see it done too.
Besides, no Brother, Father, Kindred there
Can hinder us, all Languages are alike too.
There Love is ever lasting, ever young,
Free from Diseases, Ages, Jealousies,
Bawds, Beldames, Painters, Purgers. Dye ? 'tis nothing ;
Men drown themselves for Joy to draw in Juleps
When they are hot with Wine : In Dreams we do it.
And

And many a handsom Wench that loves the sport well,
Gives up her Soul so in her Lover's Bosom;
But I must be incis'd first, cut and open'd,
My Heart, and handsomely, ta'en from me; stay there,
Dead once, stay, let me think again, who do I know there?
For else to wander up and down unwaited on
And unregarded in my Place and Project,
Is for a Sowter's Soul, not an old Soldier's.
My brave old Regiments—Ay there it goes,
That have been kill'd before me, right.-----

Enter Chilax.

Cbi. He's here, and I must trouble him.

Mem. Then those I have conquer'd,
To make my Train full.

Cbi. Sir.

Mem. My Captains then—

Cbi. Sir, I beseech ye.

Mem. For to meet her there,
Being a Princess, and a King's sole Sister,
With great Accommodation must be cared for.

Cbi. Weigh but the Soldiers Poverty.

Mem. Mine own Troop first,
For they shall die.

Cbi. How, what's this?

Mem. Next-----

Cbi. Shall I speak louder, Sir?

Mem. A square Battalia-----

Cbi. You do not think of us.

Mem. Their Armour's gilded-----

Cbi. Good noble Sir.

Mem. And round about such Engines
Shall make Hell shake.

Cbi. Ye do not mock me.

Mem. For, Sir,
I will be strong, as brave-----

Cbi. Ye may consider,
You know we have serv'd you long enough;

Mem. No Soldier
That ever landed on the blest *Elyzium*
Did or shall march, as I will.

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Dd

Cbi.

Cbi. Wou'd ye wou'd march, Sir,
Up to the King, and get us-----

Mem. King nor *Keiser*
Shall equal me in that World.

Cbi. What a Devil ails he?

Mem. Next, the rare Beauties of those Towns I fir'd.

Cbi. I speak of Mony, Sir.

Mem. Ten thousand Coaches-----

Cbi. O Pounds, Sir, Pounds, I beseech your Lordship,
Let Coaches run out of your Remembrance.

Mem. In which the wanton *Cupids*, and the Graces
Drawn with the Western Winds kindling Desires;
And then our Poets-----

Cbi. Then our Pay.

Mem. For *Cbilax* when the Triumph comes; the Princess
Then, for I will have a Heav'n made-----

Cbi. Bless your Lordship!
Stand still, Sir.

Mem. So I do, and in it-----

Cbi. Death, Sir,
You talk you know not what.

Mem. Such rare Devices:
Make me, I say, a Heav'n.

Cbi. I say so too, Sir.

Mem. For here shall run a Constellation.

Cbi. And there a pissing Conduit.

Mem. Ha!

Cbi. With Wine, Sir.

Mem. A Sun there in his height, there such a Planet.

Cbi. But where's our Mony, where runs that?

Mem. Ha?

Cbi. Mony,
Mony, an't like your Lordship. (Stuff,

Mem. Why all the Carriage shall come behind, the
Rich Hangings, Treasure;
Or say we have none.

Cbi. I may say so truly,
For hang me if I have a Groat: I have serv'd well
And like an honest Man: I see no reason-----

Mem. Thou must needs die, good *Cbilax*.

Cbi.

Cbi. Very well, Sir.

Mem. I will have honest, valiant Souls about me,
I cannot miss thee.

Cbi. Die?

Mem. Yes, die, and *Pelius*,
Eumenes and *Polybius* : I shall think
Of more within these two hours.

Cbi. Die, Sir?

Mem. I, Sir,
And ye shall die.

Cbi. When, I beseech your Lordship?

Mem. To Morrow see ye do die.

Cbi. A short warning,
Troth, Sir, I am ill prepar'd.

Mem. I die my self then,
Beside there's Reason-----

Cbi. Oh!

Mem. I pray thee tell me,
For thou art a great Dreamer.

Cbi. I can dream, Sir.
If I eat well and sleep well.

Mem. Was it never
By Dream or Apparition open'd to thee----

Cbi. He's Mad.

Mem. What the other World was, or *Elyzium*?
Didst never travel in thy Sleep?

Cbi. To Taverns,
When I was drunk o'er Night; or to a Wench,
There's an *Elyzium* for ye, a young Lady
Wrapt round about ye like a Snake: Is that it?
Or if that strange *Elyzium* that you talk of
Be where the Devil is, I have dreamt of him,
And that I have had him by the Horns, and rid him;
He trots the Dagger out o'th' sheath.

Mem. *Elyzium*,
The blessed Fields, Man.

Cbi. I know no Fields blessed, but those I have gain'd
I have dreamt I have been in Heav'n too. (by;

Mem. There, handle that Place; that's *Elyzium*.

Cbi. Brave singing, and brave dancing,

And rare things.

Mem. All full of Flow'rs.

Chi. And Pot-herbs.

Mem. Bow'rs for Lovers,
And everlasting Ages of delight.

Chi. I slept not so far.

Mem. Meet me on those Banks
Some two days hence.

Chi. In Dream, Sir?

Mem. No in Death, Sir.

And there I muster all, and pay the Soldier.
Away, no more, no more.

Chi. God keep your Lordship:
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter Siphax.

Sip. Where's the General?

Chi. There's the old sign of *Memnon*, where the Soul is
You may go look, as I have.

Sip. What's the matter?

Chi. Why question him and see; he talks of Devils,
Hells, Heav'ns, Princes, Pow'rs, and Potentates;
You must to th' Pot too.

Sip. How?

(Goose chase of.

Chi. Do you know *Elyzium*? A Tale he talks the Wild-

Sip. *Elyzium*? I have read of such a Place.

Chi. Then get ye to him,

Ye are as fine Company as can be fitted. [*Exit Chilax.*
Your Worship's fairly met.

Sip. Mercy upon us,
What ails this Gentleman?

Mem. Provision——

Sip. How his Head works?

Mem. Between two Ribs,
If he cut short or mangle me; I'll take him
And twirl his Neck about.

Sip. Now Gods defend us.

Mem. In a pure Cup transparent, with a writing
To signifie——

Sip. I never knew him thus:
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poison'd.

Mem.

Mem. Who's there?

Sip. I, Sir.

Mem. Come hither, *Siphax*.

Sip. Yes, how does your Lordship?

Mem. Well, God a mercy Soldier, very well,

But prithee tell me——

Sip. Any thing I can, Sir.

Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest Beauty
The World has?

Sip. That the World has? 'tis worth doing.

Mem. Is it so; but what doing bears it?

Sip. Why, any thing; all danger it appears to.

Mem. Name some of those things; do.

Sip. I would undertake, Sir,

A Voyage round about the World.

Mem. Short, *Siphax*.

A Merchant does it to spice Pots of Ale.

Sip. I wou'd swim in Armour.

Mem. Short still; a poor Jade

Loaden will take a Stream, and stem it strongly
To leap a Mare.

Sip. The Plague, I durst.

Mem. Still shorter,

I'll cure it with an Onion.

Sip. Surfeits.

Mem. Short still:

They are often Physicks for our Healths, and help us.

Sip. I wou'd stand a Breach.

Mem. Thine Honour bids thee, Soldier:

'Tis shame to find a second Cause.

Sip. I durst, Sir,

Fight with the fellest Monster.

Mem. That's the poorest;

Man was ordain'd their Master; durst ye die, Sir?

Sip. How? die, my Lord!

Mem. Die, *Siphax*; take thy Sword,

And come by that Door to her; there's a price

To buy a lusty Love at.

Sip. I am content, Sir,

To prove no Purchaser.

Mem. Away thou World-worm,
Thou win a matchless Beauty?

Sip. 'Tis to lose't, Sir;
For being dead, where's the Reward I reach at?
The Love I labour for?

Mem. There it begins, Fool,
Thou art meerly cozen'd; for the Loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour; and hated
Desires stir'd up by Nature to encrease her;
Licking of one another to a Lust;
Course and base Appetites, Earths meer Inheritors
And Heirs of Idleness and Blood; pure Love,
That, that the Soul affects, and cannot purchase,
While she is loaden with our Flesh; that Love, Sir,
Which is the Price of Honour, dwells not here,
Your Ladies Eyes are Lampless to that Virtue,
That Beauty smiles not on a Cheek washt over,
Nor scents the sweet of Ambers; below, *Siphax*
Below us, in the other World *Elyzium*,
Where's no more dying, no despairing, mourning,
Where all desires are full, desarts down loaden,
There, *Siphax*, there, where Loves are ever living.

Sip. Why do we live in this World then?

Mem. To preserve it,
The Maker lost his work else; but mark, *Siphax*,
What Issues that Love bears.

Sip. Why Children, Sir.
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely
And sensible before.

Mem. It does so, *Siphax*,
Things like our selves, as sensual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of Air, got with an itching
As Blisters are, and bred, as much Corruption
Flows from their Lives, Sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
And oftentimes the Death of those we love most.
The breeders bring them to the World to curse 'em,
Crying they creep amongst us like young Cats.
Cares and continual Crosses keeping with 'em,
They make Time old to tend them, and Experience
An Ass, they alter so; they grow and goodly,

E'er

E'er we can turn our Thoughts, like drops of Water
They fall into the Main, are known no more;
This is the love of this World; I must tell thee,
For thou art understanding.

Sip. What you please, Sir.

Mem. And as a faithful Man:

Nay I dare trust thee,
I love the Princess.

Sip. There 'tis, that has fired him,
I knew he had some Inspiration.
But does she know it, Sir?

Mem. Yes marry does she,
I have given my Heart unto her.

Sip. If ye love her.

Mem. Nay, understand me, my Heart taken from me,
Out of my Body, Man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave Offer? There's the Love
I told thee of; and after Death, the living;
She must in Justice come Boy, ha?

Sip. Your Heart, Sir?

Mem. Ay, by all means, *Siphax*.

Sip. He loves Roast well
That eats the Spit.

Mem. And since thou art come thus fitly,
I'll do it presently and thou shalt carry it,
For thou canst tell a Story, and describe it.
And I conjure thee, *Siphax*, by thy Gentry,
Next, by the glorious Battels we have fought in,
By all the Dangers, Wounds, Heats, Colds, Distresses,
Thy Love next, and Obedience, nay thy Life.

Sip. But one thing, first, Sir, if she pleas'd to grant it,
Could ye not love her here and live? Consider.

Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I cou'd.

Sip. 'Twou'd be far nearer,
Besides the Sweets here wou'd induce the last Love
And link it in.

Mem. Thou say'st right, but our Ranks here
And Bloods are bars between us; she must stand off too,
As I perceive she does.

Sip. Desert and Duty
Makes even all, Sir.

Mem. Then the King, though I
Have merited as much as Man can, must not let her,
So many Princes covetous of her Beauty;
I wou'd with all my Heart, but 'tis impossible.

Sip. Why, say she marry after.

Mem. No, she dares not;
The Gods dare not do ill; come.

Sip. Do you mean it?

Mem. Lend me thy Knife, and help me off.

Sip. For Heav'n sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear General.

Mem. Dispatch, I say.

Sip. As ye love that ye look for,
Heav'n and the blessed Life.

Mem. Hell take thee, Coxcomb,
Why dost thou keep me from it? Thy Knife, I say.

Sip. Do but this one thing, on my Knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours 'till I return again.

For I will to her, tell her all your Merits,
Your most unvalu'd Love, and last your Danger;
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if she frown——

Mem. Shall I be sure to know it?

Sip. As I live, Sir,
My quick return shall either bring ye Fortune,
Or leave you to your own Fate.

Mem. Two hours?

Sip. Yes, Sir.

Mem. Let it be kept, away, I will expect it.

[*Exe. Mem. and Sip.*]

Enter Chilax, Fool and Boy.

Chi. You dainty Wits? Two of ye to a Cater,
To cheat him of a Dinner?

Boy. Ten at Court, Sir,
Are few enough, they are as wise as we are.

Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where,
I never make that part of want, preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list.

Fool.

Fool. Your Patience,
'Tis a hard Day at Court, a fish Day.

Cbi. So it seems, Sir,
The Fins grow out of thy Face.

Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear Custard,
Or a Mess of Rice ap *Thomas*, needs a main Wit;
Beef we can bear before us lined with Brewes
And tubs of Pork; vociferating Veals,
And Tongues that ne'er told Lie yet.

Cbi. Line thy Mouth with 'em.

Fool. Thou hast need, and great need,
For these finny Fish-days,
The Officers Understandings are so flegmatick,
They cannot apprehend us.

Cbi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and being apprehended
The whip to boot; Boy, what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch, Boy.

Enter Stremon, and his Boy.

Boy. As I am virtuous,
What, Thieves amongst our selves?

Cbi. *Stremon.*

Stre. Lieutenant.

Cbi. Welcome ashore, ashore.

Fool. What, *Monsieur Musick*?

Stre. My fine Fool.

Boy. Fellow *Crack*, why what a Consort
Are we now blest withal?

Fool. Fooling and fidling,
Nay and we live not now, Boys; what new Songs, Sirrah?

Stre. A thousand, Man, a thousand.

Fool. Itching Airs
Alluding to the old sport.

Stre. Of all sizes.

Fool. And how does small *Tim Treble* here; the Heart

2 *Boy.* To do you service.

Fool. O *Tym*, the Times, the Times, *Tym*.

Stre. How does the General,
And next, what *Mony's* stirring?

Cbi.

Cbi. For the General
He's here, but such a General!
'The Time's chang'd, *Stremon*,
He was the liberal General, and the loving,
The Feeder of a Soldier, and the Father,
But now become the stupid'st.

Stre. Why, what ails he?

Cbi. Nay, if a Horse knew, and his Head's big enough,
I'll hang for't; didst thou ever see a Dog
Run mad o'th' Tooth-ach, such another toy
Is he now, so he glotes, and grins, and bites.

Fool. Why hang him quickly,
And then he cannot hurt Folks.

Cbi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour:
I tell thee, *Stremon*, h'as a stirring Soul,
Whatever it attempts or labours at
Wou'd wear out twenty Bodies in another.

Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but Buckram,
He wou'd bounce that out in two hours.

Cbi. Then he talks
The strangest and the maddest stuff from Reason,
Or any thing ye offer; stand thou there,
I'll show thee how he is; for I'll play *Memnon*
The strangest General that e'er thou heardst of, *Stremon*.

Stre. My Lord.

Cbi. Go presently and find me
A black Horse with a blue Tail; bid the blank Cornet
Charge through the Sea, and sink the Navy; softly,
Our Souls are things not to be waken'd in us
With larums, and loud bawlings, for in *Elyzium*,
Stilness and Quietness, and Sweetness, Sirrah,
I will have, for it much concerns mine Honour,
Such a strong Reputation for my welcome
As all the World shall say: For in the Forefront
So many on white Unicorns, next them
My Gentlemen, my Cavaliers and Captains,
Ten deep and trapt with Tenter-hooks to take hold
Of all occasions: For *Friday* cannot fish out
The end I aim at; tell me of *Diocles*,

And

And what he dares do? Dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in his Hand? In his left——Fool——

Fool. Yes, Sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i'th' Air, fly swiftly
To that place where the Sun sets, there deliver.

Fool. Deliver? What, Sir?

Chi. This Sir, this ye Slave, Sir, [All laugh.
Death ye rude Rogues, ye Scarabe's.

Fool. Hold for Heav'n's sake, Lieutenant, sweet Lieu-

Chi. I have done, Sir. (tenant.

Boy. You have wrung his Neck off.

Chi. No Boy, 'tis the nature
Of this strange Passion when't hits, to hale People
Along by th' Hair, to kick 'em, break their Heads.

Fool. Doye call this Acting, was your Part to beat me?

Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.

Fool. Plague act ye,
I'll act no more.

Stre. 'Tis but to shew Man.

Fool. Then Man
He should have shew'd it only, and not done it,
I am sure he beat me beyond Action,
Gouts o' your heavy Fist.

Chi. I'll have thee to him,
Thou hast a fine Wit, fine Fool, and canst play rarely.
He'll hug thee, Boy, and stroke thee.

Fool. I'll to the Stocks first,
E'er I be strok'd thus.

Stre. But how came he, *Chilax*?

Chi. I know not that.

Stre. I'll to him.

Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee sing; much taken
He has been with thy battel Songs.

Stre. If M sick
Can find his Madnefs; I'll so fiddle him,
That out it shall by th' Shoulders.

Chi. My fine Fidler,
He'll firk you and ye take not heed too: 'Twill be rare sport
To see his own Trade triumph over him;

His

His Lute lac'd to his Head, for creeping Hedges;
 For Mony there's none stirring; try good *Stremon*
 Now what your Silver sound can do; our Voices
 Are but vain Echoes.

Stre. Something shall be done
 Shall make him understand all; let's to th' Tavern,
 I have some few Crowns left yet: My whistle wet once
 I'll pipe him such a Paven——

Chi. Hold thy Head up,
 I'll cure it with a quart of Wine; come Coxcomb,
 Come Boy take heed of Napkins.

Fool. You'd no more acting?

Chi. No more, Chicken.

Fool. Go then.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Siphax at one Door, and a Gentleman at the other.

Sip. God save you Sir; pray how might I see the Princess?

Gent. Why very fitly, Sir, she's even now ready
 To walk out this way into th' Park; stand there,
 Ye cannot miss her sight, Sir.

Sip. I much thank ye.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Cal. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye, Wenches,
 I wou'd not meet him willingly again;
 For though I do not fear him, yet his fashion
 I wou'd not be acquainted much with.

Clè. Gentle Lady,
 Ye need not fear, the Walks are view'd and empty;
 But methinks, Madam, this kind Heart of his——

Lucip. He's slow a coming.

Sip. Keep me, ye blest Angels,
 What killing power is this?

Cal. Why, dost thou look for't?
 Dost think he spoke in earnest?

Lucip. Methinks, Madam,
 A Gentleman shou'd keep his Word; and to a Lady,
 A Lady of your Excellencies.

Cal. Out Fool!
 Send me his Heart? What should we do with't? Dance it?

Lucip. Dry it and drink it for the Worms.

Cal. Who's that?

What

What Man stands there?

Cle. Where?

Cal. There.

Cle. A Gentleman,

Which I beseech your Grace to honour so much,
As know him for your Servant's Brother.

Cal. *Siphax*?

Cle. The same an't please your Grace; what does he here?
Upon what business? And I ignorant?

Cal. He's grown a handsome Gentleman: Good *Siphax*
You're welcome from the Wars, would ye with us, Sir?
Pray speak your Will: He blushes; be not fearful,
I can assure ye for your Sister's sake, Sir,
There's my Hand on it.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir?

Cal. Sure these Soldiers are all grown senseless.

Cle. Do you know where ye are, Sir?

Cal. Tongue tyed,

He looks not well too, by my Life, I think——

Cle. Speak, for shame speak.

Lucip. A Man wou'd speak——

Cal. These Soldiers

Are all dull Saints: Consider and take time, Sir;
Let's forward, Wenches, come, his Palat's down. (lets,

Lucip. Dare these Men charge i' th' face of Fire and Bul-
And hang their Heads down at a handsome Woman?
Good Master *Mars*, that's a foul fault. [*Ex. Cal. and Lucip.*

Cle. Fie Beast,

No more my Brother.

Sip. Sister, honour'd Sister.

Cle. Dishonour'd Fool.

Sip. I do confess.

Cle. Fie on thee.

Sip. But stay till I deliver.

Cle. Let me go, I am ashamed to own thee.

Sip. Fare ye well then, ye must ne'er see me more.

Cle. Why stay, dear *Siphax*.

My Anger's past; I will hear ye speak.

Sip. O Sister!

Cle.

Cle. Out with it, Man.

Sip. O I have drunk my Mischief.

Cle. Ha? What?

Sip. My Destruction.

In all mine Eyes I have drunk it; O the Princess,
The rare sweet Princess!

Cle. How Fool? The rare Princess?
Was it the Princess that thou saidst?

Sip. The Princess.

Cle. Thou dost not love her sure, thou dar'st not.

Sip. Yes, by Heav'n.

Cle. Yes, by Heav'n? I know thou dar'st not.
The Princess? 'Tis thy Life the Knowledge of it,
Presumption that will draw it into all thy Kindred,
And leave 'em Slaves and Succourless. The Princess?
Why she's a sacred thing to see and worship,
Fixt from us as the Sun is, high, and glorious,
To be ador'd, not doted on; desire things possible,
Thou foolish young Man, nourish not a Hope
Will hale thy Heart out.

Sip. 'Tis my Destiny,
And I know both Disgrace and Death will quit it,
If it be known.

Cle. Pursue it not then, *Siphax*,
Get thee good wholsom Thoughts may nourish thee,
Go home and Pray,

Sip. I cannot.

Cle. Sleep then, *Siphax*,
And dream away thy Doting.

Sip. I must have her,
Or you no more your Brother; work *Cleantbe*,
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die, Wench

Cle. Die then, I dare forget; farewell.

Sip. Farewel, Sister.

Farewel for ever, see me buried.

Cle. Stay.

Pray stay: He's all my Brothers. No way, *Siphax*,
No other Woman?

Sip. None, none, she or sinking.

Cle. Go and hope well, my Life I'll venture for thee
And

And all my Art, a Woman may work Miracles;
No more, pray heartily against my Fortunes,
For much I fear a main one.

Sip. I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter a Priestess of Venus, and a Boy.

Pri. Find him by any means; and good Child tell him
He has forgot his old Friend, give him this,
And say this Night without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a Friend, come to me,
He knows the way, and how; begon.

Boy. I Gallop.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.

Priest. The fair *Cleanthe*,

What may your business be?

Cle. O holy Mother

Such business, of such strange weight, now or never.

As ye have lov'd me, as ye do or may do,

When I shall find a fit time.

Priest. If by my means

Your business may be fitted; ye know me,

And how I am tied unto you; be bold, Daughter,

To build your best Hopes.

Cle. O but 'tis a strange one,

Stuck with as many Dangers——

Priest. There's the working,

Small things perform themselves and give no Pleasures;

Be confident, through Death I'll serve.

Cle. Here. *Priest.* Fie, no Corruption.

Cle. Take it; 'tis yours,

And Goodness is no gall to th' Conscience;

I know ye have ways to vent it: Ye may hold it.

Priest. I'll keep it for ye; when?

Cle. To Morrow Morning

I'll

I'll visit ye again; and when Occasion
Offers it self——

Priest. Instruct me, and have at ye.

Cle. Farewel till then; be sure.

Priest. As your own Thoughts, Lady.

Cle. 'Tis a main Work, and full of Fear. [Exit Cle.

Priest. Fools only

Make their effects seem fearful; farewel, Daughter.
This Gold was well got for my old tuff Soldier,
Now I shall be his sweet again; what business
Is this she has a-foot? Some lusty Lover
Beyond her Line, the young Wench wou'd fain piddle,
A little to revive her must be thought of,
'Tis e'en so, she must have it; but how by my means,
A Devil, can she drive it? I that wait still
Before the Goddess, giving Oracle,
How can I profit her? 'Tis her own Project,
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it. [Exit.

Enter Polydore, Eumenes, Captains, and Stremon.

Pol. Why, this is utter Madneſs.

Eum. Thus it is, Sir.

Pol. Only the Princess fight?

1 Cap. All we can judge at.

Pol. This must be lookt to timely.

Eum. Yes, and wisely.

Pol. He does not offer at his Life?

Eum. Not yet, Sir,

That we can hear of.

Pol. Noble Gentlemen,

Let me entreat your Watches over him,

Ye cannot do a worthier Work.

2 Cap. We came, Sir,

Provided for that Service.

Pol. Where is *Chilax*?

Stre. A little busie, Sir.

Pol. Is the Fool and Boy here?

Stre. They are, Sir.

Enter Memnon.

Pol. Let 'em be still so; and as they find his humours.

Eum. Now ye may behold him.

Pol.

Pol. Stand close, and make no Noise ;
By his Eyes now, Gentlemen,
I guess him full of Anger.

Eum. Be not seen there.

Mem. The hour's past long ago, he's false, and fearful ;
Coward, go with thy Caitive Soul, thou Cur Dog,
Thou cold Clod, Wild-fire warm thee, monstrous fearful,
I know the Slave shakes but to think on't.

Pol. Who's that ?

Eum. I know not, Sir.

Mem. But I shall catch ye, Rascal,
Your mangy Soul is not immortal here, Sir,
Ye must die, and we must meet ; we must, Maggot,
Be sure we must, for not a Nook of Hell,
Not the most horrid Pit shall harbour thee ;
The Devil's Tail shan't hide thee, but I'll have thee,
And how I'll use thee ? Whips of Firebrands :
Tosting thy Tail against a flame of Wild-fire,
And basting it with Brimstone, shall be nothing,
Nothing at all ; I'll teach ye to be treacherous :
Was never Slave so swing'd since Hell was Hell
As I will swinge thy Slave's Soul ; and be sure on't.

Pol. Is this Imagination, or some Circumstance ?
For 'tis extream strange.

Eum. So is all he does, Sir. (the Surgeon ?)

Mem. Till then I'll leave ye ; who's there ? Where's
Demagoras ?

Dem. My Lord.

Mem. Bring the Surgeon : And wait you too.

Enter Surgeon.

Pol. What wou'd he with a Surgeon ?

Eum. Things mustering in his Head : Pray mark,

Mem. Come hither,
Have you brought your Instruments ?

Sur. They are within, Sir.

Mem. Put to the Doors a while there ; ye can incise
To a Hairs breadth without Defacing ?

Sur. Yes, Sir.

Mem. And take out fairly from the Flesh ?

Sur. The least thing.

V O L. II.

E c

Mem.

Mem. Well, come hither; take off my Doublet,
For look ye Surgeon, I must have ye cut
My Heart out here, and handsomly: Nay, stare not,
Nor do not start; I'll cut your Throat else, Surgeon,
Come swear to do it.

Sur. Good Sir——

Mem. Sirrah, hold him,
I'll have but one blow at his Head.

Sur. I'll do it,
Why what should we do living after you, Sir?
We'll Die before, if ye please.

Mem. No, no.

Sur. Living? Hang living.
Is there ne'er a Cat-hole where I may creep through?
Wou'd I were in the *Indies*. [*Aside*]

Mem. Swear then, and after my Death presently
To kill your selves and follow, as ye are honest,
As ye have Faiths, and Loves to me.

Dem. We'll do it.

Eum. Pray do not stir yet, we are near enough
To run between all Dangers.

Mem. Here I am, Sir;
Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly,
Fear nothing, but cut home; if your Hand shake, Sirrah,
Or any way deface my Heart i'th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, shewing all the Points, Surgeon,
The Honour and the Valour of the Owner,
Mixt with the most immaculate Love I send it,
Look to't, I'll slice thee to the Soul.

Sur. Ne'er fear, Sir,
I'll do it daintily. Wou'd I were out once.

Mem. I will not have ye smile, Sirrah, when ye do it,
Asthough ye cut a Lady's Corn; 'tis scurvy:
Do me it as thou dost my Pray'rs, seriously.

Sur. I'll do it in a dump, Sir.

Mem. In a Dog, Sir,
I'll have no Dumps, nor Dumplins; fetch your Tools,
And then I'll tell ye more.

Sur. If I return

To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.

Mem. Quick, quick.

Dem. Yes Sir, ———

With all the Heels we have. [*Exeunt Surgeon, and Demas.*]

Eum. Yet stand.

Pol. He'll do it.

Eum. He cannot, and we here

Mem. Why when ye Rascals,
Ye dull Slaves: Will ye come, Sir? Surgeon, Syringe,
Dog-leach, shall I come fetch ye?

Pol. Now I'll to him.

God save ye, honour'd Brother:

Mem. My dear Polydore,

Welcome from Travel, welcome; and how do ye?

Pol. Well Sir; wou'd you were so.

Mem. I am, I thank ye.

You are a better'd Man much, I the same still,

An old rude Soldier, Sir.

Pol. Pray be plain, Brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this Vision,

For to me it appears no more: So far

From common Course and Reason.

Mem. Thank thee, Fortune,
At length I have found the Man, the Man must do it,
The Man in Honour bound.

Pol. To do what?

Mem. Hark, for I will bless ye with the Circumstance
Of that weak Shadow that appear'd.

Pol. Speak on, Sir.

Mem. It is no Story for all Ears. [*Walks, with him.*]

Pol. The Princess?

Mem. Peace, and hear all.

[*Whispers.*]

Pol. How?

Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous, he starts so at it.

Pol. Your Heart? Do you know, Sir?

Mem. Yes, pray thee be softer.

Pol. Me to do it?

Mem. Only reserv'd, and dedicated.

Pol. For shame, Brother,

Know what ye are, a Man.

Mem. None of your *Athens*,
Good sweet Sir, no Philosophy, thou feel'st not
The honourable end, Fool.

Pol. I am sure I feel
The shame and scorn that follows; have ye serv'd thus long
The glory of your Country, in your Conquests?
The envy of your Neighbours, in your Virtues?
Rul'd Armies of your own, giv'n Laws to Nations,
Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy *Memnon*,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously
To fling away your Fortune? Where's your Wisdom?
Where's that you govern'd others by, Discretion?
Do's your Rule lastly hold upon your self? Fie Brother,
How ye are faln? Get up into your Honour,
The top branch of your Bravery, and from thence,
Look and behold how little *Memnon* seems now.

Mem. Hum! 'Tis well spoken; but dost thou think, young
The Tongues of Angels from my happiness (Scholar,
Cou'd turn the end I aim at? No, they cannot.
This is no Book-case, Brother; will ye do it?
Use no more Art, I am resolv'd.

Pol. Ye may, Sir,
Command me to do any thing that's honest,
And for your noble end: But this, it carries——

Mem. Ye shall not be so honour'd; live an Ass still,
And learn to spell for Profit: Go, go study.

Eum. Ye must not hold him up so, he is lost then,

Mem. Get thee to School again, and talk of Turnips,
And find the natural Cause out, why a Dog
Turns thrice about e'er he lies down: There's Learning.

Pol. Come, I will do it now; 'tis brave, I find it,
And now allow the Reason.

Mem. O do you so, Sir?
Do ye find it currant?

Pol. Yes, yes, excellent.

Mem. I told ye.

Pol. I was foolish: I have here too

The rarest way to find the Truth out; hark ye?
Ye shall be rul'd by me.

Mem. It will be: But——

Pol. I reach it,

If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll both go.
But two Days, and 'tis thus; ha?

Mem. 'Twill do well so.

Pol. Then is't not excellent, do ye conceive it?

Mem. 'Twill work for certain.

Pol. O 'twill tickle her,

And you shall know then by a Line.

Mem. I like it,

But let me not be fool'd again.

Pol. Doubt nothing,

You do me wrong then, get ye in there private

As I have taught ye. *Basta.*

Mem. Work.

[Exit Memnon.

Pol. I will do.

Eum. Have ye found the Cause?

Pol. Yes, and the strangest, Gentlemen,

That e'er I heard of, anon I'll tell ye: *Stremon,*

Be you still near him to affect his Fancy,

And keep his Thoughts off: Let the Fool and Boy

Stay him, they may do some pleasure too. *Eumenes,*

What if he had a Wench, a handsome Whore brought,

Rarely drest up, and taught to state it?

Eum. Well Sir.

Pol. His Cause is meerly Heat: And made believe

It were the Princess mad for him?

Eum. I think

'Twere not amiss.

1 *Cap.* And let him kiss her.

Pol. What else?

(Wholesome

2 *Cap.* I'll be his Bawd an't please you, Young and
I can assure ye he shall have.

Eum. Faith let him.

Pol. He shall, I hope 'twill help him; walk a little,
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my Project,
In which you may be Mourners; but by all means

Stir not you from him, *Stremon*.

Stre. On our Lives, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Priests, and Chilax.

Priest. O you're a precious Man? Two days in Town
And never see your old Friend?

Chi. Prithee pardon me.

Priest. And in my Conscience, if I had not sent.

Chi. No more, I wou'd ha' come; I must.

Priest. I find ye,

God-a-mercy want, ye never care for me

But when your Slops are empty.

Chi. Ne'er fear that, Wench;

Shall find good currant Coin still; Is this the old House?

Priest. Have ye fogort it?

Chi. And the Door still standing
That goes into the Temple?

Priest. Still.

Chi. The Robes too,

That I was wont to shift in here?

Priest. All here still.

(through?)

Chi. Oye tuff Rogue, what Troubles have I trotted
What fears and frights? Every poor Mouse a Monster
That I heard stir, and every Stick I trod on
A sharp Sting to my Conscience.

Priest. 'Las poor Conscience.

Chi. And all to liquor thy old Boots, Wench.

Priest. Out Beast: How you talk?

Chi. I am old, Wench,

And talking to an old Man is like a Stomacher,
It keeps his Blood warm.

Priest. But pray tell me?

Chi. Any thing.

(sure?)

Priest. Where did the Boy meet with ye? At a Wench
At one end of a Wench, a Cup of Wine, sure?

Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.

Priest. That's your Fault,
And that the Surgeon knows,

Chi. Then farewell,
I will not fail ye soon.

Priest.

Priest. Ye shall stay Supper;
I have sworn ye shall, by this ye shall.

Chi. I will, Wench;
But after Supper for an Hour, my business.

Priest. And but an Hour?

Chi. No by this Kiss, that ended
I will return, and all Night in thine Arms, Wench. (time.)

Priest. Nomore, I'll take your meaning; come, 'tis Supper
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, and Lucippe.

Cal. Thou art not well.

Cle. Your Grace sees more a great deal
Than I feel. (Yet I lie) O Brother!

Cal. Mark her,
Is not the quickness of her Eye consum'd, Wench?
The lively red and white?

Lucip. Nay she is much alter'd,
That on my understanding, all her Sleeps, Lady,
Which were as sound and sweet ———

Cle. Pray do not force me,
Good Madam, where I am not, to be ill;
Conceit's a double Sickness; on my Faith your Highness
Is meer mistaken in me.

[*A Dead March within of Drum and Sagbuts.*]

Cal. I am glad on't.
Yet this I have ever noted, when thou wast thus,
It still forerun some strange Event: My Sister
Died when thou wast thus last: Hark, hark, ho,
What mournful Noise is this comes creeping forward?
Still it grows nearer, nearer, do ye hear it?

Enter Polydor, and Captains, Eumenes Mourning.

Lucip. It seems some Soldier's Funeral: See, it enters.

Cal. What may it mean?

Pol. The Gods keep ye, fair *Calis*. (us;

Cal. This Man can speak, and well; he stands and views
Wou'd I were ne'er worse look'd upon: How humbly
His Eyes are cast now to the Earth! Pray mark him,
And mark how rarely he has rankt his Troubles:
See now he weeps; they all weep; a sweeter Sorrow
I never look'd upor, nor one that braver
Became his Grief. Your Will with us?

Pol. Great Lady,———
Excellent Beauty.

[*Plucks out the Cup.*]

Cal. He speaks handsomely.
What a rare Rhetorician his Grief plays!
That stop was admirable.

Pol. See, see thou Princess,
Thou great Commander of all Hearts.

Cal. I have found it, oh how my Soul shakes!

Pol. See, see the noble Heart
Of him that was the noblest: See, and glory
(Like the proud God himself) in what thou hast purchas'd,
Behold the Heart of *Memnon*: Does it start ye?

Cal. Good Gods, what has his wildness done?

Pol. Look boldly,
You boldly said you durst; look, wretched Woman,
Nay fly not back, fair Folly, 'tis too late now,
Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to Death here,
Take it, the Legacy of Love bequeath'd ye,
Of cruel Love, a cruel Legacy;
What was the will that wrought it then? Can ye weep?
Imbalm it in your truest Tears
If Women can weep a Truth, or ever Sorrow sunk yet
Into the Soul of your Sex, for 'tis a Jewel
The World's worth cannot weigh down,
Take it, Lady; and with it all (I dare not curse) my Sor-
And may they turn to Serpents. (rows,

Eum. How she looks
Still upon him! See now a Tear steals from her.

2 Cap. But still she keeps her Eye firm.

Pol. Next read this:
But since I see your Spirit somewhat troubled
I'll do it for ye.

2 Cap. Still she eyes him mainly.

Pol. Go, happy Heart, for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her for whom I Die,
Example of her Cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness in her Pride,
That it was for her I dy'd.

If

*If a Tear escape her Eye,
'Tis not for my Memory,
But thy Rights of Obsequy.*

*The Altar was my loving Breast,
My Heart the sacrificed Beast,
And I was my self the Priest.*

*Your Body was the sacred Shrine,
Your cruel Mind the Power Divine,
Pleas'd with Hearts of Men, not Mine.*

Eum. Now it pours down.

Pol. I like it rarely : Lady.

Eum. How greedily she swallows up his Language?

2 Capt. Her Eye inhabits on him.

Pol. Cruel Lady,

Great as your Beauty scornful; had your Pow'r
But equal poise on all Hearts, all Hearts perish'd;
But *Cupid* has more Shafts than one, more Flames too,
And now he must be open-ey'd, 'tis Justice:
Live to enjoy your longing ; live and laugh at
The Losses and the Miseries we suffer;
Live to be spoken when your Cruelty
Has cut off all the Virtue from this Kingdom,
Turn'd Honour into Earth, and faithful Service.

Cal. I swear his Anger's excellent.

Pol. Truth, and most try'd Love,
Into Disdain and Downfall.

Cal. Still more pleasing.

Pol. Live then, I say, famous for civil Slaughters,
Live and lay out your Triumphs, gild your Glories,
Live and be spoken this is she, this Lady,
This goodly Lady, yet most killing Beauty,
This with the two-edg'd Eyes, the Heart for hardness
Outdoing Rocks ; and Coldness, Rocks of Crystal.
This with the swelling Soul, more coy of Courtship,
Than the proud Sea is when the Shores embrace him;
Live till the Mothers find ye, read your Story,
And sow their barren Curses on your Beauty,
Till those that have enjoy'd their Loves despise ye,

Till

Till Virgins pray against ye, old Age find ye,
 And ev'n as wasted Coals glow in their dying,
 So may the Gods reward ye in your Ashes.
 But y'are the Sister of my King; more Prophecies
 Else I shou'd utter of ye, true Loves and Loyal
 Bless themselves ever from ye. So I leave ye.

Cal. Prethee be angry still, young Man: Good fair Sir,
 Chide me again. What wou'd this Man do pleas'd,
 That in his Passion can bewitch Souls? Stay.

Eum. Upon my Life she loves him.

Cal. Pray stay. *Pol.* No.

Cal. I do command ye.

Pol. No, ye cannot, Lady,
 I have a spell against ye, Faith and Reason,
 Ye are too weak to reach me: I have a Heart too,
 But not for Hawks Meat, Lady.

Cal. Even for Charity
 Leave me not thus afflicted: You can teach me.

Pol. How can you preach that Charity to others
 That in your own Soul are an Atheist,
 Believing neither Pow'r nor Fear? I trouble ye,
 The Gods be good unto ye.

Cal. Amen.

[*She Swoons.*]

Luc. Lady.

Cel. O Royal Madam! Gentlemen, for Heav'n sake!

[*They come back.*]

Pol. Give her fresh Air, she comes again: Away, Sirs,
 And here stand close till we perceive the working.

Eum. Ye have undone all.

Pol. So I fear.

2 Cap. She loves ye.

Eum. And then all Hope's lost this way.

Pol. Peace, she rises.

Cle. Now for my purpose, Fortune.

Cal. Where's the Gentleman?

Luc. Gone, Madam.

Cal. Why gone?

Luc. H'as dispatch'd his business.

Cal. He came to speak with me,
 He did.

Cle. He did not.

Cal.

Cal. For I had many Questions.

Lucip. On my Faith, Madam, he
Talk'd a great while to ye.

Cal. Thou conceiv'st not,
He talk'd not as he shou'd do; O my Heart
Away with that sad Sight; Didst thou e'er love me?

Lucip. Why do you make that Question?

Cal. If thou didst,
Run, run Wench, run: Nay see how thou stirst.

Lucip. Whither?

Cal. If 'twere for any thing to please thy self
Thou wou'dst run toth' Devil: But I am grown----

Cle. Fie Lady.

Cal. I ask none of your Fortunes, nor your Loves,
None of your bent Desires I slack, ye are not
In love with all Men, are ye? one for shame
You will leave your honour'd Mistress? why do ye stare
What is that ye see about me, tell me? (so?
Lord what am I become? I am not wild, sure,
Heav'n keep that from me: O Cleanthe help me,
Or I am sunk to Death (against ye,

Cle. Ye have offended, and mightily; Love is incens'd
And therefore take my Counsel; to the Temple,
For that's the speediest Physick: Before the Goddess
Give your repentant Prayers: Ask her Will,
And from the Oracle attend your Sentence,
She is mild and merciful

Cal. I will: O Venus
Even as thou lov'st thy self!

Cle. Now for my Fortune. [*Exeunt Cal. and Women.*

Pol. What shall I do?

1 Capt. Why make your self.

Pol. I dare not,
No Gentlemen, I dare not be a Villain,
Though her bright Beauty wou'd entice an Angel.
I will toth' King, my last hope. Get him a Woman,
As we before concluded; and as ye pass
Give out the Spartans are in Arms; and terrible;
And let some Letters to that end be feign'd too
And sent to you, some Posts too to the General;

And

And let me work : Be near him still.

Eum. We will, Sir.

Pol. Farewel: And pray for all. What e'er I will ye
Do it, and hope a fair end.

Eum. The Gods speed ye. [Exeunt.

Enter Stremon, Fool, Boy, and Servants.

Serv. He lies quiet.

Strem. Let him lye, and as I told ye
Make ready for this Shew : H'as divers times
Been calling upon *Orpheus* to appear
And shew the Joys: Now I will be that *Orpheus*,
And as I play and sing, like Beasts and Trees
I wou'd have you shap'd and enter: Thou a Dog, Fool,
I have sent about your Sutes: The Boy a Bush,
An As you, you a Lion.

Fool. I a Dog?

I'll fit you for a Dog: Bow wow.

Strem. 'Tis excellent,
Steal in and make no noise.

Fool. Bow wow.

Strem. Away Rogue. [Exeunt.

Enter Priestess, and Chilax.

Priest. Good sweet Friend be not long,

Chi. Thou think'st each Hour ten
Till I be ferreting.

Priest. You know I love ye

Chi. I will not be above an Hour; let thy Robe be ready,
And the Door be kept.

[Cleanthe knocks within.

Priest. Who knocks there?
Yet more business?

Enter Cleanthe.

Chi. Have ye more Pensioners? the Princess Woman?
Nay then I'll stay a little; what Game's a foot now?

Cle. Now is the time.

Chi. A rank Bawd by this Hand too,
She grinds o'both sides: Hey Boys.

Priest. How, your Brother *Sipbax*?
Loves he the Princess?

Cle. Deadly, and you know

He is a Gentleman descended nobly.

Chi. But a rank Knave as ever pist.

Cle. Hold Mother,

Here's more Gold, and some Jewels.

Chi. Here's Villany!

I am glad I came toth' hearing.

Priest. Alas, Daughter,

What would ye have me do?

Chi. Hold off, ye old Whore;

There's more Gold coming; all's mine, all.

Cle. Do ye shrink now?

Did ye not promise faithfully, and told me

Through any Danger?

Priest. Any I can wade through.

Cle. Ye shall and easily, the Sin not seen neither,

Here's for a better Stole, and a new Vail, Mother:

Come, ye shall be my Friend.

Chi. If all hit, hang me,

I'll make ye richer than the Goddess.

Priest. Say then,

I am yours, what must I do?

Cle. I'th' Morning,

But very early, will the Princess visit

The Temple of the Goddess, being troubled

With strange things that distract her: From the Oracle

(Being strongly too in love) she will demand

The Goddess Pleasure, and a Man to cure her.

That Oracle you give: Describe my Brother,

You know him perfectly.

Priest. I have seen him often.

(with

Cle. And charge her take the next Man she shall meet

When she comes out: You understand me.

Priest. Well.

Cle. Which shall be he attending; this is all,

And easily without suspicion ended,

Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heav'n that does it,

And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it?

The Venture is most easie.

Priest. I will do it.

Cle. As ye shall prosper?

Priest.

Priest. As I shall prosper.

Cle. Take this too, and farewell; but first hark hither.

Chi. What a young Whore's this to betray her Mistress?

A thousand Cuckolds shall that Husband be
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I'll put a Spoak among your Wheels.

Cle. Be constant.

Priest. 'Tis done.

Chi. I'll do no more at drop shot then. [*Exit Chilax.*]

Priest. Farewel, Wench. [*Exeunt Priest and Cleanthe.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter a Servant, and Stremon at the Door.

Serv. HE stirs, he stirs.

Stremon. Let him, I am ready for him,
He shall not this Day perish, if his Passions
May be fed with Musick; are they ready?

Enter Memnon.

Serv. All, all: See where he comes.

Stremon. I'll be straight for him. [*Exit Stremon.*]

Enter Eumenes, and Captains.

Serv. How sad he looks and sullen! [*Stand close.*]
Here are the Captains: My Fear's past now.

Mem. Put case i'th' other World

She do not love me neither? I am old 'tis certain.

Eum. His Spirit is a little quieter.

Mem. My Blood lost, and Limbs stiff; my Embraces,
Like the cold stubborn Bark, hoary, and heatless,
My Words worse: My Fame only and Atchievements,
Which are my Strength, my Blood, my Youth, my Fashion,
Must woo her, win her, wed her; that's but Wind,
And Women are not brought to Bed with Shadows:
I do her wrong, much wrong; she is young and blessed,
Sweet as the Spring, and as his Blossoms tender,
And I a nipping North-wind, my Head hung
With Hails, and frosty Isicles: Are the Souls so too
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless?

No

No sure, 'tis ever Youth there ; Time and Death
Follow our Flesh no more : And that forc'd Opinion
That Spirits have no Sexes, I believe not.

Enter Stremon, like Orpheus.

There must be Love, there is Love: What art thou ?

S O N G.

Strem. Orpheus I am, come from the Deeps below,
To thee, fond Man, the Plagues of Love to show:
To the fair Fields where Loves Eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through Hell:
Hark and beware, unless thou hast lov'd ever,
Below'd again, thou shalt see those Joys never.

Hark how they groan that dy'd despairing,
O take heed then :
Hark how they bowl for over-daring :
All these were Men.

They that be Fools, and dye for Fame,
They lose their Name ;
And they that bleed
Hark how they speed.

Now in cold Frosts, now scorching Fires
They sit, and curse their lost Desires:
Nor shall these Souls be free from Pains and Fears,
Till Women waft them over in their Tears.

Mem. How should I know my Passage is deny'd me?
Or which of all the Devils dare ?

Eum. This Song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

S O N G.

Orph. Charon, O Charon,
Thou Waster of the Souls to Bliss or Bane.
Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?
Orph. Come near,

And

And say who lives in Joy, and who in Fear.

Cha. *Those that dye well, eternal Joy shall follow;
Those that dye ill, their own foul Fate shall swallow.*

Orph. *Shall thy black Bark those guilty Spirits stow
That kill themselves for Love?*

Cha. *O no, no,
My Cordage cracks when such great Sins are near,
No Wind blows fair, nor I my self can steer.*

Orph. *What Lovers pass and in Elyzium reign?*

Cha. *Those Gentle Loves that are below'd again.*

Orph. *This Soldier loves, and fain wou'd die to win;
Shall he go on?*

Cha. *No, 'tis too foul a Sin.
He must not come aboard: I dare not row,
Srrorms of Despair and guilty Blood will blow.*

Orph. *Shall Time release him, say?*

Cha. *No, no, no, no,
Nor Time nor Death can alter us, nor Pray'r;
My Boat is Destiny, and who then dare
But those appointed come aboard? Live still,
And Love by Reason, Mortal, not by Will.*

Orph. *And when thy Mistress shall close up rhine Eyes,*

Cha. *Then come aboard and pass;*

Orph. *Till when be wise.*

Cha. *Till when be wise.*

Eum. How still he sits: I hope this Song has setled him.

1 *Capt.* He bites his Lip, and rowles his fiery Eyes,
I fear for all this——— (yet

2 *Capt.* *Stremon*, still apply to him.

Strem. Give more room, sweetly strike, divinely
Such Strains as old Earth moves at.

Orph. The Pow'r I have both over Beast and Plant,
Thou Man alone feel'st miserable want. [Musick.
Strike you rare Spirits that attend my Will,
And lose your savage wildness by my Skill.

Enter a Mask of Beasts

This Lion was a Man of War that dy'd,
As thou wou'dst do, to gild his Lady's Pride:
This Dog a Fool that hung himself for Love:
This Ape, with daily hugging of a Glove,

Forgot

Forgot to eat and died. This goodly Tree,
An Usher that still grew before his Lady,
Wither'd at Root. This, for he cou'd not woo,
A grumbling Lawyer: This py'd Bird a Page,
That melted out because he wanted Age.
Still these lye howling on the Strygian Shore,
O love no more, O love no more. * [Exit Memnon.

Eum. He steals off silently, as though he wou'd sleep.
No more, but all be near him, feed his Fancy
Good *Stremon* still; this may lock up his Folly.
Yet Heav'n knows I much fear him. Away softly.

[Exeunt Captains.

Fool. Did I not do most doggedly?

Stre. Most rarely.

Fool. He's a brave Man, when shall we dog again?

Boy. Unty me first for God's sake, (hony *Stremon*

Fool. Help the Boy; he's in a Wood poor Child: Good
Let's have a Bear-baiting; ye shall see me play
The rarest for a single Dog: At head all;
And if I do not win immortal Glory,
Play Dog play Devil.

Stre. Peace for this time.

Fool. Prithee

Let's sing him a black Santis, then let's all howl
In our own beastly Voices; Tree keep your time,
Untye there; bow, wow, wow.

Stre. Away ye As, away.

Fool. Why let us do something
To satisfie the Gentleman, he's mad;
A Gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,
And must have Men as mad about him.

Stre. Peace,

And come in quickly, 'tis ten to one else
He'll find a staff to beat a Dog; no more words,
I'll get ye all employment; soft, soft, in all. [Exeunt.

Enter Chilax and Cloe.

Chi. When cam'st thou over, Wench?

Clo. But now this Evening,

And have been ever since looking out *Siphax*,
I'th' Wars he would have look'd me: Sure h'as gotten

V o L. II.

F f

Some

Some other Mistress?

Cbi. A thousand, Wench, a thousand,
They are as common here as Caterpillers
Among the Corn, they eat up all the Soldiers.

Clo. Are they so hungry? Yet by their leave, *Philax*,
I'll have a snatch too.

Cbi. Dost thou love him still, Wench?

Clo. Why shou'd I not? He had my Maidenhead
And all my Youth.

Cbi. Thou art come the happiest,
In the most blessed time, sweet Wench, the fittest,
If thou dar'st make thy Fortune: By this Light, *Cloe*,
And so I'll kiss thee: And if thou wilt but let me,
For 'tis well worth a kindness.

Clo. What shou'd I let ye?

Cbi. Enjoy thy Miniken.

Clo. Thou art still old *Chilax*.

Cbi. Still, still, and ever shall be: If, I say, (Wench,
Thou wo't strike the stroke: I cannot do much harm,

Clo. Nor much good.

Cbi. *Siphax* shall be thy Husband,
Thy very Husband, Woman, thy Fool, thy Cuckold,
Or what thou wilt make him: I am over-joy'd,
Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this Fortune; kiss me,
Or I shall lose my self.

Clo. My Husband, said ye?

Cbi. Said I? And will say, *Cloe*: Nay, and do it,
And do it home too; Peg thee as close to him
As Birds are with a Pin to one another;
I have it, I can do it: Thou want'st Cloaths too,
And he'll be hang'd unless he marry thee
E'er he maintain thee: Now he has Ladies, Courtiers
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We are taken up for Threshers. Will ye bite?

Clo. Yes.

Cbi. And let me——

Clo. Yes, and let ye——

Cbi. What!

Clo. Why that ye wot of.

Cbi. I cannot stay, take your Instructions

And

And something toward Household, come, whatever
I shall advise ye, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I point ye; for I'll tell ye
A strange way you must wade through.

Clo. Fear not me, Sir.

Chi. Come then, and let's dispatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one,
Besides more Water for another Mill,
An old weak over-shot I must provide for,
There's an old Nunnery at hand.

Clo. What's that?

Chi. A bawdy House.

Clo. A pox consume it.

Chi. If the Stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the Flesh lives in it,
Your Curse came handsomly: Fear not, there's Ladies,
And other good sad People: Your pinkt Citizens
Think it no shame to shake a Sheet there: Come, Wench.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.

Cle. A Soldier and so fearful?

Sip. Can ye blame me;
When such a weight lies on me?

Cle. Fye upon ye,
I tell ye, ye shall have her: Have her safely,
And for your Wife; with her own Will.

Sip. Good Sister——

Cle. What a distrustful Man are you? To morrow,
To morrow Morning——

Sip. Is it possible?
Can there be such a Happiness?

Cle. Why hang me
If then ye be not married: If to morrow Night
Ye do not——

Sip. O dear Sister——

Cle. What ye wou'd do,
What ye desire to do; lye with her: Devil,
What a dull Man are you?

Sip. Nay I believe now,
And shall she love me?

Cle. As her Life, and stroke ye.

Sip. O I will be her Servant.

Cle. 'Tis your Duty.

Sip. And she shall have her whole Will.

Cle. Yes 'tis reason,

She is a Princess, and by that Rule boundless.

Sip. What wou'd you be? For I wou'd have ye, Sister,
Chuse some great Place about us: As her Woman
Is not so fit.

Cle. No, no, I shall find Places.

Sip. And yet to be a Lady of her Bed-chamber
I hold not so fit neither,
Some great Title, believe it, shall be look'd out.

Cle. Ye may, a Dutcheß
Or such a Toy, a small thing pleases me, Sir.

Sip. What you will, Sister: If a neighbour Prince,
When we shall come to reign——

Cle. We shall think on't,
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest; within this half hour
The Princess will be going, 'tis almost Morning,
Away and mind your business.

Sip. Fortune blefs us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Polydor and Lords.

Pol. I do beseech your Grace to banish me.

King. Why, Gentleman, is she not worthy Marriage?

Pol. Most worthy, Sir, where Worth again shall meet
But I like thick Clouds sailing slow and heavy, (her,
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her.
I dare not be a Traitor; and 'tis Treason,

But to imagine. As you love your Honour——

King. 'Tis her first Maiden doting, and if crost,
I know it kills her.

1 Lord. How knows your Grace she loves him?

King. Her Woman told me all (beside his story)
Her Maid *Lucippe*, on what reason too,
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.

Pol. Sir,

Ev'n by your Wisdom; by that great Discretion
Ye owe to Rule and Order——

2 *Lord.*

2 Lord. This Man's mad sure,
To plead against his Fortune——

1 Lord. And the King too,
Willing to have it so?

Pol. By those dead Princes
From whose Descents ye stand a Star admir'd at,
Lay not so base a lay upon your Virtues;
Take heed, for Honour's sake take heed: The Bramble
No wise Man ever planted by the Rose,
It cankers all her Beauty; nor the Vine,
When her full Blushes court the Sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton Ivy. Good my Lords,
Who builds a Monument, the Basis Jasper,
And the main Body Brick?

2 Lord. Ye wrong your Worth,
Ye are a Gentleman descended nobly.

1 Lord. In both Bloods truly noble.

King. Say ye were not,
My Will can make ye so.

Pol. No, never, never;
'Tis not Descent, nor Will of Princes does it,
'Tis Virtue which I want, 'tis Temperance,
Man, honest Man: Is't fit your Majesty
Should call my Drunkenness, my Rashness, Brother?
Or such a blessed Maid my breach of Faith,
(For I am most lascivious) and fell Angers
In which I am also mischievous, her Husband?
O Gods preserve her! I am wild as Winter,
Ambitious as the Devil; out upon me,
I hate my self, Sir; if ye dare bestow her
Upon a Subject, ye have one deserves her.

King. But him she does not love: I know your meaning.
This young Man's Love unto his noble Brother
Appears a Mirrour; what must now be done, Lords?
For I am gravel'd; if she have not him
She dies for certain, if his Brother miss her,
Farewel to him, and all our Honours.

1 Lord. He is dead, Sir,
Your Grace has heard of that, and strangely.

King. No,
I can assure you no, there was a trick in't,
Read that, and then know all; what ails the Gentleman?
Hold him; how do ye, Sir? [*Polydor is sick o'th' sudden.*]

Pol. Sick o'th' sudden,
Extremely ill, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take ye?

Pol. Here in my Head, Sir, and my Heart; for Heav'n sake.

King. Conduct him to his Chamber presently,
And bid my Doctors—

Pol. No, I shall be well, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace, even for the Gods sake,
Remember my poor Brother, I shall pray then.

King. Away, he grows more weak still: I will do it,
Or Heav'n forget me ever. Now your Counsels, [*Ex. Pol.*]
For I am at my wits end; what with you, Sir?

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.

King. Yet more Troubles?

The Spartans are in Arms, and like to win all:
Supplies are sent for, and the General;
This is more cross than t'other; come let's to him,
For he must have her, 'tis necessity,
Or we must lose our Honours; let's plead all,
For more than all is needful, shew all reason
If Love can hear o' that side, if she yield
We have fought best, and won the noblest Field. [*Exe.*]

Enter Eumenes, Captains and Stremon.

1 Cap. I have brought the Wench, a lusty Wench,
And somewhat like the Princess.

Eum. 'Tis the better, let's see her,
And go you in and tell him, that her Grace
Is come to visit him: How sleeps he, Stremon?

Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on Polydor,
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,
And sometimes sits and muses. [*Exit Stremon.*]

Enter Whore, and Captain.

Eum. He's past all help sure:
How do ye like her?

2 Cap. By th' Mass a good round Virgin,

And

And at first sight resembling; she is well cloath'd too.

Eum. But is she sound?

2 Cap. Of Wind and Limb, I warrant her.

Eum. You are instructed, Lady?

Who. Yes, and know, Sir,

How to behave my self, ne'er fear.

Eum. Polybius,

Where did he get this Vermin?

1 Capt. Hang him Badger,

(*Mates*)

There's not a hole free from him, Whores and Whores
Do all pay him Obedience.

Eum. Indeed i'th' War

His quarter was all Whore, Whore upon Whore,
And lin'd with Whore; beshrew me 'tis a fair Whore.

1 Capt. She has smockt away her Blood; but fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her Leg up,
Comes not amiss to him, he rides like a night Mare,
All Ages, all Religions.

Eum. Can ye state it?

Who. I'll make a shift.

Eum. He must lye with ye, Lady.

Who. Let him, he's not the first Man I have lain with,
Nor shall not be the last.

Enter Memnon.

2 Capt. He comes, no more words,
She has her Lesson throughly; how he views her?

Eum. Go forward now, so, bravely, stand!

Mem. Great Lady,

How humbly I am bound——

Who. You shall not kneel, Sir,

Come, I have done you wrong; stand my Soldier,

And thus I make amends——

[*Kisses him.*]

Eum. A Plague confound ye,

Is this your State?

2 Capt. 'Tis well enough.

Mem. O Lady,

Your Royal Hand, your Hand, my dearest Beauty,

Is more than I must purchase: Here divine one,

I dare revenge my wrongs. Ha!

1 Capt. A damn'd foul one.

Eum. The Lees of Bawdy Prewns: Mourning Gloves?
All spoil'd by Heav'n.

Mem. Ha! who art thou?

2 Capt. A shame on ye,
Ye clawing scabby Whore.

Mem. I say, who art thou?

Eum. Why 'tis the Princess, Sir.

Mem. The Devil, Sir,
'Tis some Roguy thing.

Who. If this abuse be Love, Sir,
Or I that laid aside my Modesty—

Eum. So far thou'lt never find it.

Mem. Do not weep,
For if ye be the Princess, I will Love ye,
Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye, (thou?
Come, wipe your Eyes; by Heav'n she stinks; who art
Stinks like a poyson'd Rat behind a Hanging;
Woman, who art thou? Like a rotten Cabbage.

2 Cap. You're much to blame, Sir, 'tis the Princess.

Mem. How?
She the Princess?

Eum. And the loving Princess.

1 Capt. Indeed the doating Princess.

Mem. Come hither once more,
The Princess smells like Morning's breath, pure Amber,
Beyond the courted *Indies* in her Spices.
Still a dead Rat by Heaven; thou a Princess?

Eum. What a dull Whore is this?

Mem. I'll tell ye presently,
For if she be a Princess, as she may be
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.
Fetch the *Numidian* Lyon I brought over,
If she be sprung from the Royal Blood, the Lyon,
He'll do you Reverence, else—

Who. I beseech your Lordship—

Eum. He'll tear her all to pieces.

Who. I am no Princess, Sir.

Mem. Who brought thee hither?

2 Capt. If ye confess, we'll hang ye.

Who. Good my Lord—

Mem.

Mem. Who art thou then?

Who. A poor retaining Whore, Sir,
To one of your Lordship's Captains.

Mem. Alas poor Whore,
Go, be a Whore still, and stink worse: *Ha, ha, ha.* [*Ex. Cloe.*
What Fools are these, and Coxcombs? [*Ex. Memnon.*

Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.

1 *Cap.* Methinks his Face too
Is not so clouded as it was; how he looks?

Eum. Where's your dead Rat?

2 *Cap.* The Devil dine upon her
Loins; why what a Medicine had he gotten
To try a Whore?

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from *Polydor* stays to speak with ye:

Eum. With whom?

Stre. With all; where has the General been?
He's laughing to himself extremely.

Eum. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I am glad yet he's so merry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chilax and Priests, Calis, Lady and Nun.

Chi. **W**Hat Lights are those that enter there, still
nearer?

Plague o' your rotten Itch, do you draw me hither
Into the Temple to betray me? Was there no place
To satisfy your Sin in? Gods forgive me,
Still they come forward.

Priest. Peace ye Fool, I have found it,
'Tis the young Princess *Calis*.

Chi. 'Tis the Devil,
To claw us for our catterwauling.

Priest. Retire softly.
I did not look for you these two Hours, Lady.
Beswore your haste: That way. [*To Chilax.*
Chi.

Chi. That goes to the Altar?
Ye old blind Beast.

Priest. I know not, any way;
Still they come nearer.
I'll in to th' Oracle.

Chi. That's well remembred, I'll in with ye.

Priest. Do. [*Exeunt Priest and Chila.*]

*Enter Calis and her Train with Lights, singing:
Lucippe and Cleanthe.*

S O N G.

O fair sweet Goddess Queen of Loves,
Soft and gentle as thy Doves,
Humble ey'd, and ever ru'ing
Those poor Hearts, their Loves pursuing:
O thou Mother of Delights,
Crown'd of all happy Nights,
Star of dear Content, and Pleasure,
Of mutual Loves the endless Treasure,
Accept this Sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual Youth and Spring,
Grant this Lady her Desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy Fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her all retire,
Whilst the Princess feeds the Fire,
When your Devotions ended be
To the Oracle I will attend ye.

[*Exit Nun, and draws the Curtain close to Calis.*]

Enter Stremon and Eumenes.

Stre. He will abroad.

Eum. How does his humour hold him?

Stre. He is now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too,
Talks of his Brother to himself, starts strangely.

Eum. Does he not curse?

Stre. No.

Eum. Nor break out in Fury,
Offering some new Attempt?

Stre.

Stre. Neither; to th' Temple
Is all we hear of now: What there he will do——

Eum. I hope repent his Folly; let's be near him.

Stre. Where are the rest?

Eum. About a business
Concerns him mainly; if Heav'n cure his Madness,
He's made for ever, *Stremon.*

Stre. Does the King know it?

Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone
To seek his Sister out.

Stre. Come let's away then. [*Exe. Eum. and Stre.*

Enter Nun, she opens the Curtain to Calis.

Calis at the Oracle.

Nun. Peace to your Prayers, Lady, will it please ye
To pass on to the Oracle?

Cal. Most humble. [*Chilax and Priestesses in the Oracle.*

Chi. Do ye hear that?

Priest. Yes, lie close.

Chi. A Wildfire take ye,
What shall become of me? I shall be hang'd now:
Is this a time to shake? a Halter shake ye,
Come up and juggle, come.

Priest. I am monstrous fearful.

Chi. Up ye old gaping Oyster, up and answer;
A mouldy Mange upon your Chops, ye told me
I was safe here till the Bell rung.

Priest. I was prevented,
And did not look these three hours for the Princess.

Chi. Shall we be taken?

Priest. Speak for loves sake, *Chilax*;
I cannot, nor I dare not.

Chi. I'll speak Treason, for I had as lieve be hang'd for that.

Priest. Good *Chilax*.

Chi. Must it be sung or said? What shall I tell 'em?
They are here; here now preparing.

Priest. O my Conscience! (now?)

Chi. Plague o' your spurgall'd Conscience, does it tire
Now when it should be tuffest? I cou'd make thee----

Priest. Save us, we are both undone else.

Chi.

Cbi. Down ye Dog then,
Be quiet, and be stanch to no Inundations.

Nun. Here kneel again, and *Venus* grant your Wishes.

Calis. O Divine Star of Heav'n,
Thou in Power above the sev'n:
Thou sweet Kindler of Desires,
'Till they grow to mutual Fires:
Thou, O gentle Queen, that art
Curer of each wounded Heart:
Thou the Fuel, and the Flame;
Thou in Heav'n, and here the same:
Thou the Wooer, and the Woo'd:
Thou the Hunger, and the Food:
Thou the Pray'r, and the Pray'd;
Thou what is, or shall be said:
Thou still young, and golden tressed,
Make me by thy Answer blessed.

Cbi. When?

Priest. Now speak handsomly, and small by all means,
I have told ye what. [Thunder.

Cbi. But I'll tell you a new Tale,
Now for my Neck-verse; I have heard thy Pray'rs,
And mark me well.

Musick. Venus descends.

Nun. The Goddess is displeased much,
The Temple shakes and totters; she appears,
Bow, Lady, bow.

Venus. Purge me the Temple round,
And live by this example henceforth sound.
Virgin, I have seen thy Tears,
Heard thy Wishes, and thy Fears;
Thy holy Incense flew above,
Hark therefore to thy doom in Love;
Had thy Heart been soft at first,
Now thou had'st allay'd thy Thirst;
Had thy stubborn Will but bended,
All thy Sorrows here had ended;

Therefore

*Therefore to be just in Love,
A strange Fortune thou must prove,
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,
A dead Love thou shalt enjoy.*

Cal. O gentle Goddess!

Ven. Rise, thy Doom is said,

And fear not, I will please thee with the dead. [*Ascends.*

Nun. Go up into the Temple, and there end
Your holy Rites, the Goddess smiles upon ye

[*Exeunt Cal. and Nun.*

Enter Chilax in his Robe.

Chi. I'll no more Oracles, nor Miracles,
Nor no more Church Work, I'll be drawn and hang'd first:
Am not I torn a pieces with the Thunder?
Death, I can scarce believe I live yet,
It gave me on the Buttocks, a cruel, a huge bang,
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratcht with Dog-whips:
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I wou'd advise ye my old Friends, the good Gentlewoman
Is stricken dumb, and there her Grace sits mumping
Like an old Ape eating a Brawn; sure the good Goddess
Knew my intent was honest, to save the Princess,
And how we young Men are entic'd to Wickedness
By these lewd Women, I had paid for't else too.
I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful,
O'twas a plaguy thump, charg'd with a vengeance.

Enter Siphax, walks softly over the Stage, and goes in.

Wou'd I were well at home; the best is, 'tis not Day:
Who's that? ha? *Siphax*! I'll be with you anon, Sir;
Ye shall be Oracled I warrant ye,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your Lordship

*Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and two
carrying Torches.*

Must needs enjoy the Princess, yes: ha! Torches?
And *Memnon* coming this way? He's Dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
He worries me. I must go by him.

Eum. Sir?

Mem. Ask me no further Questions. What art thou?
How dost thou stare? Stand off; nay look upon me,

I do not shake, nor fear thee — [Draws his Sword.

Cbi. He will kill me:

This is for Church Work.

Mem. Why dost thou appear now?

Thou wert fairly slain: I know thee, *Diocles*,
And know thine Envy to mine Honour: But —

Cbi. Stay *Memnon*,

I am a Spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

Eum. This is the Voice of *Chilax*.

Strre. What makes him thus?

Cbi. 'Tis true, that I was slain in Field, but foully,
By Multitudes, not Manhood: Therefore mark me,
I do appear again to quit mine Honour,
And on thee single.

Mem. I accept the Challenge.
Where?

Cbi. On the *Stygian* Banks.

Mem. When?

Cbi. Four Days hence.

Mem. Go noble Ghost, I will attend.

Cbi. I thank ye.

Strre. Ye have sav'd your Throat, and handsomely:
Farewel, Sir. [Exit *Chilax*.

Mem. Sing me the Battels of *Pelusium*,
In which this Worthy died.

Eum. This will spoil all, and make him worse
Than e'er he was: Sit down, Sir,
And give your self to rest.

S O N G.

Arm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks close, and now your Honours win.
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears,
Like a dark Wood he comes, or Tempest pouring,
O view the Wings of Horse the Meadows scowring;
The Van-guard marches bravely, bark, the Drums — dub,
They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes: dub,
See how the Arrows fly,
That darken all the Sky;

Hark

Hark how the Trumpets sound,

Hark how the Hills rebound

Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara.

Hark how the Horses charge: In Boys, Boys in

The Battel totters; now the Wounds begin;

O how they cry,

O how they Die!

Room for the Valiant Memnon arm'd with Thunder,

See how he breaks the Ranks asunder:

They Fly, they Fly, Eumenes has the Chase,

And brave Polybius makes good his Place.

To the Plains, to the Woods,

To the Rocks, to the Floods,

They fly for Succour: Follow, follow, follow, Hey, hey.

Hark how the Soldiers hollow.

Brave Diocles is Dead,

And all his Soldiers fled,

The Battel's won, and lost,

That many a Life hath cost.

Mem. Now forward to the Temple.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are ye gone?

How have I 'scap'd this Morning! By what Miracle!

Sure I am ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How is it?

Chi. Come, 'tis as well as can be.

Cloe. But is it possible

This shou'd be true you tell me?

Chi. 'Tis most certain.

Cloe. Such a gross Afs to love the Princess?

Chi. Peace,

Pull your Robe close about ye: You are perfect

In all I taught ye?

Cloe. Sure.

Chi. Gods give thee good luck.

'Tis strange my Brains should still be beating Knavery
For all these Dangers, but they are needful Mischiefs,
And such are Nuts to me; and I must do 'em.

You will remember me

Cloe.

Clo. By this Kiss, *Chilax*.

Chi. No more of that, I fear another Thunder.

Clo. We are not i' th' Temple, Man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace, here he comes, (*and Cloe.*)
Now to our business handsomly; away now. [*Ex. Chilax,*

Sip. 'Twas sure the Princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
And she lookt every way: I hope the Oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope she lookt for.

Enter Chilax and Cloe at the other Door.

Fortune, I will so honour thee, Love, so adore thee.
She is here again, looks round about her, again too,
'Tis done, I know 'tis done, 'tis *Chilax* with her,
And I shall know of him. Who's that?

Chi. Speak softly,
The Princess from the Oracle.

Sip. She views me,
By Heav'n she beckons me.

Chi. Come near, she wou'd have ye.

Sip. O Royal Lady. [*Kisses her Hand.*]

Chi. She wills ye read that, for belike she's bound to Si-
For such a time: She is wondrous gracious to ye. (*lence*)

Sip. Heav'n make me thankful.

Chi. She wou'd have ye read it. [*He reads.*]

Sip. Siphax, the will of Heav'n hath cast me on thee
To be thy Wife, whose Will must be obey'd:

Use me with Honour, I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy Worths hereafter;
Convey me to a secret Ceremony,

That both our Hearts and Loves may be united,
And use no Language, till before my Brother
We both appear, where I will shew the Oracle,
For till that time I am bound, I must not answer.

Sip. O happy I?

Chi. Ye are a made Man.

Sip. But *Chilax*,
Where are her Women!

Chi. None but your Grace's Sister,
Because she wou'd have it private to the World yet,
Knows of this Business.

Sip.

Sip. I shall thank thee, *Cbilax*,
Thou art a careful Man.

Cbi. Your Graces Servant.

Sip. I'll find a fit place for thee.

Cbi. If you will not,

There's a good Lady will, she points ye forward,
Away and take your Fortune; not a word Sir,
So, you are greas'd, I hope. [*Ex. Sip. and Cloe, manet Chi-*
Enter Stremon, Fool, and Boy. (lax.

Cbi. *Stremon*, Fool, *Picus*,
Where have you left your Lord?

Stre. I'th' Temple, *Cbilax*.

Cbi. Why are ye from him?

Stre. Why, the King is with him,
And all the Lords.

Cbi. Is not the Princess there too?

Stre. Yes.

And the strangest Coil amongst 'em; She weeps bitterly:
The King entreats, and frowns, my Lord like Autumn
Drops off his hopes by handfulls, all the Temple
Sweats with this Agony.

Cbi. Where's young *Polydor*?

Stre. Dead, as they say, o'th' sudden.

Cbi. Dead?

Stre. For certain,
But not yet known abroad.

Cbi. There's a new trouble,
A brave young Man he was; but we must all Die.

Stre. Did not the General meet you this Morning
Like a tall Stallion Nun?

Cbi. No more o' that, Boy.

Stre. You had been Ferreting.

Cbi. That's all one, Fool;
My Master Fool that taught my Wits to Traffick,
What has your Wisdom done? How have you profited?
Out with your Audit: Come, you are not empty,
Put out mine Eye with twelve Pence? Do you shaker?
What think you of this shaking? Here's Wit, Coxcomb,
Ha Boys? Ha my fine Rascals, here's a Ring,

[Pulls out a Purse.

How

How right they go!

Fool. O let me ring the fore Bell.

And here are Thumpers, Chiqueens, golden Rogues,
Wit, Wit, ye Rascals.

Fool. I have a Sty here, *Chilax*.

Chi. I have no Gold to cure it, not a Penny,
Not one cross, Cavalier; we are dull Soldiers,
Gross heavy-headed Fellows; fight for Victuals?

Fool. Why, ye are the Spirits of the Time.

Chi. By no means.

Fool. The valiant frie.

Chi. Fie, fie, no.

Fool. Be-lee me, Sir.

Chi. I wou'd I cou'd, Sir.

Fool. I will satisfie ye.

Chi. But I will not content you; alas poor Boy,
Thou shew'st an honest Nature, weep'st for thy Master,
There's a red Rogue to buy thee Handkerchiefs.

Fool. He was an honest Gentleman, I have lost too.

Chi. You have indeed your labour, Fool; but *Stremion*,
Dost thou want Mony too? No Virtue living?
No firking out at Fingers ends?

Stre. It seems so.

Chi. Will ye all serve me?

Stre. Yes, when ye are Lord General,
For less I will not go.

Chi. There's Gold for thee then,
Thou hast a Soldier's Mind. Fool ———

Fool. Here, your first Man.

Chi. I will give thee for thy Wit, for 'tis a fine Wit,
A dainty diving Wit, hold up, just nothing,
Go Graze i' th' Commons, yet I am merciful ———
There's six-pence: Buy a Saucer, steal an old Gown,
And beg i' th' Temple for a Prophet. Come away Boys,
Let's see how things are carried; Fool, up Sirrah,
You may chance get a Dinner: Boy, your Preferment
I'll undertake, for your brave Master's sake,
You shall not perish.

Fool. *Chilax*.

Chi. Please me well, Fool.

And

And you shall light my Pipes: Away to the Temple.
But stay, the King's here, sport upon sport, Boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a Vail.

King. What wou'd you have, Captain?

Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busie.

Sip. A Pardon, Royal Sir.

King. For what?

Sip. For that

Which was Heav'n's Will, shou'd not be mine alone, Sir;
My marrying with this Lady.

King. It needs no Pardon;
For Marriage is no Sin.

Sip. Not in it self, Sir;
But in presuming too much: Yet Heav'n knows,
So does the Oracle that cast it on me;
And——the Princess, Royal Sir.

King. What Princess?

Sip. O be not angry, my dread King, your Sister.

King. My Sister; she's i'th' Temple, Man.

Sip. She is here, Sir.

Lord. The Captain's mad, she's kneeling at the Altar.

King. I know she is; with all my Heart, good Captain,
I do forgive ye both: Be unvail'd, Lady. [*Puts off her Vail*]
Will ye have more forgiveness? The Man's Frantick,
Come let's go bring her out: God give ye joy, Sir.

Sip. How, *Cloe*? My old *Cloe*? [*Ex. King, Lords.*]

Clo. Ev'n the same, Sir.

Chi. Gods give your Manhood much content.

Stre. The Princess

Looks something musty since her coming over.

Fool. 'Twere good you'd brush her over.

Sip. Fools and Fiddlers

Make sport at my abuse too?

Fool. O 'tis the Nature

Of us Fools to make bold with one another;
But you are wise, brave Sirs.

Chi. Cheer up your Princess,
Believe it Sir, the King will not be angry,
Or say he were; why, 'twas the Oracle.
The Oracle, an't like your Grace, the Oracle.

Stre. And who, most mighty *Sipbax*?

Sip. With mine own Whore.

(science,

Clo. With whom else shou'd ye marry, speak your Con-
Will ye transgress the Law of Arms, that ever
Rewards the Soldier with his own Sins?

Sip. Devils.

(nefs,

Clo. Ye had my Maiden-head, my Youth, my Sweet-
Is it not Justice then? — *Sip.* I see it must be,
But by this Hand, I'll hang a Lock upon thee.

Clo. You shall not need, my Honesty shall do it.

Sip. If there be Wars in all the World —

Clo. I'll with ye,

For you know I have been a Soldier.

Come, curse on: When I need another Oracle.

Chi. Send for me *Sipbax*, I'll fit ye with a Princess,
And so to both your Honours. *Fool.* And your Graces.

Sip. The Devil grace you all.

Clo. God-a-mercy *Chilax*.

Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?

Stre. No, the King comes,

And all the Train.

Chi. Away then, our Act's ended.

[Exeunt.

Enter King, Calis, Memnon, Cleanthe, and Lords.

King. You know he do's deserve ye, loves ye dearly,
You know what bloody Violence h'ad us'd
Upon himself, but that this Brother crost it,
You know the same Thoughts still inhabit in him
And covet to take birth: Look on him, Lady,
The Wars have not so far consum'd him yet,
Cold Age disabled him, or Sicknefs sunk him,
To be abhorr'd: Look on his Honour, Sister,
That bears no stamp of Time, no Wrinkles on it,
No sad Demolishment, nor Death can reach it:
Look with the Eyes of Heav'n that nightly waken,
To view the Wonders of the Glorious Maker,
And not the Weakness: Look with your virtuous Eyes,
And then clad Royalty in all his Conquests,
His matchless Love hung with a thousand Merits,
Eternal Youth attending, Fame and Fortune,

Time

Time and Oblivion vexing at his Virtues,
He shall appear a Miracle: Look on our Dangers,
Look on the publick Ruin. *Cal.* O, dear Brother.

King. Fie, let us not like proud and greedy Waters,
Gain to give off again: This is our Sea,
And you his *Cynthia*, govern him, take heed,
His Floods have been as high and full as any,
And gloriously now is got up to the Girdle,
The Kingdoms he hath purchas'd; noble Sister,
Take not your Virtue from him, O take heed
We ebb not now to nothing, take heed *Calis*.

Cal. The Will of Heav'n not mine, which must not alter,
And my eternal Doom, for ought I know,
Is fixt upon me; alas, I must love nothing,
Nothing that loves again must I be blest with:
The gentle Vine climbs up the Oak and clips him,
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together.
Death, Death must I enjoy, and live to love him,
O noble Sir! *Mem.* Those Tears are some reward yet,
Pray let me wend your Sorrows.

Cal. Take 'em Soldier,
They are fruitful ones, lay but a sigh upon 'em,
And straight they will conceive to infinites;
I told ye what ye would find 'em

Enter a Funeral, Captains following, and Eumenes.

King. How now, what's this? more drops to th' Ocean?
Whole Body's this? *Eum.* The noble *Polydor*,
This speaks his Death. *Mem.* My Brother dead?

Cal. O Goddess!

O cruel, cruel *Venus*, here's my Fortune.

King. Read, Captain.

Mem. Read aloud: Farewel my Follies.

[*Eumen.* reads; to the Excellent Princess *Calis*.

Eum. Be Wife, as you are Beauteous, love with Judge-
And look with clear Eyes on my noble Brother, (ment,
Value Desert and Virtue, they are Jewels,
Fit for your Worth and Wearing: Take heed, Lady,
The Gods reward Ingratitude most grievous;
Remember me no more, or if you must,
Seek me in noble *Memnon's* Love, I dwell there.

I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him,
I can no more, make me eternal Happy
With looking down upon your Loves. Farewel.

Mem. And didst thou die for me?

King. Excellent Virtue!

What will ye now do?

Cal. Dwell for ever here, Sir.

Mem. For me, dear *Polydor*? O worthy young Man!
O Love, Love, Love, Love above Recompence!
Infinite Love, Infinite Honesty!

Good Lady leave, you must have no share here,
Take home your Sorrows: Here's enough to store me,
Brave glorious Grievs! Was ever such a Brother?
Turn all the Stories over in the World yet,
And search through all the Memories of Mankind,
And find me such a Friend. H'as out-done all,
Outstript 'em sheerly, all, all, thou hast *Polydor*,
To die for me; why, as I hope for Happiness,
'Twas one of the rarest Thought on Things,
The bravest, and carried beyond Compass of our Actions,
I wonder how he hit it, a young Man too,
In all the blossoms of his Youth and Beauty,
In all the fulness of his Veins and Wishes
Woo'd by that Paradise, that wou'd catch Heav'n;
It starts me extreamly, thou blest Ashes,
Thou faithful Monument, where Love and Friendship
Shall, while the World is, work new Miracles.

Cal. O! let me speak too.

Mem. No, not yet. Thou Man,
(For we are but Mans Shadows,) only Man,
I have not Words to utter him; speak Lady,
I'll think a while.

Cal. The Goddess grants me this yet,
I shall enjoy the Dead: No Tomb shall hold thee
But these two Arms, no Trickments but my Tears
Over they Hearse, my Sorrows like sad Arms
Shall hang for ever: On the rustiest Marble
Mine Eyes shall weep thee out an Epitaph,
Love at thy Feet shall kneel, his smart Bow broken;
Faith at thy Head, Youth and the Graces Mourners.

O sweet young Man!

King. Now I begin to melt too.

Mem. Have ye enough yet, Lady? room for a Gamester.
To my fond Love, and all those idle Fancies
A long Farewel; thou diedst for me, dear *Polydor*,
To give me Peace, thou hast eternal Glory,
I stay and talk here; I will kiss thee first,
And now I'll follow thee. [*Polydore rises.*]

Pol. Hold, for Heav'n's sake! *Mem.* Ha!

Does he live?

Dost thou deceive me? *Pol.* Thus far,
Yet for your Good and Honour.

King. Now dear Sister.

Cal. The Oracle is ended, noble Sir,
Dispose me now as you please.

Pol. You are mine then?

Cal. With all the Joys that may be.

Pol. Your consent, Sir? *King.* Ye have it freely.

Pol. Walk along with me then,

And as you love me, love my will. *Cal.* I will so.

Pol. Here, worthy Brother, take this virtuous Princess,
Ye have deserv'd nobly, she will love ye,
And when my Life shall bring ye Peace, as she does,
Command it ye shall have it. *Mem.* Sir, I thank ye.

King. I never found such Goodness in such Years.

Mem. Thou shalt not over-do me, though I die for't,
O how I love thy Goodness, my best Brother,
You have giv'n me here a Treasure to enrich me,
Wou'd make the worthiest King alive a Beggar,
What may I give you back again?

Pol. Your Love, Sir

Mem. And you shall have it, ev'n my dearest Love,
My first, my noblest Love, take her again, Sir,
She is yours, your Honesty has over-run me,
She loves ye, lose her not. Excellent Princess,
Enjoy thy Wish, and now get Generals.

Pol. As ye love Heav'n, love him, she is only yours, Sir.

Mem. As ye love Heav'n, love him, she is only yours, Sir;
My Lord, the King. *Pol.* He will undo himself, Sir,
And must without her perish; who shall fight then?

Who shall protect your Kingdom?

Mem. Give me Hearing,
And after that, Belief; were she my Soul
(As I do love her equal) all my Victories,
And all the living Names I have gain'd by War,
And loving him that good, that virtuous good Man,
That only worthy of the Name of Brother,
I wou'd resign all freely, 'tis all Love
To me, all Marriage Rites, the joy of Issues
To know him Fruitful, that has been so Faithful. (*Sister.*)

King. This is the noblest difference; take your choice,

Cal. I see they are so brave, and noble both,
I know not which to look on. *Pol.* Chuse discreetly,
And Virtue guide ye, there all the World, in one Man,
Stands at the mark. *Mem.* There all Man's Honesty,
The Sweetness of all Youth———*Cal.* O Gods!

Mem. My Armour,
By all the Gods she's yours; my Arms, I say,
And I beseech your Grace, give me Employment,
That shall be now my Mistress, there my Courtship.

King. Ye shall have any thing.

Mem. Virtuous Lady,
Remember me, your Servant now; Young Man,
You cannot over-reach me in your Goodness;
O Love! How sweet thou look'st now? And how gentle?
I shou'd have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy Beauty;
Your Hand, your Hand, Sir?

King. Take her, and Heav'n bless her.

Mem. So.

Pol. 'Tis your Will, Sir, nothing of my Merit;
And as your Royal Gift, I take this Blessing.

Cal. And I from Heav'n this Gentleman. Thanks God-
(*deis.*)

Mem. So ye are pleas'd now, Lady?

Cal. Now or never.

Mem. My cold stiff Carcass wou'd have frozen ye,
Wars, Wars.

King. Ye shall have Wars.

Mem. My next brave Battel
I Dedicate to your bright Honour, Sister,

Give

Give me a Favour, that the World may know
I am your Soldier.

Cal. This, and all fair Fortunes.

Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike bold-

[*Cleanthe kneeling.*

Cal. I do forgive thee: Be honest; no more, Wench.

King. Come now to Revels; this blest Day shall prove
The happy Crown of noble Faith and Love.

[*Exeunt.*

E P I L O G U E.

Here lyes the Doubt now; let our Plays be good,
Our own Care sailing equal in this Flood,
Our Preparations new, new our Attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i'th' Mire,
Here we stick fast; Is there no way to clear
This Passage of your Judgment, and our Fear,
No mitigation of that Law? Brave Friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preserves it self, each Will
If not perverse, and crooked, utter still
The best of that it ventures in: Have care
E'en for your Pleasures sake, of what we are,
And do not ruin all; you may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way to check the Will.



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The loyal Subject vol. 2.

THE
Loyal Subject.

A
Tragi-Comedy:



Printed in the Year 1711.

THE
LORD'S PRAYER

THE
LORD'S PRAYER



Printed in the Year 1741.

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P R O L O G U E.

WE need not, noble Gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy Story, being confident
The Mirth join'd with grave Matter, and Intent
To yield the Hearers Profit, with Delight,
Will speak the Maker: And to do him right,
Wou'd ask a Genius like to his; the Age
Mourning his Loss, and our now widowed Stage
In vain lamenting. I cou'd add, so far
Behind him the most modern Writers are,
That when they wou'd commend him, their best Praise
Ruins the Buildings which they strive to raise
To his best Memory. So much a Friend
Presumes to write, secure't will not offend
The living that are modest, with the rest
That may repine he cares not to contest.
This Debt to Fletcher paid; it is profess'd
By us the Actors, we will do our best
To send such favouring Friends, as hither come
To grace the Scene, pleas'd, and contented home.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Great Duke of Moscovia.
Archas, *the Loyal Subject, General of the Moscovites.*

Theodore, *Son to Archas; valorous, but impatient.*

Putskie *alias* Briskie, *a Captain, Brother to Archas.*

Alinda *alias* Archas, *Son to Archas.*

Burris, *an honest Lord, the Duke's Favourite.*

Boroskie, *a malicious seducing Councillor to the Duke.*

Ensign to Archas, *a stout merry Soldier.*
Soldiers.

Gentlemen.

Guard.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Olympia, *Sister to the Duke.*

Honora, } *Daughters of Archas.*
Viola, }

Potesca, } *Servants to Olympia.*
Ladies, }

Bawd, *a Court Lady.*

SCENE MOSCO.

THE

THE
Loyal Subject.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theodore, and Putskie.

THEODORE.



Aptain, your Friend's prefer'd, the Princess
has her,

Who, I assure my self, will use her nobly;
A pretty sweet one 'tis indeed.

Put. Well bred, Sir,

I do deliver that upon my Credit,

And of an honest Stock.

The. It seems so, Captain,
And no doubt will do well.

Put. Thanks to your Care, Sir;
But tell me, noble Colonel, why this Habit
Of discontent is put on through the Army?
And why your valiant Father, our great General,
The Hand that taught to strike, the Love that led all;
Why he, that was the Father of the War,
He that begot, and bred the Soldier,
Why he sits shaking of his Arms, like Autumn,
His Colours folded, and his Drums cas'd up,
The Tongue of War for ever ty'd within us?

The. It must be so: Captain you are a Stranger,
But of a small time here a Soldier,

Yet

Yet that time shews ye a right good and great one,
 Else I cou'd tell ye Hours are strangely alter'd:
 The young Duke has too many Eyes upon him,
 Too many Fears 'tis thought too, and to nourish those,
 Maintains too many Instruments.

Put. Turn their Hearts,
 Or turn their Heels up, Heav'n: 'Tis strange it should be:
 The old Duke lov'd him dearly.

The. He deserv'd it;
 And were he not my Father, I durst tell ye
 The memorable Hazards he has run through
 Deserv'd of this Man too; highly deserv'd too;
 Had they been less, thy had been safe, *Putskie*,
 And sooner reach'd Regard.

Put. There you struck sure, Sir.

The. Did I never tell thee of a Vow he made,
 Some Years before the old Duke dy'd?

Put. I have heard ye
 Speak often of that Vow; but how it was,
 Or to what end, I never understood yet.

The. I'll tell thee then: And then thou'lt find the Rea-
 The last great Muster, ('twas before ye serv'd here, (son.
 Before the last Duke's death, whose honour'd Bones
 Now rest in Peace) this young Prince had the ordering,
 (To Crown his Father's Hopes) of all the Army:
 Who, to be short, put all his Pow'r in Practice;
 Fashion'd, and drew 'em up: But alas, so poorly,
 So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,
 The good Duke blush'd, and call'd unto my Father,
 Who then was General: Go, *Archbas*, speedily,
 And chide the Boy, before the Soldiers find him,
 Stand thou between his Ignorance and them,
 Fashion their Bodies new to thy Direction;
 Then draw thou up, and shew the Prince his Errors.
 My Sire obey'd, and did so; with all Duty
 Inform'd the Prince, and read him all Directions:
 This bred Distaste, Distaste grew up to Anger,
 And Anger into wild Words broke out thus.
 Well, *Archbas*, if I live but to Command here,
 To be but Duke once, I shall then remember.

I shall remember truly, trust me, I shall,
And by my Father's Hand — the rest his Eyes spoke.
To which my Father answer'd (somewhat mov'd too)
And with a Vow he seal'd it: Royal Sir,
Since for my Faith and Fights, your Scorn and Anger
Only pursue me; if I live to that Day,
That Day so long expected to Reward me,
By his so ever noble Hand you swore by,
And by the Hand of Justice, never Arms more
Shall rib this Body in, nor Sword hang here, Sir.
The Conflicts I will do you service then in,
Shall be repentant Prayers. So they parted.
The time is come; and now ye know the Wonder.

Put. I find a Fear too, which begins to tell me,
The Duke will have but poor and slight Defences,
If his hot Humour reign, and not his Honour:
How stand you with him, Sir?

The. A perdue Captain,
Full of my Father's Danger.

Put. He has rais'd a young Man,
They say a slight young Man, I know him not,
For what Desert?

The. Believe it, a brave Gentleman,
Worth the Duke's Respect, a clear sweet Gentleman,
And of a noble Soul: Come let's retire us,
And wait upon my Father, who within this hour
You will find an alter'd Man.

Put. I am sorry for't, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Olympia, and two Gentlewomen.

Olym. Is't not a handsome Wench?

2 Wom. She is well enough, Madam:
I have seen a better Face, and a straighter Body;
And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Olym. What think'st thou, *Petesca*?

Pet. Alas, Madam, I have no skill, she has a black Eye,
Which is of the least too, and the dullest Water:
And when her Mouth was made, for certain, Madam,

VOL. II.

H h

Nature

Nature intended her a right good Stomach.

Olym. She has a good Hand.

2 Wom. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the Neck of a Lute.

Olym. What think ye of her Colour?

Pet. If it be her own

'Tis good black Blood: Right Weather-proof
I warrant it.

2 Wom. What a strange Pace she has got?

Olym. That's but her Breeding.

Pet. And what a manly Body? methinks she looks
As though she wou'd pitch the Bar, or go to Buffets.

2 Wom. Yet her Behaviour's utterly against it,
For methinks she is too bashful.

Olym. Is that hurtful?

2 Wom. Ev'n equal to too bold: Either of 'em, Madam,
May do her Injury when time shall serve her.

Olym. You discourse learnedly; call in the Wench.

[*Exit Gent.*]

What envious Fools are you? Is the Rule general,
That Women can speak handsomly of none,
But those they are bred withal?

Pet. Scarce well of those, Madam,
If they believe they may out-shine 'em any way:
Our Natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top:

Suppose there were here now,
Now in this Court of *Mosco*, a Stranger Princess,
Of Blood and Beauty equal to your Excellence,
As many Eyes and Services stuck on her;
What wou'd you think?

Olym. I wou'd think she might deserve it,

Pet. Your Grace shall give me leave not to believe ye;
I know you are a Woman, and so humour'd:
I'll tell ye, Madam, I cou'd then get more Gowns on ye,
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more Silk-stock-
With rocking you asleep with nightly Railings (ings
Upon that Woman, than if I had nine Lives

I cou'd wear out. By this Hand ye would scratch her

Olym. Thou art deceiv'd, Fool; (Eyes out.
Now let your own Eye mock ye. *Enter*

Enter Gentlewoman, and Alinda.

Come hither Girl: Hang me and she be not a handsom one.

Pet. I fear it will prove indeed so.

Olym. Did you ever serve yet
In any Place of Worth?

Alin. No, Royal Lady.

Pet. Hold up your Head; fie.

Olym. Let her alone, stand from her.

Alin. It shall be now,

Of all the Blessings my poor Youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And might my Promise carry but that Credit
To be believ'd, because I am yet a Stranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from Duty,
From all the Service that my Life can lend me,
May everlasting Misery then find me.

Olym. What think ye now? I do believe, and thank ye;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest Faith die unrewarded:
What must I call your Name?

Alin. *Alinda*, Madam.

Olym. Can ye sing?

Alin. A little, when my Grief will give me leave, Lady.

Olym. What Grief canst thou have, Wench?
Thou art not in Love?

Alin. If I be Madam, 'tis only with your Goodness;
For yet I never saw that Man I sigh'd for.

Olym. Of what Years are you?

Alin. My Mother oft has told me,
That very Day and Hour this Land was blest
With your most happy Birth, I first saluted
This World's fair Light. Nature was then so busie,
And all the Graces to adorn your Goodness,
I stole into the World poor and neglected.

Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon
Madame both like and love thee: now I know it; (thee,
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you:
I hope ye are a Maid?

Alin. I hope so too, Madam;
I am sure for any Man. And were I otherwise,

Of all the Services my Hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Pet. The great Duke, Madam.

Duke. Good Morrow, Sister.

Olym. A good Day to your Highness.

Duke. I am come to pray you use no more Persuasions
For this old stubborn Man: Nay to command ye:
His Sail is swell'd too full: He is grown too Insolent,
Too self-affected, proud: Those poor slight Services
He has done my Father, and my self, have blown him
To such a Pitch, he flies to stoop our Favours.

Olym. I am sorry, Sir: I ever thought those Services
Both Great and Noble.

Bur. However, may it please ye
But to consider 'em a true hearts Servants,
Done out of Faith to you, and not self-fame.
Do but consider, Royal Sir, the Dangers,
When you have slept secure, the Mid-night Tempests,
That, as he marcht, sung through his aged Locks;
When you have fed at full, the Wants and Famines;
The Fires of Heav'n, when you have found all temperate,
Death with his thousand Doors——

Duke. I have consider'd;
No more: And that I will have, shall be.

Olym. For the best,
I hope all still.

Duke. What handsom Wench is that there?

Olym. My Servant, Sir.

Duke. Prethee observe her *Burris*,
Is she not wondrous handsom? speak thy Freedom.

Bur. She appears no less to me, Sir.

Duke. Of whence is she?

Olym. Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman;
But far off dwelling: Her desire to serve me (her.
Brought her to th' Court, and here her Friends have left

Duke. She may find better Friends:
Ye are welcome, fair one,
I have not seen a Sweeter: By your Lady's leave:
Nay stand up, Sweet; we'll have no Superstition:

You

You have got a Servant ; you may use him kindly,
And he may honour ye: [*Exe. Duke, and Burris.*
Good Morrow, Sister. (blushes ?

Olym. Good Morrow to your Grace. How the Wench
How like an Angel now she looks ?

1 Wom. At first Jump.

Jump into the Duke's Arms ? We must look to you,
Indeed we must, the next Jump we are Journeymen.

Pet. I see the Ruin of our Hopes already;
Wou'd she were at home again, milking her Father's Cows.

1 Wom. I fear she'll milk all the great Courtiers first.

Olym. This has not made ye proud ?

Alin. No certain, Madam.

Olym. It was the Duke that kist ye.

Alin. 'Twas your Brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but Honour.

Olym. But say he love ye ?

Alin. That he may with safety :
A Prince's Love extends to all his Subjects.

Olym. But say in more particular ?

Alin. Pray fear not:

For Virtues sake deliver me from Doubts, Lady.
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his Promises,
His Glories, and his Greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a Traitor to your Service.
You are my Mistress, and my noble Master,
Your Virtues my Ambition, and your Favour
The end of all my Love, and all my Fortune :
And when I fail in that Faith——

Olym. I believe thee,
Come wipe your Eyes ; I do : Take you Example——

Pet. I wou'd her Eyes were out.

1 Wom. If the Wind stand in this Door,
We shall have but cold Custom : Some trick or other,
And speedily.

Pet. Let me alone to think on't.

Olym. Come, be you near me still.

Alin. With all my Duty. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and Soldiers, carrying his Armour piece-meal, his Colours wound up, and his Drums in Cases.

The. This is the heaviest March we e'er trod, Captain.

Put. This was not wont to be: These honour'd Pieces
The fiery God of War himself would smile at,
Buckl'd upon that Body, were not wont thus,
Like Relicks to be offer'd to long Rust,
And heavy-ey'd Oblivion brood upon 'em.

Arch. There set 'em down: And glorious War farewell;
Thou Child of Honour and ambitious Thoughts,
Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdoms Ruins;
Thou golden Danger, courted by thy Followers
Through Fires and Famines, for one Title from thee—
Prodigal Mankind spending all his Fortunes;
A long farewell I give thee. Noble Arms,
You Ribs for mighty Minds, you Iron Houses,
Made to defie the Thunder-claps of Fortune,
Rust and consuming Time must now dwell with ye:
And thou good Sword that knew'st the way to Conquest,
Upon whole fatal edge Despair and Death dwelt,
That when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd Destruction,
Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument.
Farewel my Eagle; when thou flew'st, whole Armies
Have stoopt below thee: At Passage I have seen thee,
Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy Fury;
And bang 'em up together, as a Tassel,
Upon the stretch, a Flock of fearful Pigeons.
I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,
The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his Head up,
And rais'd his Waters high, to see the Ruins,
The Ruins our Swords made, the bloody Ruins,
Then flew this Bird of Honour bravely, Gentlemen.
But these must be forgotten: So must these too,
And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em you holy Men; my Vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,

And

And sacred Rites of War to adorn the Temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the World their Master
Is now Devotion's Soldier, fit for Pray'r.
Why do ye hang your Heads? Why look you sad, Friends?
I am not dying yet.

The. Ye are indeed to us, Sir.

Put. Dead to our Fortunes, General.

Arch. You'll find a better,

A greater and a stronger Man to lead ye,
And to a stronger Fortune. I am old, Friends,
Time and the Wars together make me stoop, Gentlemen,
Stoop to my Grave: My Mind unfurnish'd too,
Empty and weak as I am: My poor Body,
Able for nothing now but Contemplation,
And that will be a task too to a Soldier:
Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
Of what I have done, I think I shou'd have ventur'd
For one knock more, I shou'd have made a shift yet
To have broke one staff more handsomly, and have died
Like a good Fellow, and an honest Soldier,
In the head of ye all, with my Sword in my Hand,
And so have made an end of all with Credit.

The. Well, there will come an hour, when all these
These secure flights——— (Injuries,

Arch. Ha! No more of that Sirrah,
Not one word more of that, I charge ye.

The. I must speak, Sir.

And may that Tongue forget to sound your Service,
That's dumb to your Abuses.

Arch. Understand, Fool,
That voluntary I sit down.

The. You are forc'd, Sir,
Forc'd for your Safety: I too well remember
The Time and Cause, and I may live to curse 'em:
You made this Vow, and whose Unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good———

Arch. No more,
As thou art mine, no more.

The. Whose Doubt and Envies———
But the Devil will have his due.

Put. Good gentle Colonel.

The. And though Disgraces, and contempt of Honour
Reign now, the Wheel must turn again.

Arch. Peace, Sirrah,
Your Tongue's too saucy: Do you stare upon me?
Down with that Heart, down suddenly, down with it,
Down with that Disobedience; tie that Tongue up.

The. Tongue?

Arch. Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah,
And draw that fatal Sword again in anger.

Put. For Heav'n's sake, Colonel.

Arch. Do not let me doubt
Whose Son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:
Do not play with mine Anger; if thou dost,
By all the Loyalty my Heart holds——

The. I have done, Sir,
Pray pardon me.

Arch. I pray be worthy of it:
Beshrew your Heart, you have vexed me.

The. I am sorry, Sir.

Arch. Go to, no more of this: Be true and honest,
I know ye are Man enough, mould it to just Ends,
And let not my Disgraces, then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy Angers.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attend. and Gent.

Put. And't please ye, Sir, the Duke.

Duke. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this ceremonious Emblem?

Arch. Your Grace shou'd first remember——

Bor. There's his Nature.

Duke. I do, and shall remember still that Injury,
That at the Muster, where it pleas'd your Greatness
To laugh at my poor Soldier'ship, to scorn it;
And more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my Hands my Charge.

Bur. O think not so, Sir.

Duke. And in my Father's sight.

Arch. Heav'n be my Witness,
I did no more, (and that with Modesty,
With Love and Faith to you) than was my Warrant,
And

And from your Father seal'd, nor durst that Rudeness,
And Impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour;
I ever yet knew Duty.

Duke. We shall teach ye;
I well remember too, upon some Words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry Words ye answer'd;
If ever I were Duke, you were no Soldier.
You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you,
From henceforth I dismiss you; take your ease, Sir.

Arch. I humbly thank your Grace; this wasted Body,
Beaten and bruise'd with Arms, dry'd up with troubles,
Is good for nothing else but quiet now, Sir,
And holy Pray'rs; in which, when I forget
To thank Heav'n for all your bounteous Favours,
May that the Deaf, and my Petitions perish. (Pride in?)

Bor. What a smooth humble Cloak he has cas'd his.
And how he has pull'd his Claws in? There's no trusting---

Bur. Speak for the best.

Bor. Believe I shall do ever.

Duke. To make ye understand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of Valour, and Experience,
Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,
That all shou'd be confin'd within your Excellence,
And you, or none be honour'd: Take, *Boroskie*,
The place he has commanded, lead the Soldier;
A little time will bring thee to his Honour,
Which has been nothing but the World's Opinion,
The Soldiers Fondness, and a little Fortune,
Which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

The. O that I durst but answer now.

Put. Good Colonel.

The. My Heart will break else. Royal Sir, I know not
What you esteem Mens Lives, whose hourly Labours,
And loss of Blood, Consumptions in your Service,
Whose Bodies are acquainted with more Miseries,
And all to keep you safe, than Dogs or Slaves are.
His Sword the least share gain'd?

Duke. You will not fight with me?

The. No Sir, I dare not,
You are my Prince, but I dare speak to ye,

And

And dare speak Truth, which none of their Ambitions
That be Informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet Truth will now but anger ye; I am sorry for't,
And so I take my leave. [Exit.]

Duke. Ev'n when you please, Sir.

Arch. Sirrah, see me no more.

Duke. And so may you too:

You have a House i'th' Country, keep you there, Sir,
And when you have rul'd your self, teach your Son Man-
For this time I forgive him, (ners,

Arch. Heav'n forgive all;

And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.
And you, Lord General, may your Fights be prosperous.
In all your Course may Fame and Fortune court you.
Fight for your Country, and your Prince's Safety;
Boldly, and bravely face your Enemy,
And when you strike, strike with that killing Virtue,
As if a general Plague had seiz'd before ye;
Danger, and Doubt, and Labour cast behind ye;
And then come home an old and noble Story.

Bur. A little Comfort, Sir.

Duke. As little as may be:

Farewel, you know your Limit.

[Ex. Duke, &c.]

Bur. Alas, brave Gentleman.

Arch. I do, and will observe it suddenly.

My Grave; ay, that's my Limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim Soldier now:
I have seen him in his sowerest shapes, and dreadfull ft;
Ay, and I thank my Honesty, have stood him:
That Audit's cast; farewel my honest Soldiers,
Give me your Hands; farewel, farewel good *Ancient*,
A stout Man, and a true, thou art come in Sorrow.
Blessings upon your Swords, may they ne'er fail ye;
You do but change a Man; your Fortune's constant;
That by your ancient Valours is ty'd fast still;
Be valiant still, and good: And when ye fight next,
When flame and fury make but one Face of Horror,
When the great rest of all your Honour's up,
When you wou'd think a Spell to shake the Enemy,

Re-

Remember me, my Prayers shall be with ye:
So once again farewel.

Put. Let's wait upon ye.

Arch. No, no, it must not be; I have now left me
A single Fortune to my self, no more,
Which needs no Train, nor Compliment; good Captain,
You are an honest and a sober Gentleman,
And one I think has lov'd me.

Put. I am sure on't.

(*me.*

Arch. Look to my Boy, he's grown too headstrong for
And if they think him fit to carry Arms still,
His Life is theirs; I have a House i'th' Country,
And when your better hours will give you Liberty,
Seem me: You shall be welcome. Fortune to ye. [*Exit.*

Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no Mony.
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
And if I can do that, I care not for Mony. (luck too
I cou'd have curst reasonable well, and I have had the
To have 'em sit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,
That like a Devil didst possess the Duke
With these malicious Thoughts; mark what I say to thee,
A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

Sol. O take the Pox too.

Anc. They'll cure one another;
I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking.
Or look ye, let the single Pox possess them,
Or Pox upon Pox.

Put. That's but ill i'th' Arms, Sir.

Anc. 'Tis worse i'th' Legs, I wou'd not wish it else:
And may those grow to Scabs as big as Mole-hills,
And twice a Day, the Devil with a Curry-Comb
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em: I warrant him he has 'em.

Sol. May he be ever Lowzy.

Anc. That's a pleasure,
The Beggar's Lechery; sometimes the Soldier's:
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
And Maggots breed in's Brains.

2 Sol. Ay, marry Sir,
May he fall mad in Love with his Grand-mother,

And

And kissing her, may her Teeth drop into his Mouth,
And one fall cross his Throat, then let him gargle.

Enter a Post.

Put. Now, what's the matter?

Post. Where's the Duke, pray Gentlemen?

Put. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

Post. I thank ye.

[*Exit.*

Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's Cuckol'd,
And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a Divorce, and after find her honest:
Then in a pleasant Pigsty, with his own Garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the Devil.

Put. If these wou'd do ———

Anc. I'll never trust my Mind more,
If all these fail.

i Sol. What shall we do now, Captain?
For by this honest Hand I'll be torn in pieces;
Unless my old General go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a Shoo yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the Leg well.

Anc. Fight? 'Tis likely!

No, there will be the sport Boys, when there's need on's.
They think the other Crown will do, will carry us.

And the brave golden Coat of Captain *Cankro*
Borowski. What a noise his very Name carries?

'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,

He needs no Soldiers; if he do, for my part, (too,
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think
And all the Army; No, honest, brave old *Archas*,
We cannot so soon leave thy Memory,
So soon forget thy Goodness: He that does,
The scandal and the scum of Arms be counted.

Put. You much rejoice me now you have hit my mean-
I durst not press ye till I found your Spirits: (ing.
Continue thus.

Anc. I'll go and tell the Duke on't.

Enter second Post.

Put. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once occasion comes. Another Packet!

From

From whence, Friend, come you?

2 Post. From the Borders, Sir.

Put. What news, Sir, I beseech you?

2 Post. Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;
The *Tartar's* up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward, like a Tempest, all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave Boys, brave News, Boys.

2 Post. Either we must have present help—

Anc. Still braver.

2 Post. Where lies the Duke?

Sol. He's there.

2 Post. 'Save ye, Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee.

Now the time's come.

Put. Ay, now 'tis come indeed, and now stand firm,
And let 'em burn on merrily. (Boys,

Anc. This City would make a fine marvelous Bonfire:
'Tis old dry Timber, and such Wood has no Fellow.

2 Sol. Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many Pigs in a Storm,
When they hear the news once.

Enter Boroskie, and a Servant.

Put. Here's one has heard it already;
Room for the General.

Bor. Say I am fain exceeding sick o'th' sudden,
And am not like to live.

Put. If ye go on, Sir,
For they will kill ye certainly; they look for ye.

Anc. I see your Lordship's bound, take a Suppository,
'Tis I, Sir; a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*
They burn and kill, and't like your Honour, kill us,
Kill with Guns, with Guns my Lord, with Guns, Sir.
What says your Lordship to a Chick in sorrel Sops?

Put. Go, go thy ways old True-penny;
Thou hast but one fault: Thou art ev'n too valiant. (ted.
Come, t'th' Army Gentlemen, and let's make them acquaint-

Sol. Away, we are for ye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Alinda, and two Gentlewomen.

Alin. Why, whither run ye Fools; will ye leave my

Pet. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes. (Lady?

Alin. Why, let him,

I thought you had fear'd no Men: Upon my Conscience
You have try'd their Strengths already; stay for shame.

Pet. Shift for thy self, *Alinda*. [Exit.

Alin. Beauty blefs ye:

Into what Groom's Feather-Bed will you creep now?
And there mistake the Enemy; sweet Youths ye are,
And of a constant Courage; are you afraid of foining?

Enter Olympia.

Olym. O my good Wench, what shall become of us?
The Posts come hourly in, and bring new Danger;
The Enemy is past the *Volga*, and bears hither
With all the Blood and Cruelty he carries.
My Brother now will find his Fault.

Alin. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late, Madam. But pray fear not,
All will be well, I hope. Sweet Madam, shake not.

Olym. How cam'st thou by this Spirit? our Sex trembles.

Alin. I am not unacquainted with these Dangers;
And you shall know my Truth; for e'er you perish,
A hundred Swords shall pass through me: 'Tis but dying,
And Madam we must do it: The manner's all:
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely Thoughts to
And take my Counsel too; go presently, (you,
With all the haste ye have, (I will attend ye)
With all the possible speed, to old Lord *Archas*,
He honours ye; with all your Art persuade him,
(Twill be a dismal Time else) woo him hither,
But hither Madam, make him see the Danger;
For your new General looks like an *Ass*;
There's nothing in his Face but Loss.

Olym. I'll do it.

And thank thee, sweet *Alinda*: O my Jewel,

How

How much I'm bound to love thee! by this Hand, Wench,
If thou wert a Man——

Alin. I wou'd I were to fight for you.

But haste, dear Madam.

Olym. I need no Spurs, *Alinda.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke, 2 Posts, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. The Lord General sick now? is this a time
For Men to creep into their Beds? What's become, Post,
Of my Lieutenant?

Post. Beaten, and 't please your Grace,
And all his Forces sparkled.

Enter a Gentleman.

Duke. That's but cold News.

How now, what good News? are the Soldiers ready?

Gen. Yes, Sir, but fight they will not, nor stir from that
They stand in now, unless they have Lord *Archas* (Place
To lead 'em out; they rail upon this General,
And sing Songs of him, scurvy Songs, to worse Tunes:
And much they spare not you, Sir: Here they swear
They'll stand and see the City burnt, and dance about it,
Unless Lord *Archas* come, before they fight for't:
It must be so, Sir.

Duke. I cou'd with it so too;
And to that end I have sent Lord *Burris* to him;
But all I fear will fail, we must die, Gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter Burris.

What bring'st thou, *Burris*?

Bur. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, Sir;
I found him at his Prayers, there he tells me,
The Enemy shall take him, fit for Heav'n:
I urg'd to him all our Dangers, his own Worths,
The Country's Ruin; nay I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his Head, let fall a Tear, and pointed
Thus with his Finger to the Ground; a Grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.
Your Grace was much to blame:

Where

Where's the new General?

Duke. He is sick, poor Man.

Eur. He's a poor Man indeed, Sir:
Your Grace must needs go to the Soldier.

Duke. They have sent me Word
They will not stir, they rail at me,
And all the spight they have—— [Shout within.
What Shout is that there?
Is the Enemy come so near?

Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda.

Olym. I have brought him, Sir,
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy Sister,
O blessed Woman!

Olym. Use him nobly, Brother;
You never had more need: And, Gentlemen,
All the best Pow'rs ye have to Tongues turn presently,
To winning and persuading Tongues: All my Art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to Arm him; And, good my Lord,
Though I exceed the Limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,
And not to urge ye farther; yet, see your Country,
Out of your own sweet Spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the Miseries,
On every side the Fears; O see the Dangers;
We find'em soonest, therefore hear me first, Sir.

Duke. Next hear your Prince:
You have said you lov'd him, *Archas*,
And thought your Life too little for his Service;
Think not your Vow too great now, now the Time is,
And now you are brought to th' Test, touch right now
Now shew the manly pureness of thy Mettle; (Soldier,
Now if thou beest that valued Man, that Virtue,
That great Obedience teaching all, now stand it.
What I have said forget, my Youth was hasty,
And what you said your self forgive, you were angry.
If Men cou'd live without their Faults, they were Gods,
He weeps, and holds his Hands up: To him, *Burris*. (*Archas*.)

Bur. You have shew'd the Prince his Faults;

And

And like a good Surgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,
Let 'em not fester now, Sir; your own Honour,
The Bounty of that Mind, and your Allegiance,
'Gainst which, I take it, Heav'n gives no Command, Sir,
Nor seals no Vow, can better teach ye now
What ye have to do, than I, or this necessity;
Only this little's left; wou'd ye do nobly,
And in the Eye of Honour truly triumph?

Conquer that Mind first, and then Men are nothing.

Alin. Last, a poor Virgin kneels; for Loves sake, Ge-
If I ever you have lov'd; for her sake, Sir, (neral,
For your own Honesty, which is a Virgin,
Look up, and pity us, be Bold and Fortunate,
You are are a Knight, a good and noble Soldier,
And when your Spurs were giv'n ye, your Sword buckl'd,
Then were you sworn for Virtue's Cause, for Beauty's,
For Chastity to strike; strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your Sword, or else you are Recreant,
Only a Knight i'th' Heels, i'th' Heart a Coward;
Your first Vow Honour made, your last but Anger. (too?

Arch. How like my virtuous Wife this thing looks, speaks
So wou'd she chide my Dulness. Fair one, I thank ye.
My gracious, Sir, your Pardon, next your Hand:
Madam, your Favour, and your Prayers; Gentlemen,
Your Wishes, and your Loves; and pretty sweet one,
A favour for your Soldier.

Olym. Give him this, Wench.

Alin. Thus do I tie on Victory.

Arch. My Armour,
My Horse, my Sword, my touch Staff, and my Fortune,
And *Olin* now I come to shake thy Glory.

Duke. Go, Brave and Prosperous, our Loves go with thee.

Olym. Full of thy Virtue, and our Pray'rs attend thee.

Bur. &c. Loden with Victory, and we to honour thee.

Alin. Come home the Son of Honour, —

And I'll serve ye.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.**Duke.* NO News of *Archas* yet?

Bur. But now, and't please ye,
 A Post came in, Letters he brought none with him,
 But this deliver'd. He saw the Armies join,
 The Game of Blood begun, and by our General,
 Who never was acquainted but with Conquest,
 So bravely fought, he saw the *Tartars* shaken,
 And there he said he left 'em.

Duke. Where's *Boroskie*?*1 Gent.* He's up again, and't please ye.*Bur.* Sir, methinks

This News should make ye lightsome, bring Joy to ye,
 It strikes our Hearts with general Comfort. [*Exit Duke.*
 Gone? What shou'd this mean, so suddenly?
 He's well?

2 Gent. We see no other.

1 Gent. Wou'd the rest were well too,
 That put these Starts into him.

Bur. I'll go after him.

2 Gent. 'Twill not be fit, Sir: H'as some Secret in him
 He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing
 Has crost him since the General went?

Bur. Not any:

If there had been, I am sure I should have found it:
 Only I have heard him oft complain for Mony:
 Mony he says he wants.

1 Gent. It may be that then.

Bur. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
 And those so honest, it cannot be.

Enter Duke, and Boroskie.

1 Gent. He comes back,
 And Lord *Boroskie* with him.

Bur. There the Game goes,
 I fear some new thing hatching.

Duke. Come hither, *Burris*.

Go see my Sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little Mistress give this Token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

Bur. Yes, I shall, Sir.

[*Exe. Bur. and Gent.*

Duke. Wait you without. I wou'd yet try him further,

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your Grace heard
Of what he has done i'th' Field? (yet

Duke. A Post but now
Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The Enemy gave Ground before he parted.

Bor. 'Tis well.

(ing,

Duke. Come, speak thy Mind Man. 'Tis not for fight-
A Noise of War, I keep thee in my Bosom;
Thy Ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood
Thou brought'st me up: And like another Nature,
Made good all my Necessities. Speak boldly.

Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but Envy,
Though I intend, high Heav'n knows, but your Honour,
When vain and empty People shall proclaim me——
Good Sir, excuse me.

Duke. Do you fear me for your Enemy?
Speak on your Duty.

Bor. Then I must, and dare, Sir.

(not,

When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him
Take heed he meet not with their Loves and Praises,
That Glass will shew him ten times greater, Sir,
(And make him strive to make good that Proportion)
Than e'er his Fortune bred him; he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a Nature, if not this way Poyson'd, (duc'd, Sir;
Perfect enough, easie, and sweet, but those are soon se-
He's a great Man, and what that Pill may work,
Prepar'd by general Voices of the People,
Is the end of all my Counsel, only this, Sir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: There if he stand a while well,
But till the Soldier cool, whom, for their Service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And shewr your self into 'em; 'tis the Bounty
They follow with their Loves, and not the Bravery.

*Enter two Gentlemen.**Duke.* But where's the Mony? how now?*2 Gent.* Sir, the Colonel,

Son to the Lord *Archas*, with most happy News
Of the *Tartars* Overthrow, without here
Attends your Grace's Pleasure.

Bor. Be not seen, Sir,

He's a bold Fellow, let me stand his Thunders,
'To th' Court he must not come: No Blessing here, Sir,
No Face of Favour, if you love your Honour.

*Enter Theodore.**Duke.* Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, Sir.*[Exit.**Bor.* Conduct him in, Sir---welcome, noble Colonel.*The.* That's much from your Lordship: Pray where's*Bor.* We hear you have beat the *Tartar*. (the Duke?*The.* Is he busie, Sir?*Bor.* Have ye taken *Olin* yet?*The.* I wou'd fain speak with him.*Bor.* How many Men have ye lost?*The.* Do's he lye this way?*Bor.* I am sure you fought it bravely.*The.* I must see him.

(mission?

Bor. You cannot yet, ye must not, what's your Com-*The.* No Gentleman o'th' Chamber here?*Bor.* Why, pray ye, Sir,

Am not I fit to entertain your business?

The. I think you are not, Sir; I am sure ye shall not.
I bring no Tales, nor Flatteries: In my Tongue, Sir,
I carry no fork'd Stings.

Bor. You keep your Bluntness.

The. You are deceiv'd: It keeps me: I had felt else
Some of your Plagues e'er this: But, good Sir, trifle not,
I have business to the Duke.

Bor. He's not well, Sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.

The. Not well, Sir?

How wou'd he ha'been, if we had lost? Not well, Sir?
I bring him News to make him well: His Enemy
'That wou'd have burnt his City here, and your House too,
Your

Your brave Gilt-house, my Lord, your Honours hangings,
Where all your Ancestors, and all their Battels,
Their Silk and Golden Battels are Decipher'd:
That wou'd not only have abus'd your Buildings, (teries,
Your goodly Buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your But-
Purloin'd your Lordship's Plate, the Duke bestow'd on you,
For turning handsomly o'th' Toe, and trim'd your Virgins,
Trim'd 'em of a new cut, and t'like your Lordship,
'Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the Curse is
You had had no Remedy against these Rascals, (too,
No Law, and t'like your Honour; wou'd have kill'd you
And roasted ye, and eaten ye, e'er this Time:
Notable Knaves my Lord, unruly Rascals:
These Youths have we ty'd up, put Muzzels on 'em,
And par'd their Nails, that honest civil Gentlemen,
And such most noble Persons as your self is,
May live in Peace, and rule the Land with a twine Thread.
These News I bring.

Bor. And were they thus deliverd ye?

The. My Lord, I am no Pen-man, nor no Orator,
My Tongue was never Oyl'd with Here and t'like ye,
There I beseech ye; weigh, I am a Soldier,
And Truth I covet only, no fine Terms, Sir;
I come not to stand treating here; my business
Is with the Duke, and of such general Blessing——

Bor. You have overthrown the Enemy, we know it,
And we rejoyce in't; ye have done like honest Subjects,
You have done handsomely and well.

The. But well, Sir?

But handsomely and well? what, are we Juglers?

I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.

But handsomely and well? Does your Lordship take us
For the Dukes Tumblers? we have done bravely, Sir,
Ventur'd our Lives like Men.

Bor. Then bravely be it.

The. And for as brave Rewards we look, and Graces,
We have Sweat and Bled for't, Sir.

Bor. And ye may have it, (first
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves
For any good they do, take off the Lustre,
And blot the Benefit.

The. Are these the Welcomes,
The Bells that ring out our Rewards? pray heartilly,
Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:
Do my good Lord, pray seriously, and sigh too,
For if there be——

Bor. They must be met, and fought with. (ter'd.

The. By whom? by you? they must be met and flat-
Why, what a Devil ail'd ye to do these things?
With what assurance dare ye mock Men thus?
You have but single Lives, and those I take it
A Sword may find too: Why do ye dam the Duke up?
And choak that course of Love, that like a River
Should fill our empty Veins again with Comforts?
But if ye use these knick knacks,
This fast and loose, with faithful Men and honest,
You'll be the first will find it.

Enter Archas, *Soldiers*, *Putskey*, *Ancient*, and *others*.

Bor. You are too Untemperate.

The. Better be so, and Thief too, than unthankful:
Pray use this old Man so, and then we are paid all. ye,
The Duke thanks ye for your Service, and the Court thanks
And wonderful desirous they are to see ye; (games,
Pray Heav'n we have room enough to march for May-
Pageants, and Bone-fires for your welcome home, Sir.
Here your most noble Friend the Lord *Boroskie*,
A Gentleman too tender of your Credit,
And ever in the Duke's Ear, for your good, Sir,
Crazy and Sickly, yet to be your Servant,
Has leapt into the open Air to meet ye. (come home, Sir;

Bor. The best is, your Words wound not; you are wel-
Heartily welcome home, and for your Service,
The noble Overthrow you gave the Enemy,
The Duke salutes ye too with all his Thanks, Sir.

Anc. Sure they will now regard us.

Put. There's a Reason:

But by the changing of the Colonel's Countenance,
The rolling of his Eyes like angry Billows,
I fear the Wind's not down yet, *Ancient*.

Arch. Is the Duke well, Sir?

Bor. Not much unhealthy,

Only

Only a little grudging of an Ague, (ful,
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes him fear.
And loth as yet to give your Worth due welcome,
The Sickneſs hath been ſomewhat hot i'th' Army,
Which happily may prove more Doubt than Danger,
And more his Fear than Fate; yet howſoever,
An honeſt Care——

Arch. Ye ſay right, and it ſhall be;
For though upon my Life 'tis but a Rumor,
A meer Opinion, without Faith or Fear in't;
For, Sir, I thank Heav'n, we never ſtood more healthy,
Never more high and luſty; yet to ſatiſfie,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his State, we'll draw away, Sir,
And lodge at further Diſtance, and leſs Danger.

Bor. It will be well.

Anc. It will be very ſcurvy:
I ſmell it out, it ſtinks abominably,
Stir it no more.

Bor. The Duke, Sir, wou'd have you too,
For a ſhort Day or two, retire to your own Houſe,
Whither himſelf will come to viſit ye,
And give ye Thanks.

Arch. I ſhall attend his Pleaſure.

Anc. A Trick, a louſie Trick: So ho, a Trick Boys.

Arch. How now, what's that?

Anc. I thought I had found a Hare, Sir,
But 'tis a Fox, an old Fox, ſhall we hunt him?

Arch. No more ſuch Words.

Bor. The Soldier's grown too ſawcy,
You muſt tie him ſtraiter up.

Arch. I do my beſt, Sir;
But Men of free-born Minds ſometimes will flie out.

Anc. May not we ſee the Duke?

Bor. Not at this time, Gentlemen,
Your General knows the Cauſe.

Anc. We have no Plague, Sir,
Unleſs it be in our Pay, nor no Pox neither;
Or if we had, I hope that good old Courtier
Will not deny us place there.

Put. Certain my Lord,
 Considering what we are, and what we have done ;
 If not, what need ye may have, 'twou'd be better,
 A great deal nobler, and taste honefter
 To use us with more sweetness; Men that dig
 And lash away their Lives at the Carts tail, (too,
 Double our Comforts ; Meat, and their Masters Thanks
 When they work well, they have; Men of our Quality,
 When they do well, and venture for't with Valour,
 Fight hard, lye hard, feed hard, when they come home,
 And know these are deserving things, things worthy, (Sir,
 Can you then blame 'em if their Minds a little
 Be stir'd with Glory? 'tis a Pride becomes 'em,
 A little season'd with Ambition,
 To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd (poorly,
 For what they have done : When to come home thus
 And met with such unjointed Joy, so looked on,
 As if we had done no more but drest a Horse well ;
 So entertain'd, as if, I thank ye Gentlemen,
 Take that to drink, had pow'r to please a Soldier?
 Where be the Shouts, the Bells rung out, the People?
 The Prince himself?

Arch. Peace: I perceive your Eye, Sir,
 Is fixt upon this Captain for his Freedom,
 And happily you find his Tongue too forward ;
 As I am Master of the Place I carry,
 'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this Man,
 No stronger tie upon me, than the Truth
 And Tongue to tell it, I shou'd speak as he do's,
 And think with Modesty enough, such Saints
 That daily thrust their Loves and Lives through hazards,
 And fearless for their Country's Peace, march hourly
 Through all the Doors of Death, and know the darkest,
 Shou'd better be canoniz'd for their Service:
 What labour wou'd these Man neglect, what Danger
 Where Honour is, though seated in a Billow,
 Rising as high as Heav'n, wou'd not these Soldiers,
 Like to so many Sea-gods charge up to it? (Sir;
 Do you see these Swords? Time's Sythe was ne'er so sharp,
 Nor ever at one Harvest mow'd such handfuls :

Thoughts

Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor Belief so sure
 When they are drawn, and were it not sometimes
 I swim upon their Angers to allay 'em,
 And, like a calm, depress their fell Intentions;
 They are so deadly sure, nature wou'd suffer——
 And whose are all these Glories? why, their Prince's,
 Their Country's, and their Friends? Alas, of all these,
 And all the happy ends they bring, the Blessings,
 They only share the Labours: A little Joy then,
 And outside of a welcome, at an upshot
 Would not have done amiss, Sir; but howsoever
 Between me and my Duty, no crack, Sir,
 Shall dare appear: I hope by my Example
 No Discontent in them: Without doubt, Gentlemen,
 The Duke will both look suddenly and truly (Sir.
 On your Deserts: Methinks 'twere good they were paid,
Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for Mony;
 And any Favour else——

Arch. We are all bound to ye;
 And so I take my leave, Sir; when the Duke pleases
 To make me worthy of his Eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly,
 I know his good Thoughts to ye.

Arch. With all Duty,
 And all Humility, I shall attend, Sir. (satisfied.

Bor. Once more you are welcome home: These shall be
The. Be sure we be: And handsomly.

Arch. Wait you on me, Sir.

The. And honestly: No juggling.

Arch. Will ye come, Sir? [Exit.

Bor. Pray do not doubt.

The. We are no Boys. [Exit.

Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with Mony.

Bor. Well, Sir. (Lordship.

Gent. Here's Mony from the Duke, and't please your

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How fowre the Soldiers look?

Bor. Is't told?

Gent. Yes, and for every Company a double Pay,
 And the Duke's Love to all.

Ans. That's worth a Duckat.

Bor.

Bor. You that be Officers, see it discharg'd then,
Why do not you take it up?

Anc. 'Tis too heavy :

'Body o'me, I have strain'd mine Arm.

Bor. Do you scorn it ?

Anc. Has your Lordship any Dice about ye ? sit round
And come on seven for my share. (Gentlemen,

Put. Do you think, Sir

This is the end we fight? can this Dirt draw us
To such a stupid Tameness, that our Service
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,
With a few honourable Words, and this, is righted?
Have not we Eyes and Ears, to hear and see, Sir,
And Minds to understand the flights we carry?
I come home old, and full of Hurts ; Men look on me,
As if I had got 'em from a Whore, and shun me ;
I tell my Griefs, and fear my Wants, I am answer'd,
Alas 'tis pity ! pray dine with me on Sunday.
These are the Sores we are sick of, the Minds Maladies,
And can this cure 'em? You shou'd have us'd us nobly,
And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us
To the World's Eye, have shew'd and fainted us,
Then ye had paid us bravely : Then we had shin'd, Sir,
Not in this gilded stuff, but in our Glory :
You may take back your Mony.

Gent. This I fear'd still.

Bor. Consider better, Gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your Lordship :

And now I'll put on my considering Cap :
My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may guess it
By having no sute to you for this Mony :
For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
While you want that Civility to rank it
With those Rights we expected ; Mony grows, Sir,
And Men must gather it, all is not put in one Purse.
And that I am no Carter, I cou'd never whistle yet :
But that I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
And a fine Gentleman, and't like your Honour,
And a most pleasant Companion : *All you that are witty,*
Come list to my Ditty : Come set in Boys,

With

With your Lordship's Patience.

How do you like my Song, my Lord?

[*Song.*

(better,

Bor. Ev'n as I like your self, but 'twould be a great deal
You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this Mony,
In your own Phrase I speak now, Sir, and 'tis very well
You have learn'd to sing; for since you prove so liberal,
To refuse such means as this, maintain your Voice still,
'Twill prove your best Friend.

Anc. 'Tis a singing Age, Sir,
A merry Moon here now: I'll follow it:
Fidling, and fooling now, gains more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at? What would you ask?
Speak freely.

Sol. And so we dare. A Triumph for the General.

Put. And then an Honour special to his Virtue.

Anc. That we may be prefer'd that have serv'd for it,
And cram'd up into favour like the worshipful,
At least upon the City's charge made drunk
For one whole Year; we have done 'em ten Years service;
That we may enjoy our Lechery without grudging,
And mine, or thine be nothing, all things equal,
And catch as catch may, be proclaim'd: That when we
And have no will to pay again, no Law (borrow,
Lay hold upon us, nor no Court controul us.

Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the Duke may
And no doubt will: The General will find too, (do 'em,
And so will you, if you but stay with Patience: I have no

Put. Nor Will. Come, Fellow-Soldiers. (Pow'r.

Bor. Pray be not so distrustful.

Put. There are ways yet,

And honest ways; we are not brought up Statues.

Anc. If your Lordship
Have any silk Stockings, that have holes i'th' Heels,
Or ever an Honourable Cassock that wants Buttons,
I could have cur'd such Maladies: Your Lordship's custom
And my good Lady's, if the Bones want setting
In her old Bodice——

Bor. This is Disobedience.

Anc. Eight Pence a Day, and hard Eggs.

Put. Troop off, Gentlemen,

Some

Some Coin we have, while this lasts, or our Credits,
We'll never sell our General's worth for six Pence.
Ye are beholding to us.

Anc. Fare ye well, Sir,

And buy a Pipe with that: Do ye see this Skarf, Sir?
By this Hand I'll cry Brooms in't, birchen Brooms, Sir,
Before I eat one bit from your Benevolence.
Now to our old Occupations again.
By your leave, Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper; take up the
This Love I must remove, this Fondness to him, (Mony.
This tenderness of Heart; I have lost my way else.
There is no sending, Man, they will not take it,
They are yet too full of Pillage,
They'll dance for't ere't be long:
Come, bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, refus'd their Mony?

Bor. Very bravely,
And stand upon such terms 'tis terrible.

Duke. Where's *Archas*?

Bor. He's retir'd, Sir, to his House,
According to your Pleasure, full of Duty
To outward shew: But what within——

Duke. Refuse it?

Bor. Most confidently: 'Tis not your Revenues
Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found a General
That knows no Ebb of Bounty: There they eat, Sir,
And loath your Invitations.

Duke. 'Tis not possible,
He's poor as they.

Bor. You'll find it otherwise.
Pray make your Journey thither presently,
And as ye go I'll open ye a wonder.
Good Sir, this Morning.

Duke. Follow me, I'll do it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, and Gentlewomen.

Olym. But do you think my Brother loves her?

Bur. Certain, Madam,

He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder,
Oft wishes she were nobler born.

Olym. Do you think him honest?

Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his Heart, than I am,
Upon my life I hold him so.

Olym. 'Tis a poor Wench,
I wou'd not have her wrong'd: Methinks my Brother---
But I must not give Rules to his Affections;
Yet if he weigh her worth——

Bur. You need not fear, Madam.

Olym. I hope I shall not. Lord *Burris*,
I love her well; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her:
I do not like that Ring from him to her,
I mean to Women of her way; such Tokens
Rather appear as Baits, than Royal Bounties:
I wou'd not have it so.

Bur. You will not find it,
Upon my Troth I think his most Ambition
Is but to let the World know h'as a handsome Mistress.
Will your Grace command me any service to him?

Olym. Remember all my Duty.

Bur. Blessings crown ye:
What's your will, Lady?

Alin. Any thing that's honest;
And if you think it fit, so poor a Service,
Clad in a ragged Virtue, may reach him,
I do beseech your Lordship speak it humbly.

Bur. Fair one I will: In the best Phrase I have too,
And so I kiss your Hand. [Exit.]

Alin. Your Lordship's Servant.

Olym. Come hither Wench, what art thou doing with

Alin. I am looking on the Posie, Madam. (that Ring?)

Olym. What is't?

Alin.

Alin. The Jewel's set within.

Olym. But where the Joy, Wench,
When that invisible Jewel's lost? Why dost thou smile so?
What unhappy Meaning hast thou?

Alin. Nothing, Madam,
But only thinking what strange spells these Rings have,
And how they work with some.

Pet. I fear with you too.

Alin. This cou'd not cost above a Crown.

Pet. 'Twill-cost you

The shaving of your Crown, if not the washing.

Olym. But he that sent it, makes the Virtue greater.

Alin. Ay, and the Vice too, Madam. Goodness bless me:
How fit 'tis for my Finger!

2 Wom. No doubt you'll find too

A Finger fit for you.

Alin. Sirrah, *Petefca*,

What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou hast Rings enough, thou art provided:
Heigh ho, what must I do now?

Pet. You'll be taught that,

The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you.

Alin. Ay me, ay me.

Pet. You will divide too, shortly,
Your Voice comes finely forward.

Olym. Come hither, Wanton,
Thou art not surely as thou say'st.

Alin. I wou'd not :

But sure there is a Witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord how my Heart leaps!

Pet. 'Twill go pit a pat shortly. (Shapes.

Alin. And now methinks a thousand of the Duke's

2 Wom. Will no less serve ye?

Alin. In ten thousand Smiles.

Olym. Heav'n bless the Wench.

Alin. With Eyes that will not be deny'd to enter;
And such soft sweet Embraces; take it from me,
I am undone else, Madam: I'm lost else.

Olym. What ails the Girl?

Alin. How suddenly I'm alter'd!

And

And grown my self again! do not you feel it?

Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this:

I'll try the Strength on't.

Alin. How cold my Blood grows now!

Here's sacred Virtue.

When I leave to honour this,

Every hour to pay a Kiss,

When each Morning I arise,

Or I forget a Sacrifice:

When this Figure in my Faith,

And the pureness that it hath,

I pursue not with my Will,

Nearer to arrive at still:

When I lose, or change this Jewel,

Fly me Faith, and Heav'n be cruel.

Olym. You have half confirm'd me,

Keep but that way sure,

And what this Charm can do, let me endure. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Honora and Viola.

Arch. Carry your self discreetly, it concerns me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward Passions,
Nor no distasts to any. Prithee *Theodore*,
By my life, Boy, 'twill ruin me.

The. I have done, Sir,
So there be no foul Play he brings along with him.

Arch. What's that to you?
Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.

The. So they mean well——

Arch. Is't fit you be a Judge, Sirrah?

The. 'Tis fit I feel, Sir.

Arch. Get a Banquet ready,
And trim your selves up handsomly.

The. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em Whores?
Hang up a Sign then,
And set 'em out to Livery.

Arch. Whose Son art thou?

The.

The. Yours, Sir, I hope: But not of your Disgraces.

Arc. Full twenty thousand Men I have commanded,
And all their Minds, with this calm'd all their Angers;
And shall a Boy, of mine own Breed too, of mine own
One crooked stick—— (Blood,

The. Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'll quit your House; if Taint or black Dishonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I have no share in't.
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too——

Arc. Hast thou no Reverence?
No Duty in thee?

The. This shall shew I obey ye:
I dare not stay: I would have shew'd my Love too,
And that you ask as Duty, with my Life, Sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your Hazards, (too:
Which Heav'n preserve ye from, and keep the Duke
And there's an end of my wishes, God be with ye. [*Exit.*

Arc. Stubborn, yet full of, that we all love, Honesty.
Enter Burris.

Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke?

Bur. In the great Chamber, Sir,
And there stays'till he see you. Ye have a fine House here.

Arc. A poor contented Lodge, unfit for his Presence,
Yet all the joy it hath.

Bur. I hope a great one, and for your good, brave Sir.

Arc. I thank ye, Lord:
And now my service to the Duke.

Bur. I'll wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Boroskie, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited?

Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with Favour look upon me.

Duke. It seems impossible.

Bor. It cannot chuse, Sir,
'Till your own Eyes behold it; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too haughty Soldier
Has been so cram'd and fed, he cares not for ye;
Believe, or let me perish: Let your Eyes

As

As you observe the House, but where I point it,
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, Honora, Viola, and Servant.

Duke. I'll follow your Direction. Welcome *Archas*,
You are welcome home, brave Lord, we are come to visit
And thank ye for your Service. (ye,

Arch. 'Twas so poor, Sir,
In true respect of what I owe your Highness,
It merits nothing.

Duke. Are these fair ones yours, Lord?

Arch. Their Mother made me think so, Sir.

Duke. Stand up, Ladies.

Beshrew my Heart they are fair ones; methinks fitter
The lustre of the Court, than thus live darken'd.
I wou'd see your House, Lord *Archas*, it appears to me
A handsome Pile.

Arch. 'Tis neat, but no great Structure;
I'll be your Grace's Guide, give me the Keys there.

Duke. Lead on, we'll follow ye: Begin with the Gallery,
I think that's one.

Arch. 'Tis so, and't please ye, Sir,
The rest above are Lodgings all.

Duke. Go on, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, and Ancient.

Putf. The Duke gone thither, do you say?

The. Yes marry do I,

And all the Ducklings too; but what they'll do there----

Putf. I hope they'll crown his Service.

The. With a Custard;

This is no weather for Rewards: They crown his Service?
Rather they go to shave his Crown: I was rated
As if I had been a Dog had worried Sheep, out of Doors,
For making but a doubt.

Putf. They must now grace him.

The. Mark but the end.

(want him.

Anc. I am sure they shou'd Reward him, they cannot

The. They that want Honesty, want any thing.

Putf. The Duke is so noble in his own Thoughts.

The. That I grant ye,
 If those might only sway him: But 'tis most certain,
 So many new born Flies his light gave life to,
 Buzze in his Beams, Flesh-flies, and Butterflies,
 Hornets, and humming Scarabs, that not one honey Bee
 That's loaden with true Labour, and brings home
 Encrease and Credit, can 'scape rifling,
 And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness. (em?

Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our mind to

Putf. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.

Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?

I have a great mind to be hang'd now (take me,
 For doing some brave thing for him; a worse end will
 And for an action of no worth; not honour him?
 Upon my Conscience, ev'n the Devil, the very Devil
 (Not to bely him) thinks him an honest Man; (years,
 I am sure he has sent him Souls any time these twenty
 Able to furnish all his Fish-markets.

The. Leave thy talking,
 And come, let's go to Dinner and drink to him;
 We shall hear more e'er Supper time. If he be honour'd,
 He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't.
 If he be ruin'd, so, we know the worst then,
 And for my self, I'll meet it.

Putf. I ne'er fear it.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Enter Duke, Archas, Boroskie, Burris, Gentlemen
 and Attendants.*

Duke. They are handsome Rooms all, well contriv'd and
 Full of convenience, the Prospect's excellent. (fitted,

Arch. Now will your Grace pass down, and do me but
 To taste a Country Banquet? (the honour

Duke. What Room's that?
 I wou'd see all now; what Conveyance has it?
 I see you have kept the best part yet; pray open it.

Arch. Ha! I misdoubted this: 'Tis of no receipt, Sir,
 For your Eyes most unfit——

Duke. I long to see it, (lent Painting,
 Because I wou'd judge of the whole piece: Some excel-
 Or

Or some rare Spoils you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.

Arch. In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your sight; below I have
Some Fountains, and some Ponds.

Duke. I wou'd see this now.

Arch. *Boroskie*, thou art a Knave. It contains nothing
But Rubbish from the other Rooms and Unnecessaries;
Will't please you see a strange Clock?

Duke. This or nothing:
Why shou'd you bar it up thus with Defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will see it.

Arch. The Keys are lost, Sir:
Does your Grace think, if it were fit for you,
I cou'd be so unmannerly?

Duke. I will see it, and either shew it——

Arch. Good Sir—— (dantly,

Duke. Thank ye, *Archbas*, you shew your Love abundantly
Do I use to entreat thus? Force it open.

Bur. That were inhospitable; you are his Guest, Sir,
And with his greatest Joy to entertain ye.

Duke. Hold thy peace, Fool; will ye open it?

Arch. Sir, I cannot. I must not, if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open. (tlemen.

Arch. I must withstand that force. Be not too rash, Genl.

Duke. Unarm him first, then if he be not obstinate
Preserve his Life.

Arch. I thank your Grace, I take it;
And now take you the Keys, go in, and see, Sir; (tor,
There feed your Eyes with wonder, and thank that Tray-
That thing that sells his Faith for Favour. [*Exit Duke.*

Bur. Sir, what moves ye? (das,

Arch. I have kept mine pure. Lord *Burris*, there's a Jew
That for a Smile will sell ye all. A Gentleman?
The Devil has more Truth, and has maintain'd it;
A Whore's Heart more belief in't.

Enter Duke.

Duke. What's all this, *Archbas*?
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,

This

This most inestimable Treasure. *Arch.* Yours, Sir.

Duke. Nor do I wonder now the Soldier flights me.

Arch. Be not deceiv'd; he has had no favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that Pick-thank,
The lost Man in his Faith, he has reveal'd it,
To suck a little Honey from ye has betray'd it.
I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too,
Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord. I'll tell ye all, Sir:
Your Sire, before his Death, knowing your Temper
To be as bounteous as the Air, and open,
As flowing as the Sea to all that follow'd ye,
Your great Mind fit for War and Glory, thriftily
Like a great Husband to preserve your Actions,
Collected all this Treasure; to our Trusts,
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd Lord's there,
He gave the Knowledge and the Charge of all this,
Upon his Death-bed too: And on the Sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this Treasure
Part from our secret keepings, 'till no hope
Of Subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,
No help of those that lov'd ye cou'd supply ye,
And then some great Exploit afoot; my Honesty
I wou'd have kept 'till I had made this useful;
I shew'd it, and I stood it to the Tempest,
And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly;
This Worm that crept into ye has abus'd ye,
Abus'd your Father's care, abus'd his Faith too:
Nor can this mass of Mony make him Man more,
A flea'd Dog has more Soul, an Ape more Honesty;
All mine ye have amongst it, farewell that,
I cannot part with't nobler; my Heart's clear,
My Conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.
But O thy Hell!

Bor. I seek no Heav'n from you, Sir.

Arch. Thy gnawing Hell, *Boroskie*, it will find thee:
Wou'd ye heap Coals upon his Head has wrong'd ye,
Has ruin'd your Estate? Give him this Mony,
Melt it into his Mouth.

Duke. What little Trunk's that?
That there o'th' top, that's lockt?

Bor.

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir, richer I think than all.

Arch. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your Thoughts with such a courseness;
Pray rack not Honesty.

Bor. Be sure you see it. *Duke.* Bring out the Trunk.

Enter with the Trunk. (now.

Arch. You'll find that Treasure too, all I have left me

Duke. What's this, a poor Gown?

And this a piece of *Seneca*?

Arch. Yes sure, Sir,

More worth than all your Gold, yet ye have enough on't,
And of a Mine far purer, and more precious;
This sells no Friends, nor searches into Counsels,
And yet all counsel, and all Friends live here, Sir;
Betrays no Faith, yet handles all that's trusty:
Will't please you leave me this?

Duke. With all my Heart, Sir.

Arch. What says your Lordship to't?

Bor. I dare not rob ye.

(both;

Arch. Poor miserable Men, you have robb'd your selves
This Gown, and this unvalu'd Treasure, your brave Father,
Found me a Child at School with, in his progress.
Where such a love he took to some few answers,
Unhappy Boyish Toys hit in my Head then,
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was,
(For here was all the Wealth I brought his Highness)
He carried me to Court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his Favours on me, taught me the Arms first,
With those an honest Mind; I serv'd him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not;
Let the World speak: I humbly thank your Highness,
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine Age, Sir;
And to this care a fair *Quietus* giv'n. Now to my Book

Duke. You have your wish, Sir, (again.
Let some bring off the Treasure,

Bor. Some is his, Sir.

Arch. None, none, a poor unworthy Reaper,
The Harvest is his Grace's.

Duke. Thank you, *Archas.*

Arch. But will not you repent, Lord? when this is gone
Where will your Lordship? —————

Bor.

Bor. Pray take you no care, Sir.

Arch. Does your Grace like my House?

Duke. Wondrous well, *Archas*,
You have made me richly welcome.

Arch. I did my best, Sir.

Is there any thing else may please your Grace?

Duke. Your Daughters I had forgot, send them to Court.

Arch. How's that, Sir?

Duke. I said your Daughters; see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my Sister, *Archas*.

Arch. Thank your Highness.

Duke. And suddenly. [Exit.

Arch. Through all the ways I dare
I'll serve your Temper, though you try me far. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Theodore, Putskey, Ancient, and Servant.

The. **I** Wonder we hear no News.

Putf. Here's your Father's Servant,
He comes in haste too, now we shall know all, Sir.

The. How now?

Ser. I am glad I have met you, Sir; your Father
Intreats you presently make haste unto him.

The. What News?

Ser. None of the best, Sir, I am ashamed to tell it,
Pray ask no more.

The. Did not I tell ye, Gentlemen?
Did not I Prophecy? He's undone then.

Ser. Not so, Sir, but as near it——

Putf. There's no help now;
The Army's scatter'd all, through Discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

Anc. Plague of the Devil; have ye watch'd your Seasons?
We shall watch you e'er long.

The. Farewel, there's no cure,
We must endure all now: I know what I'll do.

[Exeunt Theodore, and Servant.

Putf. Nay, there's no striving, they have a hand upon us.
A heavy and a hard one *Anc.*

Anc. Now I have it,
We have yet some Gentlemen, some Boys of mettle,
(What, are we bob'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these Vipers;
Shall I blefs 'em?

Put. Farewel; I have thought my way too. [Exit.

Anc. Were never such rare Cries in Christendom,
As *Mosco* shall afford: We'll live by fooling
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.

Arch. No more, it must be so; do you think I wou'd send
Your Father and your Friend—— (ye,

Viol. Pray Sir, be good to us,
Alas, we know no Court, nor seek that Knowledge;
We are content with harmless things at home,
Children of your Content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know our selves, to seek a Wisdom
From that we understand, easie and honest;
To make our Actions worthy of your Honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em;
What shall we look for, Sir, what shall we learn there,
That this more private sweetness cannot teach us?
Virtue was never built upon Ambition,
Nor the Souls Beauties bred out of Bravery:
What a terrible Father wou'd you seem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our Tempers
To easie and obedient Ways, uncrooked,
Where the fair Mind can never lose nor loiter,
Now to divert our Natures, now to stem us
Roughly against the tide of all this Treasure?
Wou'd ye have us proud? 'Tis sooner Bred than Buried;
Wickedly proud? For such things dwell at Court, Sir.

Hon. Wou'd ye have your Children learn to forget their
And when he Dies dance on his Monument? (Father?
Shall we seek Virtue in a Satin Gown;
Embroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd Feather?
And set our Credits to the tune of Green-sleeves?
This may be done; and if you like, it shall be.

You shou'd have sent us thither when we were younger,
 Our Maiden-heads at a higher rate; our Innocence
 Able to make a Mart indeed: We are now too old, Sir,
 Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight us;
 Besides, we are altogether unprovided,
 Unfurnisht utterly of the Rules should guide us:
 This Lord comes, licks his Hand, and protests to me;
 Compares my Beauty to a thousand fine things;
 Mountains, and Fountains, Trees, and Stars, and Goblins;
 Now have not I the Faith for to believe him;
 He offers me the honourable courtesie,
 To lye with me all Night; what a misery is this?
 I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not,
 And how madly these things will shew there:

Arch. I send ye not,
 Like Parts infected, to draw more Corruption;
 Like Spiders to grow great, with growing Evil:
 With your own Virtues season'd, and my Pray'rs,
 The Card of Goodness in your Minds, that shows ye
 When ye sail false; the Needle toucht with Honour,
 That through the blackest Storms still points at Happiness;
 Your Bodies the tall Barks, rib'd round with Goodness,
 Your Heav'nly Souls the Pilots, thus I send you;
 Thus I prepare your Voyage; sound before ye,
 And ever as you sail through this World's Vanity,
 Discover Sholes, Rocks, Quicksands, cry out to ye,
 Like a good Master, Tack about for Honour.
 The Court is Virtue's School, at least it should be;
 Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the Metal's purer:
 Be it granted, if the Spring be once infected,
 Those Branches that flow from him must run muddy;
 Say you find some Sins there, and those no small ones,
 And they like lazy Fits begin to shake ye:
 Say they affect your Strengths, my happy Children
 Great things through greatest hazards are atchiev'd still,
 And then they shine, then Goodness has his Glory,
 His Crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,
 Where, through the midst of Errors, like the Sun,
 Through thick and pitchy Clouds, he breaks out nobly.

Hon.

Hon. I thank you Sir, you have made me half a Soldier to Court most willingly, most fondly. (dier,
And if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such Travellers into *Virginia*

As Fame reports, if they can win me, take me.
I think I have a close Ward, and a sure one;
An honest Mind I hope, 'tis Petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and Jewel-proof; I know 'tis Gold-proof,
A Coach and four Horses cannot draw me from it:
As for your handsome Faces, and filed Tongues,
Curl'd Millers Heads, I have another word for them,
And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
And lye, but not as Lewdly. Come, be valiant, Sister,
She that dares not stand the push o'th' Court dares nothing,
And yet come off ungrac'd: Sir, like you,
We both affect great dangers now, and the World shall
All Glory lies not in Man's Victory. (see

Arch. Mine own *Honora*.

Vio. I am very fearful,
Would I were stronger built. You would have me honest?

Arch. Or not at all my *Viola*.

Vio. I'll think on't,
For 'tis no easie Promise, and live there.
Do you think we shall do well?

Hon. Why, what shou'd ail us?

Vio. Certain they'll tempt us strongly; besides the glory
Which Women may affect, they are handsome Gentlemen,
Every part speaks: Nor is it one denial,
Nor two, not ten; from every look we give 'em
They'll frame a hope; ev'n from our Pray'rs, Promises.

Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no fear, Wench,
If thou be'st fast to thy self.

Vio. I hope I shall be; ———
And your example will work more.

Enter Theodore.

Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

The. How do you, Sir? Can you lend a Man an Angel?
I hear you let out Mony.

Arch. Very well, Sir,
You are pleasantly dispos'd; I am glad to see it.

Can

Can you lend me your Patience, and be rul'd by me?

The. Is't come to Patience now?

Arch. Is't not a Virtue?

The. I know not: I ne'er found it so.

Arch. That's because

Thy Anger ever knows, and not thy Judgment.

The. I know you have been rifl'd.

Arch. Nothing less, Boy;

Lord, what opinions these vain People publish!
Risl'd of what?

The. Study your Virtue, Patience,
It may get Mustard to your Meat. Why in such haste, Sir,
Sent ye for me?

Arch. For this end only, *Theodore*,
To wait upon your Sisters to the Court;
I am commanded they live there.

The. To th' Court, Sir?

Arch. To th' Court, I say.

The. And must I wait upon 'em?

Arch. Yes, 'tis most fit you shou'd, you are their Brother.

The. Is this the business? I had thought your Mind, Sir,
Had been set forward on some noble Action,
Something had truly stir'd ye. To th' Court with these?
Why, they are your Daughters, Sir.

Arch. All this I know, Sir.

The. The good old Woman on a Bed he threw.
To th' Court?

Arch. Thou art mad.

The. Nor Drunk as you are:
Drunk with your Duty, Sir: Do you call it Duty?
A pox of Duty, what can these do there?
What should they do? Can ye look Babies, Sisters,
In the young Gallants Eyes, and twirl their Band-strings?
Can ye ride out to air your selves? Pray Sir,
Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?

Arch. Why, didst thou never hear of Women
Yet at Court, Boy?

The. Yes, and good Women too, very good Women,
Excellent honest Women: But are ye sure, Sir,
That these will prove so?

Hon.

Hon. There's the danger, Brother.

The. God-a-mercy Wench, thou hast a grudging of it.

Arch. Now be you serious, Sir, and observe what I say,
Do it, and do it handsomely; go with 'em.

The. With all my Heart, Sir; I am in no fault now;
If they be thought Whores for being in my Company;
Pray write upon their Backs, they are my Sisters,
And where I shall deliver 'em.

Arch. Ye are wondrous jocund,
But prithee tell me, art thou so lewd a Fellow?
I never knew thee fail a Truth.

The. I am a Soldier,
And spell you what that means.

Arch. A Soldier?
What dost thou make of me?

The. Your Palat's down, Sir.

Arch. I thank ye, Sir.

The. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to Court?

Hon. If you will please to honour us.

The. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off
With such a lustre, Wenches. Alas poor *Viola*,
Thou art a Fool, thou criest for eating white Bread:
Be a good Huswife of thy Tears, and save 'em,
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, Sister.
Do you weep too? Nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come worthy Sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your Virtues,
Be you as strong to Truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old Gentleman shall have joy of ye. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Duke, Burris take you ten thousand of those Crowns,
And those two Chains of Pearl they hold the richest,
I give 'em ye.

Bur. I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great Example work in me
That noble Charity to Men more worthy,

And

And of more wants.

Duke. You bear a good Mind, *Burris* ;
Take twenty thousand now : Be not so modest,
It shall be so, I give 'em : Go, there's my Ring for't.

Bur. Heaven blefs your Highness ever.

[*Exit.*

Duke. You are honest.

Enter Alinda, and Putskie at Door.

Put. They're coming now to Court, as fair as Virtue :
Two brighter Stars ne'er rose here.

Alin. Peace, I have it,
And what my Art can do ; the Duke —

Putf. I am gone ; remember.

[*Exit.*

Alin. I am counsell'd to the full, Sir.

Duke. My pretty Mistress, whither lies your business?
How kindly I shou'd take this, were it to me now?

Alin. I must confess immediately to your Grace,
At this time.

Duke. You have no address, I do believe ye,
I wou'd ye had.

Alin. 'Twere too much boldness, Sir,
Upon so little Knowledge, less deserving.

Duke. You'll make a perfect Courtier.

Alin. A very poor one.

Duke. A very fair one, Sweet ; come hither to me.
What killing Eyes this Wench has ? In his Glory
Not the bright Sun, when the *Sirian* Star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.

Alin. Why does your Grace so view me ?
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, Sir,
Scarce that : Your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.

Duke. Thou shalt not go ; I do not lie unto thee,
In my Eye thou appear'st —

Alin. Dim not the sight, Sir,
I am too dull an Object.

Duke. Canst thou love me ?
Canst thou love him will honour thee ?

Alin. I can love,
And love as you do too : But 'twill not shew well :
Or if it do shew here where all Light lustres,
Tinsel affections make a glorious glist'ring,

'Twill

'Twill halt i'th' handsom way.

Duke. Are ye so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?

Alin. No, ye cannot,
You never travell'd that way yet: Pray pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.

Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, Sweet?

Alin. I wou'd tell your Grace,
But happily——

Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.

Alin. I shou'd love you again, and then you wou'd hate
With all my service I shou'd follow ye, (me.
And through all dangers.

Duke. This wou'd more provoke me,
More make me see thy Worths,
More make me meet 'em.

Alin. You shou'd do so, if ye did well and truly:
But though ye be a Prince, and have pow'r in ye,
Pow'r of Example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.

Duke. Give me Example where?

Alin. You had a Mistris,
Oh Heav'n, so bright, so brave a Dame, so lovely,
In all her Life so true!

Duke. A Mistris?

Alin. That serv'd you with that Constancy, that Care,
That lov'd your Will, and woo'd it too.

Duke. What Mistris?

Alin. That nurs'd your Honour up, held fast your Virtue,
And when she kist encreas'd, not stole your Goodness.

Duke. And I neglected her?

Alin. Lost her, forsook her, wantonly flung her off.

Duke. What was her Name?

Alin. Her Name as Lovely as her self, as Nob'e,
And in it all that's excellent.

Duke. What was it?

Alin. Her Name was *Beau-desert*:
Do you know her now, Sir?

Duke. *Beau-desert*? I do not remember——

Alin. I know you do not;

Yet

Yet she has a plainer Name; Lord *Archas* service;
 Do you yet remember her? There was a Mistress
 Fairer than Woman, far fonder to you, Sir,
 Than Mothers to their first-born Joys: Can you Love?
 Dare you profess that truth to me a Stranger,
 A thing of no Regard, no Name, no Lustre,
 When your most noble Love you have neglected,
 A Beauty all the World wou'd Woo and Honour?
 Wou'd you have me credit this? Think you can love me,
 And hold ye constant, when I have read this Story?
 Is't possible you should ever favour me,
 To a slight Pleasure prove a Friend, and fast too,
 When, where you were most ty'd, most bound to benefit,
 Bound by the Chains of Honesty and Honour,
 You have broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
 Arm'd only with my Fears: I beseech your Grace
 Tempt me no further.

Duke. Who taught you this Lesson?

Alin. Woful Experience, Sir: If you seek a fair one,
 Worthy your Love, if yet you have that perfect,
 Two Daughters of his ruin'd Virtue now
 Arrive at Court, excellent fair indeed, Sir,
 But this will be the Plague on't, they're excellent honest.

Enter Olympia and Petesca privately.

Duke. I love thy Face.

Alin. Upon my Life ye cannot:

I do not love it my self, Sir, 'tis a lewd one,
 So truly ill Art cannot mend it; but if 'twere handsome,
 At least if I thought so, you shou'd hear me talk, Sir,
 In a new strain; and though ye are a Prince,
 Make ye Petition to me too, and wait my Answers;
 Yet o' my Conscience I shou'd pity ye,
 After some ten years Siege.

Duke. Prethee do now.

Alin. What wou'd ye do?

Duke. Why I wou'd lye with ye.

Alin. I do not think ye wou'd.

Duke. In troth I wou'd Wench.

Here, take this Jewel.

Alin. Out upon't, that's scurvy.

Nay,

Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good Fellowship,
For pure Love, or nothing : Thus you shall be sure, Sir,
You shall not pay too dear for't.

Duke. Sure I cannot.

(able

Alin. By'r Lady but ye may : When ye have found me
To do your Work well, ye may pay my Wages.

Pet. Why does your Grace start back ?

Olym. I ha' seen that shakes me :

Chills all my Blood : O where is Faith or Goodness ?

Alinda thou art false, false, false thou fair one,
Wickedness false ; and, wo is me, I see it.

For ever false.

Pet. I am glad 't has taken thus right.

[*Exeunt.*

Alin. I'll go ask my Lady, Sir.

Duke. What ?

(willing——

Alin. Whether I shall lye with ye, or no : If I find her
For look ye Sir, I have sworn, while I am in her service---
('Twas a rash Oath I must confess.)

Duke. Thou mock'st me.

Alin. Why, wou'd ye lye with me, if I were willing ?
Would you abuse my weakness ?

Duke. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.

Alin. I humbly thank your Highness,
When you piece me, you must piece me to my Coffin :
When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,
Tis not an Inch of an Apes Tail will restore it,
'I Love ye, and I Honour ye, but this way
I'll neither love nor serve ye.
Heav'n change your Mind, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Duke. And thine too :

For it must be chang'd, it shall be.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, and Honora.

Bor. They are goodly Gentlewomen.

Bur. They are,

Wondrous sweet Women both.

The. Does your Lordship like 'em ?

They are my Sisters, Sir ; good lusty Lasses,

They'll

They'll do their Labour well, I warrant ye,
You'll find no Bed-straw here, Sir.

Hon. Thank ye, Brother.

The. This is not so strongly built: But she is good met-
Of a good stirring strain too: She goes tith, Sir. (tle,

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, Gentlemen, must make ye merry,
The toys you wot of: Do you like their Complexions?
They be no Moors: What think ye of this Hand, Gentle.
Here's a white Altar for your Sacrifice: (men?
A thousand Kisses here. Nay, keep of yet, Gentlemen,
Let's start first, and have fair play: What wou'd ye give now
To turn the Globe up, and find the rich *Moluccas*?
To pass the Straits? Here (do ye itch) by St. *Nicholas*,
Here's that will make ye scratch and claw,
Claw, my fine Gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts:
Pray ye let me request ye, to forget
To say your Prayers, whilst these are Courtiers;
Or if ye needs will think of Heav'n, let it be no higher
Than their Eyes.

Bor. How will ye have 'em bestow'd, Sir?

The. Ev'n how your Lordship please,
So you do not bake 'em.

Bor. Bake 'em?

[gelly.

The. They are too high a Meat that way, they run to
But if you'll have 'em for your own Diet, take my Counsel,
Stew 'em between two Feather-Beds.

Bur. Please you, Colonel,
To let 'em wait upon the Princess?

The. Yes, Sir,

And thank your Honour too: But then happily,
These noble Gentlemen shall have no access to 'em;
And to have 'em buy new Cloaths, study new Faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well i' faith: They have kept their Bodies,
And been at charge for Baths: Do you see that Shirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning, 'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these Gentlemen,
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome, and young, my Lord, and two such Blessings
They

They will not light upon again in ten Years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

The. They are fit for any thing :
They'll wait upon a Man, they are not Bashful,
Carry his Cloak, or unty his Points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiar'st Fools---
This Wench will leap over Stools too, and sound a Trumpet,
Wrastle, and pitch the Bar; they are finely brought up.

Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your Brother,
And have much cause to thank him :
I'll ease ye of this Charge, and to the Princess,
So please you, I'll attend 'em.

The. Thank your Lordship :
If there be e'er a private Corner as ye go, Sir,
A foolish Lobby out o'th' way, make Danger,
Try what they are, try-----

Bor. Ye are a merry Gentleman.

The. I wou'd fain be your Honour's Kinsman.

Bor. Ye are too curst, Sir. (washt else.

The. Farewel Wenches, keep close your Ports, y'are
Hon. Brother, bestow your Fears where they are needful.

[*Exe.* *Bor.* Honor. Vio

The. Honor thy Name is, and I hope thy Nature.
Go after Gentlemen, go, get a snatch if you can,
Yond' old *Erra Pater* will never please 'em.
Alas I brought 'em for you, but see the luck on't,
I swear I meant as honestly toward ye-----
Nay do not cry, good Gentlemen: A little Counsel
Will do no harm: They'll walk abroad i'th' Evenings,
Ye may surprize 'em easily; they wear no Pistols.
Set down your Minds in Metre, flowing Metre,
And get some good old Linnen-Woman to deliver it,
That has the Trick on't: You cannot fail:
Farewel Gentlemen. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Bur. You have frighted off these Flesh-flies.

The. Flesh-flies indeed, my Lord.

Enter Servant.

And it must be very stinking Flesh they will not seize on.

Serv. Your Lordship bid me bring this Casket.

Bur. Yes: Good Colonel,

Commend me to your worthy Father, and as a pledge
He ever holds my Love, and Service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty Token,
And where I may be his——

The. Ye are too Noble;
A Wonder here my Lord, that dare be honest,
When all Men hold it vicious: I shall deliver it,
And with it your most noble Love. Your Servant.

[Exit Burris.

Were there but two more such at Court, 'twere Sainted;
This will buy Brawn this Christmas yet, and Muscadine.
[Exit.

SCENE V.

*Enter Ancient, crying Brooms, and after him severally,
four Soldiers, crying other Things. Boroskie and Gentle-
men over the Stage, observing them.*

I. SONG.

Anc. Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom,
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
Ith' Wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny Broom,
For a Kiss take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little Pleasure,
Take all my whole Treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot.
Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom.

II. SONG.

1 Sol. The Wars are done and gone,
'And Soldiers now neglected, Pedlers are,
Come Maidens, come along,
For I can show you handsome, handsome Ware;
Powders for, for the Head,
And drinks for your Bed,
To make ye Blith and Bonny:
As well in the Night we Soldiers can fight,
And please a young Wench as any.

2 Sol.

2 Sol. I have fine Potato's,
Ripe Potato's.

III. S O N G.

3 Sol. Will ye buy any Honesty, come away,
I sell it openly by Day,
I bring no forced Light, nor no Candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will shew the great Man good,
The Tradesman where he swears and lyes,
Each Lady of a noble Blood,
The City Dame to rule her Eyes:
Ye are rich Men now: come buy; and then
I'll make ye richer, honest Men.

IV. S O N G.

(Mend?

4 Sol. Have ye any crackt Maiden-heads, to new Leach or
Have ye any old Maiden-heads to sell or to change?
Bring 'em to me with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a Pin,
Shall make 'em as good Maids again,
As ever they have been.

Bor. What means all this, why do y'sell Brooms An-
Is it in wantonness, or want? (cient?

Anc. The only Reason is, (nonce.
To sweep your Lordship's Conscience: Here's one for the
Gape Sir, you have swallow'd many a goodlier Matter---
The only casting for a crazie Conscience.

3 Sol. Will your Lordship buy any Honesty? 'twill be
Bor. How is this? (worth your Mony.

3 Sol. Honesty my Lord; 'tis here in a quill.

Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of Wind will blow it out o'th' Kingdom.

2 Sol. Will your Lordship please to taste a fine Potato?
'Twill advance your whither'd State.

Anc. Fill your Honour full of noble Itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordships Breeches.

1 Sol. If your Daughters on their Beds,
Have bow'd, or crackt their Maiden-heads;

*If in a Coach with too much Tumbling,
Thy chance to cry, fie, fo, what Fumbling;
If her Foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her Leg above the Knee,
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant Maids again.*

Bor. Ye are brave Soldiers; keep your wantonness,
A Winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.
Disport your selves, and when you want your Mony----

[Exit.

Anc. Broom, Broom, &c.

[Exeunt singing.

SCENE VI.

Enter Alinda, Honora, and Viola.

Alin. You must not be so fearful, little one,
Nor Lady you so sad, you will ne'er make Courtiers
With these dull fullen Thoughts; this Place is Pleasure,
Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful:
These are the Gardens of *Adonis*, Ladies,
Where all Sweets to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.

Hon. Bless me Heav'n,
Can things of her Years arrive at these Rudiments?
By your leave, fair Gentlewoman, how long have you
Alin. Faith much about a Week. *(been here?)*

Hon. You have studied hard,
And by my Faith arriv'd at a great Knowledge.

Vio. Were not you Bashful at first?

Alin. Ay, ay, for an hour or two:
But when I saw People laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull Breeding-----

Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the Mens Opinions.

Alin. Ever, Lady.

Hon. And what they think is Honourable.-----

Alin. Most precisely.

We follow with all Faith.

Hon. A goodly Cathechism.

Vio.

Vio. But bashful for an Hour or two?

Alin. Faith to say true,

I do not think I was so long: For look ye,
'Tis to no end here, put on what shape ye will,
And four your self with ne'er so much Austerity,
You shall be courted in the same, and won too,
'Tis but some two hours more; and so much time lost,
Which we hold pretious here: In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a Servant,
Your Age, nor all your Art, can e'er recover.
Catch me Occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to ye.

Has the Duke seen ye yet? *Hon.* What if he have not?

Alin. You do your Beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of Sweetness, Newness; set so richly,
As if a Counsel beyond Nature fram'd ye,

Hon. If we were thus, say Heav'n had given these
Must we turn these to sin Oblations? (Blessings,

Alin. How foolishly this Country way shews in ye?
How full of flegm? Do you come here to pray, Ladies?
You had best cry, Stand away, let me alone Gentlemen,
I'll tell my Father else.

Vio. This Woman's naught sure,
A very naughty Woman.

Hon. Come, say on Friend,
I'll be instructed by ye.

Alin. You'll thank me for't. (speaking of.

Hon. Either I or the Devil shall: The Duke you were

Alin. 'Tis well remembred: Yes let him first see you,
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.

Hon. He's a very noble Prince, they say,

Alin. O wondrous Gracious;
And as you may deliver your self at the first Viewing.
For look ye, you must bear your self; but take heed
It be so season'd with a sweet Humility,
And grac'd with such a Bounty in your Beauty——

Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?

Alin. No, no:

'Tis like he will kiss ye, and play with ye,

Hon. Play with me, how?

Alin. Why, good Lord, that you are such a Fool now!
No harm, assure your self.

Vio. Will he play with me too?

Alin. Look Babies in your Eyes, my pretty sweet one:
There's a fine sport: Do you know your Lodgings yet?

Hon. I hear of none.

Alin. I do then, thy are handsome,
Convenient for Access.

Vio. Access?

Alin. Yes, little one,
For Visitation of those Friends and Servants,
Your Beauties shall make choice of: Friends and Visits:
Do not you know those uses? Alas poor Novice?
There's a close Couch or two, handsomely placed too.

Vio. What are those, I pray you? (they are to lie upon,

Alin. Who would be troubled with such raw things?
And your Love by ye, and discourse, and toy in.

Vio. Alas I have no Love.

Alin. You must by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.

Vio. Honesty keep me:
What shall I do with all those?

Alin. You'll find uses:
Ye are ignorant yet, let time work; you must learn too,
To lye handsomly in your Bed a Mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious Waistcoat, to set ye off well, (too,
Play with your Bracelets, sing: You must learn to rhyme
And riddle neatly; study the hardest Language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,
So it go seemly off. Be sure ye profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly: There lies a main Point,
A Key that opens to all practick Pleasure;
I'll help ye to a Friend of mine shall teach ye,
And suddenly: Your Country way is fulsome.

Hon. Have ye Schools for all these Mysteries?

Alin. O yes,
And several hours prefix'd to study in:
Ye may have Kalenders to know the good hour,
And when to take a Jewel: For the ill too,
When to refuse, with Observations on 'em;

Under

Under what Sign 'tis best meeting in an Arbor,
And in what Bow'r, and hour it works; a thousand,
When in a Coach, when in a private Lodging,
With all their Virtues.

Hon. Have ye studied these?

How beastly they become your Youth? how bawdily?

A Woman of your Tenderness, a Teacher,
Teacher of these lewd Arts? of your full Beauty?

A Man made up in Lust wou'd loath this in ye:

The rankest Leacher, hate such Impudence.

They say the Devil can assume Heav'n's Brightness,

And so appear to tempt us: Sure thou art no Woman.

Alin. I Joy to find ye thus.

Hon. Thou hast no tenderness,

No reluctance in thy Heart: 'Tis mischief.

Alin. All's one for that; read these and then be satisfi'd,
A few more private Rules I have gather'd for ye,
Read 'em, and well observe 'em: so I leave ye. [*Exit.*]

Vio. A wondrous wicked Woman: Shame go with thee.

Hon. What new *Pandora's Box* is this? I'll see it,
Though presently I tear it. Read thine, *Viola*,
Tis in our own Wills to believe and follow.

Worthy Honora, as you have begun

In Virtue's spotless School, so forward run:

Pursue that Nobleness, and chaste Desire

You ever had, burn in that holy Fire;

And a white Martyr to fair Memory

Give up your Name, unsoil'd of Infamy.

How's this? Read yours out Sister: this amazes me.

Vio. Fear not, thou yet unblasted Violet,

Nor let my wanton Words a Doubt beget,

Live in that Peace and Sweetness of thy Bud,

Remember whose thou art, and grow still good.

Remember what thou art, and stand a Story

Fit for thy noble Sex, and thine own Glory.

Hon. I know not what to think.

Vio. Sure a good Woman,

An Excellent Woman, Sister.

Hon. It confounds me;

Let 'em use all their Arts, if these be their Ends,
The Court I say breeds the best Foes and Friends.
Come let's be honest Wench, and do our best Service.

Viol. A most excellent Woman, I will love her.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Olympia with a Casket, and Alinda.

Alin. **M**Adam, the Duke has sent for the two Ladies.
Olym. I prethee go: I know thy Thoughts
Go, go *Alinda*, do not mock me more. (are with him.
I have found thy Heart, Wench, do not wrong thy Mistress,
Thy too much loving Mistress: Do not abuse her.

Alin. By your own fair Hands I understand ye not.

Olym. By thy own fair Eyes I understand thee too much,
Too far, and built a Faith there thou hast ruin'd.
Go, and enjoy thy Wish, thy Youth, thy Pleasure,
Enjoy the Greatness no doubt he has promis'd,
Enjoy the Service of all Eyes that see thee,
The Glory thou hast aim'd at, and the Triumph:
Only this last Love I ask, forget thy Mistress.

Alin. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?
Poor wretched Girl, what Poison is flung on thee?
Excellent Virtue, from whence flows this Anger?

Olym. Go, ask my Brother, ask the Faith thou gav'st me,
Ask all my Favours to thee, ask my Love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of good: Then flye me,
For we must part, *Alinda*.

Alin. You are weary of me;
I must confess, I was never worth your Service,
Your bounteous Favours less; but that my Duty,
My ready Will, and all I had to serve ye——
O Heav'n thou know'st my Honesty.

Olym. No more;
Take heed, Heav'n has a Justice: Take this Ring with ye,
This doting Spell you gave me: Too well, *Alinda*,
Thou knew'st the Virtue in't; too well I feel it:

Nay

Nay keep that too, it may sometimes remember ye,
When you are willing to forget who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.

Alin. Must I go from ye?

Of all the Sorrows Sorrow has—must I part with ye?
Part with my noble Mistress?

Olym. Or I with thee, Wench.

Alin. And part stain'd with Opinion? Farewel Lady,
Happy and blessed Lady, Goodness keep ye.

Thus your poor Servant, full of Grief, turns from ye,
For ever full of Grief, for ever from ye.

I have no Being now, no Friends, no Country,
I wander Heav'n knows whither, Heav'n knows how.

No Life, now you are lost: Only mine Innocence,

That little left me of my self, goes with me,

That's all my Bread and Comfort. I confess, Madam,
The Duke has often courted me.

Olym. And pour'd his Soul into thee, won thee.

Alin. Do you think so?

Well, Time that told this Tale, will tell my Truth too,
And say ye had a faithful, honest Servant:

The business of my Life is now to pray for ye,

Pray for your virtuous Loves; Pray for your Children,
When Heav'n shall make ye happy.

Olym. How she wounds me!

Either I am undone, or she must go: Take these with ye,
Some Toys may do my Service; and this Mony;

And when ye want, I love ye not so poorly,

Not yet *Alinda*, that I wou'd see ye perish.

Prithee be good, and let me hear: Look on me,

I love these Eyes yet dearly; I have kiss'd thee,

And now I'll do't again: Farewel *Alinda*,

I am too full to speak more, and too wretched. [Exit.

Alin. You have my Faith,

And all the World my Fortune. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Theodore.

The. I wou'd fain hear
What becomes of these two Wenches;

And

And if I can, I will do 'em good.

Enter Gentleman passing over the Stage.

Do you hear, my honest Friend?

He knows no such Name: ———

What a world of Business,

Which by Interpretation are meer Nothings,

These things have here? 'Masse now I think on't better,

I wish he be not sent for one of them

To some of these By-lodgings: Methought I saw

A kind of reference in his Face to Bawd'ry.

Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing over the Stage.

He has her, but 'tis none of them: Hold fast Thief:

An excellent touzing Knave. Mistress

You are to suffer your Penance some half hour hence now.

How far a fine Court Custard with Plums in it

Will prevail with one of these waiting Gentlewomen,

They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly;

This is some Yeoman o'th' Bottles now that has sent for her,

That she calls Father: Now wo to this Ale-Incense.

By your leave Sir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well Sir; what's your pleasure with me?

The. You do not know the way to the Maids Lodgings?

Ser. Yes indeed do I Sir.

The. But you will not tell me?

Ser. No indeed will not I, because you doubt it. *[Exit.]*

Enter second Servant.

The. These are fine Gim-cracks: Hey, here comes ano-
A Flagon full of Wine in's Hand, I take it. *(ther.)*

Well met my Friend, is that Wine?

2 Ser. Yes indeed is it.

The. Faith I'll Drink on't then.

2 Ser. Ye may, because ye have sworn, Sir.

The. 'Tis very good, I'll drink a great deal now, Sir.

2 Ser. I cannot help it, Sir.

The. I'll drink more yet.

2 Ser. 'Tis in your own Hands.

The. There's your Pot, I thank ye.

Pray let me drink again.

2 Ser.

2 *Ser.* Faith but ye shall not.
Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare yewell, Sir. [*Exit.*
Enter Lady.

The. This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.
Here comes a Gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.
Madam, my Lord my Master.

Lady. Who's your Lord, Sir?

The. The Lord *Boroskie*, Lady.

Lady. Pray excuse me:

Here's something for your pains: Within this hour, Sir,
One of these choice young Ladies shall attend him:
Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the Water;
'Tis private and convenient: Do my humble Service
To my honourable good Lord, I beseech ye Sir;
If it please you to visit a poor Lady——
You carry the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman.

The. I shall be bold.

Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in ye.

I lie here in the Wood-yard, the blue Lodgings, Sir;
They call me merrily the Lady of the——Sir;
A little I know what belongs to a Gentleman,
And if you please take the pains. [*Exit.*

The. Dear Lady, take the pains? (now,
Why a Horse wou'd not take the pains that thou requir'st
To cleave old Crab-tree. One of the choice young Ladies?
I wou'd I had let this Bawd go, she has frighted me;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my Tribe now;
But if they will do, the Devil cannot stop'em.
Why shou'd he have a young Lady? Are Women now
O'th' Nature of Bottles, to be stop't with Corks?
O the thousand little furies that fly here now?
How now Captain?

Enter Putskie.

Putf. I come to seek you out, Sir,
And all the Town I have travell'd.

The. What's the News, Man?

Putf. That that concerns us all, and very nearly.
The Duke this Night holds a great Feast at Court,
To which he bids for Guests all his old Counsellors,
And all his Favourites: Your Father's sent for.

The.

The. Why he is neither in Council, nor in Favour:

Putf. That's it: Have an Eye now, or never, and a quick
An Eye that must not wink from good Intelligence. (one,
I heard a Bird sing, they mean him no good Office.

Enter Ancient.

The. Art sure he fups here?

Putf. Sure as 'tis Day.

The. 'Tis like then.

How now, where hast thou been, *Ancient*?

Anc. Measuring the City:

I have left my Brooms at Gate here;

By this time the Porter has stole 'em to sweep out Rascals.

The. Brooms?

Anc. I have been crying Brooms all the Town over,
And such a Mart I have made, there's no Trade near it.
O the young handsome Wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but saw me shake my Ware, and sing too;
Come hither Master Broom-man I beseech ye:
Good Master Broom-man hither, cries another.

The. Thou art a mad Fellow.

Anc. They are all as mad as I: They all have Trades now,
And roar about the Streets like Bull-Beggars.

The. What Company of Soldiers are they?

Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy Soldiers,
If need be, Colonel.

The. That need's come, *Ancient*,
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently,
But without suspicion: This Night we shall need 'em?
Let 'em be near the Court, let *Putskie* guide 'em;
And wait me for occasion: Here I'll stay still.

Putf. If it fall out, we are ready; if not, we are scatter'd:
I'll wait ye at an Inch.

The. Do, Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Duke, and Boroskie.

Duke. Are the Soldiers still so mutinous?

Bor. More than ever;
No Law nor Justice frights 'em: All the Town over

They

They play new Pranks and Gambols: No Man's Person,
Of what degree soever, free from Abuses:

And durst they do this, (let your Grace consider)
These monstrous, most offensive things, these Villanies,
If not set on, and fed? If not by one

They honour more than you? And more aw'd by him?

Duke. Happily their own Wants.

Bor. I offer to supply 'em,

And ev'ry hour make tender of their Monies.

They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it:

I fear the next Device will be my Life, Sir;

And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

Duke. Do you think Lord *Archas* privy?

Bor. More than Thought,

I know it Sir, I know they durst not do

These violent rude things, abuse the State thus,

But that they have a hope by his Ambitions——

Duke. No more: He's sent for?

Bor. Yes, and will be here sure.

Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.

Bor. I'll wait, Sir.

Duke. Did you speak to the Ladies?

Bor. They'll attend your Grace presently.

Duke. How do you like 'em?

Bor. My Eyes are too dull Judges.

They wait here, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Honora, and Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then. Come in, Ladies, (shines,

Welcome toth' Court sweet Beauties; now the Court

When such true beams of Beauty strike amongst us:

Welcome, welcome, ev'n as your own Joys welcome.

How do you like the Court? How seems it to you?

Is't not a Place created for all Sweetness?

Why were you made such Strangers to this Happiness?

Barr'd the Delights this holds? The richest Jewels

Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,

By judging Eyes not set off, lose their Lustre:

Your Country Shades are faint; blasters of Beauty:

The Manners, like the Place, obscure and heavy;

he Rose-buds of the Beauties turn to Cankers,

Eaten

Eaten with inward Thoughts; while there ye wander.
 Here Ladies, here, you were not made for Cloisters,
 Here is the Sphere you move in: Here shine nobly,
 And by your powerful Influence command all.
 What a sweet Modesty dwells round about 'em,
 And like a nipping Morn pulls in their Blossoms?

Hon. Your Grace speaks cunningly; you do not this,
 I hope, Sir, to betray us; we are poor Triumphs;
 Nor can our loss of Honour add to you, Sir:
 Great Men, and great Thoughts, seek things great and
 Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em; (worthy,
 Conquests so nobly won, can never perish;
 We are two simple Maids, untutor'd here, Sir;
 Two honest Maids, is that a sin at Court, Sir?
 Our breeding is Obedience, but to good things,
 To virtuous and to fair: What wou'd you win on us?
 Why do I ask that Question, when I have found ye?
 Your Preamble has pour'd your Heart out to us;
 You would dishonour us; which in your Translation
 Here at the Court reads thus, your Grace wou'd love us,
 Most dearly love us: Stick us up for Mistresses:
 Most certain, there are thousands of our Sex, Sir,
 That wou'd be glad of this, and handsome Women,
 And crowd into this favour, fair young Women,
 Excellent Beauties, Sir: When ye have enjoy'd 'em, (then?
 And suckt those Sweets they have, what Saints are these
 What worship have they won? what Name? you guess, Sir;
 What Story added to their Time, a sweet one?

Duke. A brave spirited Wench.

Hon. I'll tell your Grace,
 And tell ye true: Ye are deceiv'd in us two,
 Extremely cozen'd, Sir: And yet in my Eye
 You are the handsom'st Man I ever look'd on,
 The goodliest Gentleman; take that hope with ye;
 And were I fit to be your Wife (so much I honour ye)
 Trust me I would scratch for ye but I wou'd have ye.
 I wou'd woo you then.

Duke. She amazes me: But how am I deceiv'd?

Hon. O we are too honest,
 Believe it, Sir, too honest, far too honest,

The

The way that you propound too ignorant,
And there's no meddling with us; for we are Fools too,
Obstinate, peevish Fools: If I wou'd be ill,
And had a Wanton's itch, to kick my Heels up,
I wou'd not leap into th' Sun, and do't there,
That all the World might see me: An obscure Shade, Sir,
Dark as the Deed, there is no trusting Light with it,
Nor that that's lighter far, vain-glorious Greatness.

Duke. You will love me as your Friend?

Hon. I will honour ye,
As your poor humble Handmaid serve, and pray for ye.

Duke. What says my little one; you are not so obstinate?
Lord how she blushes: Here are truly fair Souls.
Come, you will be my Love?

Vio. Good Sir be good to me,
Indeed I'll do the best I can to please ye;
I do beseech your Grace: Alas I fear ye.

Duke. What shoud'st thou fear?

Hon. Fie Sir, this is not noble.

Duke. Why do I stand intreating, where my Pow'r---

Hon. You have no Pow'r, at least you ought to have none
In bad and beastly things: Arm'd thus, I'll dye here,
Before she suffer wrong.

Duke. Another *Archas*?

Hon. His Child, Sir, and his Spirit.

Duke. I'll deal with you then,
For here's the Honour to be won: Sit down, Sweet;
Prithee *Honora* sit.

Hon. Now ye intreat, I will, Sir.

Duke. I do, and will deserve it.

Hon. That's too much Kindness.

Duke. Prithee look on me.

Hon. Yes: I love to see ye,
And cou'd look on an Age thus, and admire ye:
While ye are good and temperate I dare touch ye,
Kiss your white Hand.

Duke. Why not my Lips?

Hon. I dare, Sir.

Duke. I do not think ye dare.

Hon. I am no Coward.

Do you believe me now? or now? or now, Sir?

You make me blush: But sure I mean no ill, Sir:

It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

(me?)

Duke. That I'll do too. What hast thou wrought into

Hon. I hope all Goodness:

While ye are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing;

Thus hang about your Neck, and thus doat on ye;

Bless those fair Lights: Hell take me if I durst not—

But good Sir pardon me. Sister come hither,

Come hither, fear not, Wench: Come hither, blush not,

Come kiss the Prince, the virtuous Prince, the good Prince:

Certain he is excellent honest.

Duke. Thou wilt make me——

Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.

Duke. Fie, *Honora*,

Wanton *Honora*; is this the Modesty,

The noble Chastity your Onset shew'd me,

At first Charge beaten back? Away.

Hon. Thank ye:

Upon my Knees I pray, Heav'n too may thank ye;

Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly;

A Scene of greater Honour you ne'er acted:

I knew Fame was a Liar, too long, and loud Tongu'd,

And now I have found it. O my virtuous Master.

Vio. My virtuous Master too.

Hon. Now you are thus,

What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.

Enter Alinda.

Duke. I'll be that Fortune, if I live, *Honora*,

Thou hast done a cure upon me, Counsel cou'd not.

Alin. Here take your Ring, Sir, and whom ye mean to

Give it to her next; I have paid for't dearly. (ruin,

Hon. A Ring to her?

Duke. Why frowns my fair *Alinda*?

I have forgot both these again. *Alin.* Stand still, Sir,

Ye have that violent killing fire upon ye,

Consumes all Honour, Credit, Faith. *Hon.* How's this?

Alin. My Royal Mistress favour towards me,

Woe-worth ye, Sir, ye have poyson'd, blasted.

Duke. I, Sweet?

Alin.

Alin. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worse Man is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my Truth.

Duke. Upon my Life 'tis false, *Wench*:

Alin. Ladies, take heed, ye have a cunning Gamester;
A handsome, and a high; come stor'd with Antidotes,
He has Infections else will fire your Bloods.

Duke. Prithee *Alinda* hear me.

Alin. Words steep in Honey,
That will so melt into your Minds, buy Chastity,
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tye ye;
And when he has bound ye his, a thousand Ruins.
A poor lost Woman ye have made me.

Duke. I'll maintain thee, and nobly too.

Alin. That Gin's too weak to take me.
Take heed, take heed, young Ladies: Still take heed,
Take heed of Promises, take heed of Gifts,
Of forced, feigned Sorrows, Sighs, take heed.

Duke. By all that's mine, *Alinda*——

Alin. Swear by your mischiefs.
O whither shall I go?

Duke. Go back again,
I'll force her take thee, love thee.

Alin. Fare ye well, Sir,
I will not curse ye; only this dwell with ye;
Whenever ye love, a false Belief light on ye.

[*Exit.*

Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.

Duke. Part all the World now,
Since she is gone.

Hon. You are crooked yet, dear Master,
And still I fear——

[*Exeunt.*

Duke. I am vext, and some shall find it.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Archas, and a Servant.

Arch. 'Tis strange
To me to see the Court, and welcome.
O Royal Place, how have I lov'd and serv'd thee?
Who lies on this side, know'st thou?

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M m

Ser.

Ser. The Lord *Burris*.

Arch. Thou hast nam'd a Gentleman
I stand much bound to:

I think he sent the Casket, Sir?

Ser. The same, Sir.

Arch. An honest-minded Man, a noble Courtier:
The Duke made perfect Choice when he took him.
Go you home, I shall hit the way
Without a Guide now.

Ser. You may want something, Sir.

Arch. Only my Horses,
Which after Supper let the Groom wait with:
I'll have no more attendance here.

Ser. Your will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Theodore.

The. You are well met here, Sir.

Arch. How now, Boy,
How dost thou?

The. I should ask
You that Question: How do you, Sir?
How do you feel your self?

Arch. Why well, and lusty.

The. What do you here then?

Arch. Why I am sent for
To Supper with the Duke.

The. Have you no Meat at home?
Or do you long to feed as hunted Deer do,
In doubt and fear?

Arch. I have an excellent Stomach,
And can I use it better
Than among my Friends, Boy?
How do the Wenches?

The. They do well enough, Sir,
They know the worst by this time: Pray be rul'd, Sir,
Go home again, and if ye have a Supper,
Eat it in quiet there: This is no place for ye,
Especially at this time,
Take my word for't.

Arch. May be they'll drink hard;
I could have drunk my share, Boy.
Though I am old, I will not out.

The.

The. I hope you will.
Hark in your Ear: The Court's
Too quick of hearing.

Arch. Not mean me well?
Thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away.

The. To that end, Sir, I tell ye.
Away, if you love your self.

Arch. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of Honesty?

The. Old Gentleman,
Take a Fool's Counsel.

Arch. 'Tis a Fool's indeed;
A very Fool's: Thou hast more of
These flams in thee, these musty doubts:
Is't fit the Duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his Presence,
And I, like a tall Fellow, play at bo-peep
With his Pleasure?

The. Take heed
Of bo-peep with your Pate, your Pate, Sir,
I speak plain Language now.

Arch. If 'twere not here,
Where Reverence bids me hold,
I wou'd so swinge thee, thou rude,
Unmanner'd Knave. Take from his Bounty,
His Honour that he gives me, to beget
Sawcy, and sullen fears?

The. You are not mad sure:
By this fair Light, I speak
But what is whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a Truth.

Arch. A Dog: Drunken People,
That in their Pot see Visions,
And turn States, Mad-men and Children:
Prithee do not follow me;
I tell thee I am angry:
Do not follow me.

The. I am as angry
As you for your Heart,

Ay and as wilful too: Go, like a Woodcock,
And thrust your Neck i'th' Noose.

Arch. I'll kill thee,
And thou speak'st but three words more.
Do not follow me.

[Exit.

The. A strange old foolish Fellow: I shall hear yet,
And if I do not my part, hiss at me.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter two Servants, preparing a Banquet.

1 Serv. Believe me, Fellow, here will be lusty drinking.
Many a washt Pate in Wine I warrant thee. (science

2 Ser. I am glad the old General's come: Upon my Con-
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark the
They are coming on; away. (Trumpets,

1. Ser. We'll have a rowse too. [Exeunt.

*Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroskie, Attendants
and Gentlemen.*

Duke. Come seat your selves: Lord *Archas* sit you there.

Arch. 'Tis far above my Worth.

Duke. I'll have it so:

Are all things ready?

Bor. All the Guards are set,
The Court Gates are shut.

Duke. Then do as I prescrib'd ye.
Be sure no further.

Bor. I shall well observe ye. (Gentlemen.

Duke. Come bring some Wine; here's to my Sister, Gen-
A Health, and Mirth to all.

Arch. Pray fill it full, Sir.

'Tis a high Health to Virtue: Here Lord *Burris*,
A Maiden Health: You are most fit to pledge it,
You have a Maiden Soul, and much I honour it.
Passion o' me, ye are sad, Man.

Duke. How now, *Burris*?
Go to, no more of this.

Arch. Take the rowse freely,
'Twill warm your Blood, and make ye fit for jollity.
Your Grace's Pardon: When we get a Cup, Sir,

We

We old Men prate apace.

Duke. Mirth makes a Banquet;
As you love me no more.

Bur. I thank your Grace.
Give me it; Lord *Boroskie*.

Bor. I have ill Brains, Sir.

Bur. Damnable ill, I know it.

Bor. But I'll pledge, Sir,
This virtuous Health.

Bur. The more unfit for thy Mouth.

Enter two Servants with Cloaks. (nobly,

Duke. Come, bring out Robes, and let my Guests look
Fit for my Love and Prefence. Begin downward.
Off with your Cloaks, take new.

Arch. Your Grace deals truly,
Like a munificent Prince, with your poor Subjects.
Who wou'd not fight for you? What cold dull Coward
Durst seek to save his Life when you wou'd ask it?
Begin a new Health in your new Adornments,
The Duke's, the Royal Duke's: Ha! what have I got,
Sir? ha! the Robe of Death?

Duke. You have deserv'd it. (me?

Arch. The Liv'ry of the Grave? Do you start all from
Do I smell of Earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a Man; is this your Entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest Guests to bloody Banquets?

Enter a Guard.

A Guard upon me too? This is too foul play
Boy to thy good, thine Honour; thou wretched Ruler,
Thou Son of Fools and Flatterers, Heir of Hypocrites,
Am I serv'd in a Hearse, that sav'd ye all?
Are ye Men or Devils? Do ye gape upon me,
Wider, and swallow all my Services?
Entomb them first, my Faith next, then my Integrity,
And let these struggle with your mangy Minds,
Your fear'd, and seal'd up Consciences, till they burst.

Bor. These words are Death.

Arch. No, those Deeds that want Rewards, Sirrah,
Those Battels I have fought, those horrid Dangers,
Leaner than Death, and wilder than Destruction,

I have march'd upon, these honour'd Wounds, times Story,
 The Blood I have lost, the Youth, the Sorrows suffer'd,
 These are my Death, these that can ne'er be recompenc'd,
 These that ye sit a brooding on like Toads,
 Sucking from my deserts the Sweets and Savours,
 And render me no pay again but Poisons.

Bor. The proud vain Soldier thou hast set——

Arch. Thou liest.

Now by my little time of Life liest basely,
 Maliciously and loudly: How I scorn thee!
 If I had swell'd the Soldier, or intended
 An act in Person, leaning to Dishonour,
 As ye wou'd fain have forc'd me, witness Heav'n,
 Where clearest understanding of all Truth is,
 (For these are spiteful Men, and know no Piety)
 When *Olin* came, grim *Olin*, when his Marches,
 His last Incurfions, made the City sweat,
 And drove before him, as a Storm drives Hail,
 Such show'rs of frosted Fears, shook all your Heart-strings;
 Then, when the *Volga* trembled at his Terror,
 And hid his seven curl'd Heads, afraid of bruising,
 By his arm'd Horses Hoofs, had I been false then,
 Or blown a treach'rous fire into the Soldier,
 Had but one spark of Villany liv'd within me,
 Ye'ad had some shadow for this black about me.
 Where was your Soldiership? Why went not you out?
 And all your right honourable Valour with ye?
 Why met ye not the *Tartar*, and defy'd him?
 Drew your dead-doing Sword, and buckl'd with him?
 Shot through his Squadrons like a fiery Meteor?
 And as we see a dreadful clap of Thunder
 Rend the stiff hearted Oaks, and toss their Roots up:
 Why did not you so charge him? You were sick then,
 You that dare taint my Credit slipt to Bed then,
 Stewing and fainting with the Fears ye had,
 A Whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your Lordship.
 Blush Coward, Knave, and all the World hiss at thee.

Duke. Exceed not my Command.

[Exit.

Bor. I shall observe it.

Arch. Are you gone too? Come, weep not, honest *Burris*,
 Good

Good loving Lord, no more Tears: 'Tis not his Malice,
This Fellow's Malice, nor the Duke's Displeasure,
By bold bad Men crowded into his Nature,
Can startle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this Fort yet.
I am the same, the same Man, Living, Dying;
The same Mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal;
Only the Jugling way that toll'd me to it,
The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
And cut my Throat, a little sticks upon me.
Farewel, commend me to his Grace, and tell him,
The World is full of Servants, he may have many:
And some I wish him honest: He's undone else:
But such another doating *Archas* never,
So try'd and touch'd a Faith: Farewel for ever.

Bur. Be strong my Lord: You must not go thus lightly.

Arch. Now what's to do? What says the Law unto me?
Give me my great Offence that speaks me Guilty.

Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
As Scorns, and Insolencies both from your self and Follow'rs,
Which you put first fire to, and these are deadly,
I come to one main Cause, which though it carries
A strangeness in the Circumstance, it carries Death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither. Ye have done a Sacrilege

Arch. High Heav'n defend me Man: How, how *Boroskie*?

Bor. Ye have took from the Temple those vow'd Arms,
The holy Ornament you hung up there,
No absolution of your Vow, no Order
From holy Church to give 'em back unto you,
After they were purified from War, and rested
From Blood, made clean by Ceremony: From the Altar
You snatch'd 'em up again, again ye wore 'em,
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your Vow, the Church too,
And rob'd it of that right was none of yours, Sir,
For which the Law requires your Head, ye know it.

Arch. Those Arms I fought in last?

Bor. The same.

Arch. God-a-mercy,
Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me:
A subtle one: I die, for saving all you;
Good Sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,

The suddenness of time, the State all stood in;
 I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
 The Duke himself, the Princes, all the Nobles,
 The cries of Infants, Bed-rid Fathers, Virgins;
 Prethee find out a better Cause, a handsomer,
 This will undo thee too; People will spit at thee,
 The Devil himself would be asham'd of this Cause;
 Because my haste made me forget the Ceremony,
 The present Danger ev'ry where, must my Life satisfy?

Bor. It must, and shall.

Arch. O base ungrateful People,
 Have ye no other Swords to cut my Throat with
 But mine own Nobleness? I confess, I took 'em,
 The Vow not yet absolv'd I hung 'em up with:
 Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
 In the fierce *Tartars* Bloods; for you I took 'em,
 For your peculiar Safety, Lord, for all,
 I wore 'em for my Country's health, that groan'd then:
 Took from the Temple, to preserve the Temple;
 That holy Place, and all the sacred Monuments,
 The reverend Shrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
 Had been consum'd to Ashes, their own Sacrifice;
 Had I been slack, or staid that Absolution,
 No Priest had liv'd to give it. My own Honour,
 Cure of my Country, murder me?

Bor. No, no, Sir,

I shall force that from ye, will make this Cause light too.
 Away with him: I shall pluck down that Heart, Sir.

Arch. Break it thou may'st; but if it bend for Pity,
 Dogs and Kites eat it. Come, I am Honour's Martyr. [*Ex.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Duke. Exceed my Warrant?

Bur. You know he loves him not.

Duke. He dares as well eat Death, as do it, eat Wild-fire.
 Through a few Fears I mean to try his Goodness,
 That I may find him fit to wear here, *Burris*;
 I know *Boroskie* hates him, to Death hates him,
 I know he's a Serpent too, a swoln one, [*Noise within.*
 But

But I have pull'd his Sting out. What Noise is that?

The. within. Down with 'em, down with 'em, down

Sol. within. Stand, stand, stand. (with the Gates.

Putf. within. Fire the Palace before ye.

Bur. Upon my Life the Soldier, Sir, the Soldier,
A miserable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh save him,
Upon my Knees, my Heart's Knees, save Lord *Archas*,
We are undone else.

Duke. Dares he touch his Body?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

Duke. Away *Burris*,

Take Men, and take him from him, clap him up,
And if I live, I'll find a strange Death for him. [*Ex. Bur.*
Are the Soldiers broke in?

Gent. By this time sure they are, Sir,
They beat the Gates extreamly, beat the People.

Duke. Get me a Guard about me; make sure the Lodg-
And speak the Soldiers fair. (ings,

Gent. Pray Heav'n that take, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Putskie, Ancient, and Soldiers, with Torches.

Putf. Give us the General, we'll fire the Court else,
Render him safe and well.

Anc. Do not fire the Cellar, (Weather,
There's excellent Wine in't, Captain, and though it be cold
I do not love it mull'd; bring out the General,
We'll light ye such a Bone-fire else: Where are ye?
Speak, or we'll toss your Turrets; peep out of your Hives,
We'll smoke ye else: Is not that a Nose there?
Put out that Nose again, and if thou dar'st
But blow it before us: Now he creeps out on's Burrough.

Enter Gentleman.

Putf. Give us the General.

Gent. Yes, Gentlemen; or any thing ye can desire.

Anc. You Musk-cat,
Cordevant-skin, we will not take your Answer. (hither.

Putf. Where is the Duke? Speak suddenly, and send him

Anc. Or we'll so fry your Buttocks.

Gent. Good sweet Gentlemen——

Anc.

Anc. We are neither good nor sweet, we are Soldiers,
And you Miscreants that abuse the General.
Give fire my Boys, 'tis a dark Evening,
Let's light 'em to their Lodgings.

Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, and Women.

Hon. Good Brother be not fierce.

The. I will not hurt her; fear not, sweet Lady.

Olym. Nay, do what you please, Sir,
I have a Sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all Danger.

Enter Duke, above.

The. Where is the Duke?

Duke. He's here; what wou'd ye Soldiers? Wherefore
Like mutinous Mad-men thus? (troop ye

The. Give me my Father.

Putf. Anc. Give us our General.

The. Set him here before us,
Ye see the pledge we have got; ye see the Torches;
All shall to Ashes, as I live, immediately,
A thousand Lives for one.

Duke. But hear me?

Putf. No, we come not to Dispute.

Enter Archas, and Burris.

The. By Heav'n I swear he's rackt and whipt.

Hon. Oh my poor Father!

Putf. Burn, kill and burn,

Arch. Hold, hold, I say: Hold Soldiers,
On your Allegiance hold.

The. We must not.

Arch. Hold:

If swear by Heav'n he is a barbarous Traitor stirs first,
A Villain, and a Stranger to Obedience,
Never my Soldier more, nor Friend to Honour.
Why did you use your old Man thus? Thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak Body? I ever lov'd ye.

Duke. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble *Archas.*

Arch. I have Balm enough for all my hurts: Weep no
A satisfaction for a thousand Sorrows. (more, Sir,

I do believe you innocent, a good Man,
And Heav'n forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me.
Why

Why look ye wild, my Friends? Why stare ye on me?
I charge ye, as ye are Men, my Men, my Lovers,
As ye are honest faithful Men, fair Soldiers,
Let down your Anger: Is not this our Sovereign?
The head of Mercy, and of Law? Who dares then,
But Rebels, scorning Law, appear thus violent?
Is this a place for Swords? For threatening Fires?
The Rev'rence of this House dares any touch,
But with obedient Knees, and pious Duties?
Are we not all his Subjects? All sworn to him?
Has not he pow'r to punish our Offences?
And do we not daily fall into them? Assure your selves
I did offend, and highly, grievously,
This good, sweet Prince I offended, my Life forfeired,
Which yet his Mercy, and his old Love met with,
And only let me feel his light Rod this way:
Ye are to thank him for your General,
Pray for his Life and Fortune; swear your Bloods for him.
Ye are Offenders too, daily Offenders,
Proud Insolencies dwell in your Hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his Peace, his Law, his Person;
Ye see he only Sorrows for your Sins,
And where his Pow'r might persecute, forgives ye:
For shame put up your Swords, for Honesty,
For Orders sake, and whose ye are, my Soldiers
Be not so rude.

The. They have drawn Blood from you, Sir.

Arch. That was the Blood rebell'd, the naughty Blood,
The proud provoking Blood; 'tis well 'tis out, Boy;
Give you Example first, draw out, and orderly.

Hon. Good Brother, do.

Arch. Honest and high Example,
As thou wilt have my Blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine Honours: Thank ye *Theodore*,
My worthy Son.

The. If harm come, thank your self, Sir,
I must obey ye.

[*Exit.*

Arch. Captain, you know the way now:
A good Man, and a Valiant, you were ever,
Inclin'd to honest things; I thank ye, Captain. [*Ex. Sol.*
Sol-

Soldiers, I thank ye all: And love me still,
But do not love me so you lose Allegiance,
Love that above your Lives: Once more I thank ye.

Duke. Bring him to Rest, and let our Cares wait on him;
Thou excellent old Man, thou top of Honour,
Where Justice and Obedience only build,
Thou stock of Virtue, how am I bound to love thee!
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!

Bur. Remember him that vexed him, Sir.

Duke. Remember?
When I forget that Villain, and to pay him
For all his Mischiefs, may all good Thoughts forget me.

Arch. I am very sore.

Duke. Bring him to Bed with ease, Gentlemen,
For every Stripe I'll drop a Tear to wash 'em,
And in my sad Repentance——

Arch. 'Tis too much,
I have a Life yet left to gain that Love, Sir. [Exeunt.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Duke. **H**OW does Lord *Archas*?

Bur. But weak, and't please ye;
Yet all the helps that Art can, are applied to him;
His Heart's untoucht, and whole yet; and no doubt, Sir,
His Mind being sound, his Body soon will follow. (too;

Duke. O that base Knave that wrong'd him, without leave
But I shall find an hour to give him Thanks for't;
He's fast, I hope.

Bur. As fast as Irons can keep him:
But the most fearful Wretch——

Duke. He has a Conscience,
A cruel stinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one: But what news of the Soldier?
I did not like their parting, 'twas too fullen.

Bur. That they keep still, and I fear a worse Clap;
They are drawn out of the Town, and stand in Counsels,
Hatching unquiet Thoughts, and cruel Purposes:

I went my self unto 'em, talkt with the Captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud Murmurs,
And desperate Curses, sounding these Words often,
Like Trumpets to their Angers. We are ruin'd,
Our Services turn'd to Disgraces, Mischiefs;
Our brave old General, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd, and whipt: The Colonel's Eyes, like Torches,
Blaze every where, and fright fair Peace.

Gent. Yet worse, Sir;

The News is currant now, they mean to leave ye,
Leave their Allegiance; and under *Olin's* Charge,
The Bloody Enemy, march straight against ye.

Bur. I have heard this too, Sir.

Duke. This must be prevented,
And suddenly, and warily.

Bur. 'Tis time, Sir,

But what to minister, or how?

Duke. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't: Such Blows as these
Equal Defences ask, else they displease. [Exeunt,

SCENE II.

Enter Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these Sol-
They are cruel Fellows. (diers!

Wom. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough; I'll tell thee true, *Petesca*,
I lookt for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my self: But where's my Lady?

Pet. In her old Dumps within: Monstrous melancholy;
Sure she was mad of this Wench.

Wom. And she had been a Man, (is shifted.
She wou'd have been a great deal madder, I am glad she

Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her,
And yet I must confess she stood in our Lights.

Enter Alinda.

What young thing's this?

Alin. Good Morrow beauteous Gentlewomen:
'Pray ye is the Princess stirring yet?

Wom. He has her Face.

Pet.

Pet. Her very Tongue, and Tone too: Her Youth upon

Alin. I guess yet to be the Princess Women. (him.

Pet. Yes, we are, Sir. (Grace,

Alin. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her
Ye call *Alinda*?

Pet. The Devil sure in her Shape.

Wom. I have heard her tell my Lady of a Brother,
An only Brother that she had: In Travel——

Pet. 'Mafs, I remember that: This may be he too:
I would this thing wou'd serve her.

Enter Olympia.

Wom. So would I Wench,
We shou'd love him better sure. Sir, here's the Princess,
She best can satisfy ye.

Alin. How I love that Presence!
O blessed Eyes, how nobly shine your Comforts!

Olym. What Gentleman is that?

Wom. We know not, Madam:
He ask'd us for your Grace: And as we guess it,
He is *Alinda*'s Brother.

Olym. Ha! Let me mark him:
My Grief has almost blinded me: Her Brother?
By *Venus*, he has all her sweetness upon him:
Two silver drops of Dew were never liker.

Alin. Gracious Lady——

Olym. That pleasant Pipe he has too.

Alin. Being my Happiness to pass by this way,
And having, as I understand by Letters,
A Sister in your virtuous Service, Madam——

Olym. O now my Heart, my Heart akes.

Alin. All the comfort
My poor Youth has, all that my hopes have built me,
I thought it my first Duty, my best Service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor Sister, humbly to thank your Nobleness,
That bounteous Goodness in ye.

Olym. 'Tis he certainly. (dam,

Alin. That spring of favour to her; with my Life, Ma-
If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my Thankfulness.

Olym.

Olym. What have I done, Fool!

Alin. She came a Stranger to your Grace, no Courtier;
Nor of that curious Breed befits your Service,
Yet one, I dare assure my Soul, that lov'd ye
Before she saw ye; doted on your Virtues;
Before she knew those fair Eyes, long'd to read 'em,
You only had her Prayers, you her Wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserv'd her.

Olym. I have done wickedly.

Alin. A little Beauty,
Such as a Cottage breeds, she brought along with her;
And yet our Country-eyes esteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous Mind, forget, great Lady,
I am her Brother, and let me speak a Stranger,
Since she was able to beget a Thought, 'twas honest.
The daily study how to fit your Services,
Truly to tread that virtuous Path you walk in,
So fir'd her honest Soul, we thought her Sainted;
I presume she is still the same: I wou'd fain see her,
For, Madam, 'tis no little Love I owe her.

Olym. Sir, such a Maid there was, I had——

Alin. There was, Madam?

Olym. O my poor Wench: Eyes, I will ever curse ye
For your Credulity, *Alinda*.

Alin. That's her Name, Madam.

Olym. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.

Alin. Is she dead, Lady?

Olym. Dead, Sir, to my Service.
She is gone, pray ye ask no further.

Alin. I obey, Madam:

Gone? Now must I lament too: Said ye gone, Madam?

Olym. Gone, gone for ever.

Alin. That's a cruel saying:
Her Honour too?

Olym. Prithee look angry on me,
And if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me;
Do something like a Brother, like a Friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her——

Alin. Ye amaze me.

Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;
Poor innocent Soul, I flung her; sweet *Alinda*,

Thou virtuous Maid. My Soul now calls thee Virtuous.
Why do ye not rail now at me?

Alin. For what, Lady?

Olym. Call me base treach'rous Woman.

Alin. Heav'n defend me.

Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me,
Rashly, and madly I betray'd her Modesty,
Put her to wander, Heav'n knows where: Nay, more Sir,
Stuck a black Brand upon her.

Alin. 'Twas not well, Lady,

Olym. 'Twas damnable: She loving me so dearly,
Never poor Wench lov'd so: Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous Wench, the best Companion,
When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the gladdest,
The modestest sweet Nature dwelt within her:
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doated on it too, and yet I kill'd it:
O what have I forsaken? What have I lost?

Alin. Madam, I'll take my leave, since she is wandring,
'Tis fit I know no rest.

Olym. Will you go too, Sir?

I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare trust me,
For yet I love *Alinda* there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those Eyes that speak her,
To read the Face again, (Modesty keep me,)
Alinda, in that Shape. But why shou'd you trust me,
'Twas I betray'd your Sister, I undid her;
And, believe me, gentle Youth, 'tis I weep for her:
Appoint what Penance you please: But stay then,
And see me perform it: Ask what Honour this Place
Is able to heap on ye, or what Wealth:
In following me will like ye, my care of ye,
Which for your Sister's sake, for your own Goodness—

Alin. Not all the Honour Earth has, now she's gone, Lady,
Not all the Favour; yet if I sought Preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I wou'd only take it.
Peace rest upon ye: One sad Tear every Day,
For poor *Alinda*'s sake, 'tis fit ye pay. [Exit.

Olym. A thousand, noble Youth, and when I sleep,
Even in my silver Slumbers still I'll weep.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Duke, and Gentlemen.

Duke. Have ye been with 'em?

Gent. Yes, and't please your Grace,
But no Persuasion serves 'em, nor no Promise,
They are fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,
Upon their March to the Enemy.

Duke. They must be stopt.

Enter Burris.

Gent. Ay, but what force is able? And what Leader—

Duke. How now, have you been with *Archbas*?

Bur. Yes, and't please ye,
And told him all: He frets like a chaf'd Lion,
And calls for his Arms, and all those honest Courtiers
That dare draw Swords.

Duke. Is he able to do any thing?

Bur. His Mind is well enough; and where his Charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full Army.

Duke. Who commands the Rebels?

Bur. The young Colonel,
That makes the old Man almost mad. He swears, Sir,
He will not spare his Son's Head for the Dukedom.

Duke. Is the Court in Arms?

Bur. As fast as they can bustle,
Every Man mad to go now: Inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the Enemy;
I beseech your Grace to give me leave.

Duke. Pray go Sir,
And look to the old Man well; take up all fairly,
And let no Blood be spilt; take general Pardons,
And quench this fury with fair Peace.

Bur. I shall Sir,
Or seal it with my Service; they are Villains:
The Court is up: Good Sir, go strengthen 'em,
Your Royal Sight will make 'em scorn all Dangers;
The General needs no Proof.

Duke. Come let's go view 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Soldiers, Drums, and Colours.

The. 'Tis known we are up, and marching; no Submission,
No promise of base Peace can cure our Maladies,
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of Honour:
Your valiant old Man's whipt; whipt, Gentlemen,
Whipt like a Slave: That Flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one Sinew at a thousand Charges,
That noble Body rib'd in Arms, the Enemy
So often shook at, and then shun'd like Thunder,
That Body's torn with lashes.

Anc. Let's turn Head.

Putf. Turn nothing Gentlemen, let's march on fairly,
Unless they charge us.

The. Think still of his Abuses, and keep your Angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a Top,
I never saw a Whore so lac'd: Court School-butter?
Is this their Diet? I'll dress 'em one running Banquet:
What Oracle can alter us? Did not we see him?
See him we lov'd?

The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his Reverence for that time; is't fit; Gentlemen,
My noble Friends, is't fit we Men, and Soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?

Putf. Forward: They may call back the Sun as soon. stay
Prescribe a Law to Death, as we endure this. (Time,

The. They will make ye all fair Promises.

Anc. We care not.

The. Use all their Arts upon ye.

Anc. Hang all their Arts.

Putf. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace then, he is old and cannot overtake

Putf. Say he do. (us.

Anc. We'll run away with him: They shall never see him
The truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing, (more:
Consider nothing but our way; believe nothing, (thing,
Not though they say their Prayers: Be content with no-
But the knocking out their Brains: And last, do nothing
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

The.

The. Remove then forwards bravely; keep your Minds
And the next time we face 'em, shall be fatal. (whole,
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Arch. Peace to your Grace; take rest Sir, they are before us.

Gent. They are Sir, and upon the March. [*Exit Duke.*

Arch. Lord *Burris*, (vantage,
Take you those Horse and coast 'em: Upon the first ad-
If they will not slack their March, Charge 'em up roundly,
By that time I'll come in.

Bur. I'll do it truly. [*Exit.*

Gent. How do you feel your self, Sir?

Arch. Well, I thank ye;
A little weak, but Anger shall supply that;
You will all stand bravely to it?

All. While we have Lives, Sir. (know,

Arch. Yespeak like Gentlemen: I'll make the Knaves
The proudest, and the strongest hearted Rebel,
They have a Law to live in, and they shall have;
Beat up apace, by this time he is upon 'em, [*Drum within.*
And Sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskic, Ancient,
and their Soldiers.*

The. Stand, stand, stand close, and sure;
Enter Burris, and one or two Soldiers.

The Horse will charge us.

Anc. Let 'em come on, we have Provender fit for 'em.

Putsk. Here comes Lord *Burris*, Sir, I think to Parly.

The. You are welcome, noble Sir, I hope to our part.

Bur. No, valiant Colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me;
Fie, what Dishonour seek ye! What black Infamy!
Why do ye draw out thus? Draw all Shame with ye?
Are these fit Cares in Subjects? I command ye
Lay down your Arms again, move in that Peace,
That fair Obedience you were bred in.

Putsk. Charge us: We come not here to Argue.

The. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too, we have hot Spleens to meet ye,
Hot as the Shames are offer'd us.

Enter Archas, Gentlemen and Soldiers.

Bur. Look behind ye.

Do you see that old Man? do you know him, Soldiers?

Putf. Your Father, Sir, believe me——

Bur. You know his Marches,

You have seen his Executions: Is it yet Peace?

The. We'll dye here first.

Bur. Farewel: You'll hear on's presently,

Arch. Stay *Burris*: This is too poor, too beggarly a Body
To bear the Honour of a Charge from me,
A sort of tatter'd Rebels; go provide Gallowses;
Ye are troubled with hot Heads, I'll cool ye presently:
These look like Men that were my Soldiers
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honest Friends: Where got they these fair Figures?
Where did thy steal these Shapes?

Bur. They are struck already.

Arch. Do you see that Fellow there, that goodly Rebel?
He looks as like a Captain I lov'd tenderly:
A Fellow of a Faith indeed. *Bur.* He has sham'd him.

Arch. And that that bears the Colours there, most certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave Fellow,
A loving and obedient, that believe me, *Burris*,
I am amaz'd and troubled: And were it not
I know the general goodness of my People,
The Duty, and the Truth, the stedfast Honesty,
And am assur'd they would as soon turn Devils
As Rebels to Allegiance, for mine Honour.

Bur. Here needs no Wars. *Putf.* I pray forgive us, Sir.

Anc. Good General forgive us, or use your Sword,
Your Words are double Death. *All.* Good noble General.

Bur. Pray, Sir, be merciful.

Arch. Weep out your Shames first,
Ye make me Fool for Company: Fie Soldiers,
My Soldiers too, and play these Tricks? What's he there?
Sure I have seen his Face too; yes, most certain
I have a Son, but I hope he is not here now,
Wou'd much resemble this Man, wondrous near him,
Just of his height and making too; you seem a Leader.

The. Good Sir, do not shame me more: I know your
And less than Death I look not for.

(Anger,
Arch.

Arch. You shall be my Charge, Sir, it seems you want Foes,
When you would make your Friends your Enemies.
A running Blood ye have, but I shall cure ye.

Bur. Good Sir——

Anc. No more, good Lord: Beat forward Soldiers:
And you, march in the Rear, you have lost your Places.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, and Viola.

Duke. You shall not be thus sullen still with me, Sister,
You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For as I have a Soul I never touch'd her,
I never yet knew one unchast Thought in her:
I must confess, I lov'd her; as who would not?
I must confess I doated on her strangely,
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her Honour,
So fortify'd as fair, no Hope could reach her,
And while the World beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous? *Olym.* Good Sir, pardon me,
I feel sufficiently my Folly's Penance,
And am asham'd, that Shame a thousand Sorrows
Feed on continually; wou'd I had never seen her,
Or with a clearer Judgment look'd upon her:
She was too good for me, so Heav'nly good, Sir,
Nothing but Heav'n can love that Soul sufficiently,
Where I shall see her once again.

Enter Burris.

Duke. No more Tears,
If she be within the Dukedom, we'll recover her:
Welcome Lord *Burris*, fair News I hope.

Bur. Most fair, Sir,
Without one drop of Blood these Wars are ended,
The Soldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd, Sir,
And all his Anger ended. *Duke.* Where's Lord *Archas*?

Bur. Not far off, Sir; with him his valiant Son,
Head of this Fire, but now a Prisoner,
And if by your sweet Mercy not prevented,
I fear some fatal stroke.

[*Drums.*]

Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Duke. I hear the Drums beat,

Welcome,

Welcome, my worthy Friend.

Arch. Stand where ye are, Sir,
Even as you love your Country, move not forward,
Nor plead for Peace till I have done a Justice,
A Justice on this Villain, none of mine now,
A Justice on this Rebel. *Hon.* O my Brother.

Arch. This fatal Firebrand —

Duke. Forget not, old Man,
He is thy Son, of thine own Blood. *Arch.* In these Veins
No Treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no Mutiny,
I ne'er gave Life to lewd and headstrong Rebels.

Duke. 'Tis his first Fault. *Arch.* Not of thousand, Sir;
Or were it so, it is a Fault so mighty,
So strong against the nature of all Mercy,
His Mother, were she living, wou'd not weep for him,
He dare not say he wou'd live. *The.* I must not, Sir,
While you say 'tis not fit: Your Grace's Mercy,
Not to my Life apply'd, but to my Fault, Sir;
The World's forgiveness next; last, on my Knees, Sir,
I humbly beg,

Do not take from me yet the Name of Father,
Strike me a thousand Blows; but let me die yours.

Arch. He moves my Heart: I must be sudden with him,
I shall grow faint ere in my Execution, (bravely.
Come, come Sir, you have seen Death; now meet him

Duke. Hold, hold I say, a little hold, consider
Thou hast no more Sons, *Archas*; to inherit thee.

Arch. Yes, Sir, I have another, and a Nobler:
No Treason shall inherit me: Young *Archas*,
A Boy, as sweet as young, my Brother breeds him,
My noble Brother *Briskie* breeds him nobly,
Him let your Favour find: Give him your Honour.

Enter Putskie (alias Briskie) and Alinda, (alias Archas.)

Putf. Thou hast no Child left, *Archas*, none to inherit thee,
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young *Archas*;
Behold thy Brother here, thou bloody Brother,
As bloody to this Sacrifice as thou art. (*chas*,

Heave up thy Sword, and mine's heav'd up: Strike, *Ar*-
And I'll strike too as suddenly, as deadly:

Have Mercy, and I'll have Mercy: The Duke gives it.
Look

Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee,
Chuse quickly, and begin. *Duke.* On your Obedience,
On your Allegiance save him.

Arch. Take him to ye, *[Soldiers shout.*
And Sirrah, be an honest Man, ye have reason:
I thank ye, worthy Brother: Welcome, Child,
Mine own sweet Child.

Duke. Why was this Boy conceal'd thus?

Putf. Your Grace's Pardon.

Fearing the Vow you made against my Brother,
And that your Anger wou'd not only light
On him, but find out all his Family,
This young Boy, to preserve from after Danger,
Like a young Wench; hither I brought; my self
In the habit of an ordinary Captain
Disguis'd, got Entertainment, and serv'd here,
That I might still be ready to all Fortunes:
That Boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a Girl, *Alinda*, Madam. *Olym.* Stand away,
And let me look upon him. *Duke.* My young Mistress?
This is a strange Metamorphosis, *Alinda*?

Alin. Your Grace's humble Servant.

Duke. Come hither, Sister:

I dare yet scarce believe mine Eyes: How they view one
Dost thou not love this Boy well? (another?)

Olym. I should lye else, trust me, extremely lye, Sir.

Duke. Didst thou never wish, *Olympia*,
It might be thus? *Olym.* A thousand times.

Duke. Here take him:

Nay, do not blush: I do not jest; kiss sweetly:
Boy, ye kiss faintly, Boy; Heav'n give ye comfort; (now)
Teach him, he'll quickly learn: There's two Hearts eas'd

Arch. You do me too much Honour, Sir.

Duke. No, *Archas*,

But all I can, I will. Can you love me? Speak truly.

Hon. Yes, Sir, dearly.

Duke. Come hither, *Viola*, can you love this Man?

Vio. I'll do the best I can, Sir. *Duke.* Seal it, *Burris*,
We'll all to Church together instantly:
And then a vie for Boys. Stay, bring *Boroskie*.

Enter Boroskie.

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.

There *Archas*, take the Enemy to Honour,
The Knave to Worth : Do with him what thou wilt.

Arch. Then to my Sword again; you to your Prayers;
Wash off your Villanies, you feel the Burthen.

Bor. Forgive me e'er I die, most honest *Archas*;
'Tis too much Honour that I perish thus;
O strike my Faults to kill them, that no Memory,
No black and blasted Infamy hereafter—

Arch. Come, are ye ready? *Bor.* Yes.

Arch. And truly Penitent, to make your way straight?

Bor. Thus I wash off my Sins.

Arch. Stand up, and live then,

And live an honest Man; I scorn Mens Ruins:

Take him again, Sir, try him: And believe

This thing will be a perfect Man. *Duke.* I take him.

Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heav'n's hopes fail

Duke. You are old: No more Wars, Father: (me.
Theodore take you the charge, be General.

The. All good blefs ye.

Duke. And my good Father, you dwell in my Bosom,
From you rise all my good Thoughts: When I would think

And examine Time for one that's fairly noble,

And the same Man through all the streights of Virtue,

Upon this Silver Book I'll look, and read him.

Now forward merrily to *Hymen's* Rites,

To Joys, and Revels, Sports, and he that can

Most honour *Archas*, is the noblest Man. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

THough something well assur'd, few here repent
Three hours of precious Time, or Mony spent
On our Endeavours, yet not to rely

Too much upon our Care and Industry,

'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,

How you approve our Action in the Play.

If you vouchsafe to crown it with Applause,

It is your Bounty, and you give us cause

Hereafter with a general Consent

To study, as becomes us, your Content.

The End of the Second Volume.

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